

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxi. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, JULY, 1870.

No. I.

LINES,

ON SEEING A COPY OF THE LORD'S PRAYER TRANSLATED INTO
THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

BY MRS. SUSAN B. THOMAS.

EACH word has a halo of light
More brilliant than sunbeams of heaven,
Or the stars that sparkle at night,
Or the rays of the full moon of even.

All darkness of mind 'twill illumine,
Outshining the dawning of day,
All shadows of heathenish gloom,
Eternally banish away.

What food for intelligent thought !
What joy to the angels above,
To see what the Saviour has wrought
For the souls He redeemed by His love.

What music to hear them now pray
To "Our Father" who dwelleth in heaven ;
"O ! give us our bread day by day,
And our debts may they all be forgiven ;" —

The name of our Father repeat,
So new to the Orient tongue,
An incense arising, most sweet,
From the midst of His own Kingdom come.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

CHINESE CONVERTS.

BY MRS. DR. MACLAY.

WE sometimes hear it said, "But there are so few converts. It is such *hard work* to convert the Chinese." Yes, it is hard work, very ; especially when mortal man has it to do. It is well that the Lord did not command His disciples to go and *convert* all nations. He meant to do that Himself. He simply said, Go *teach* all

nations. This the disciples of Jesus could do. This your missionaries in China have not failed to do, though comparatively few have professed their faith in the doctrines taught.

There is, however, one fact in connection with our work there, that pleases us well. It is, that to-day the Methodist church in China furnishes almost three times as many preachers of the gospel to the heathen Chinese, as the American Methodist church has ever sent out to them.

It may be, dear reader, that when you heard of nine years of toil in that field, without a single convert, you did not notice that little ray of light which came across the pathway of your missionaries thirteen years ago, when they reported to you a solitary convert at Fuh Chau. Perhaps, during the few succeeding years, you did not mind much about the reported conversion of Hu Po Mi, Hu Song Mi, and Hu Sing Mi, and their old father and mother and their brothers and sisters and wives and children, making in all a family of eleven who went about with no small zeal confessing Jesus among their heathen neighbors.

Then there was Kiu Taik who fully expected to suffer death at the hands of his own mother, because he persisted in praying to Jesus, and forty-five others, who, through a series of years, heard the gospel, and having heard, believed and were added to the church, and often thanked God, that He, in His goodness had put it into your hearts to send them the light and knowledge of the gospel.

Here was a little Methodist church in Fuh Chau, but small, and since you had never been able to learn anything of its class-meeting experiences, to your mind so uncertain, that you possibly thought it of little moment, and soon forgot about it.

It may be, that if you had been able to drop in

at a love feast in Fuh Chau on a Sunday morning, and hear old father Siu Mi, bent with years, relate with rapid utterance, how glad he was that his ears had heard the joyful sound of salvation through Jesus, or, if you could have attended class-meeting at Kwihung, fifteen miles from Fuh Chau, and heard old Anna Pau tell how she trusted in Jesus, and loved the Lord's day, and, being old and ignorant, and no one in her family to tell her when Sunday came, how careful she was on Monday, to lay away one straw in a safe place, and another on Tuesday, and so on through the week, that she might be *sure* to know when Sunday came; if you could have heard these, and many other interesting experiences, then you might have thought, "what I have given for China has done a *little* good."

What would you have said, if anybody had told you, that the power of an old John Street had been established at Fuh Chau?

And who will venture to say, that it was not such a power? Such we, at least, believe it to have been; and such we believe it will yet manifest itself to the world.

And now other years of toil for the laborers have passed away, — other years of being instant in season and out of season in preaching Jesus, other years of organizing and instructing the infant church, other years of baffling with difficulties, and of rising above discouragements, other years of translating and revising, and of going about doing good, and of gathering little children into schools and teaching them about Jesus. And what says a recent report from that field?

A brother in writing home says, "I may mention that our mission is the largest in China, in point of native members. Our present statistics are: Members five hundred and sixty-three; probationers three hundred and fifty-two; baptized children one hundred and fifty-six. Total one thousand and seventy-one." These are not all, for some have passed over Jordan's flood, and in taking their flight they have left such testimony as enables us joyfully to reiterate the sentiment, "Our people die well."

With results like these before us, we cannot yield to discouragement. We *must* go on; and we trust the day is not far distant, when the Methodist Episcopal Church in China will be a self-supporting church. Already she extends to us a hearty right hand of fellowship; carefully does she make request, that her Christian saluta-

tions may be borne home over the waters, to the church in this far off land.

Chinese, though her members are, — there are heroes among them; those who count not their lives dear unto themselves; those who take up the cross daily to follow Christ; those who, if called to die, would say with one of their number who died a few months ago, "My greatest regret is, that I can not live longer to preach the gospel; and it is my greatest joy that I have ever been permitted to preach it at all."

LETTER FROM OUR MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO THE ZENANA OF A HIGH CASTE BRAHMAN.

SEVERAL days ago a native gentleman called to pay me his respects, saying that he had just heard of my arrival and was much pleased with the idea of having a lady doctor here and thought it would result in great good, as they could not consent to have a gentleman physician attend their wives and daughters, and yet they often suffered much for want of medical aid. He expressed great interest in our plans for a hospital and offered to assist in getting up a subscription, and also to become a subscriber himself. He assured me that he would interest his friends in my favor, and promised to invite Mrs. Thomas and myself to visit his wife some day when it was convenient.

To-day his little boy came saying his father had sent him to make his salaams and tell us that his mother was sick and he wished us to come and see her. We were not glad that his mother was sick, but we *were* glad of the opportunity of visiting the zenana of a high caste Brahman, and went praying that this might be the beginning of a great work among the zenana women in Bareilly. We were received very cordially, and treated according to their custom, with pawn or betel, and a variety of their food which was served on large leaves instead of plates, as it would defile their dishes to be even touched by a Christian; and they requested us to take home the food which we did not eat, as it would be of no use to them. After these ceremonies had passed I directed my attention to the sick woman, and found upon an examination of her case, that her present illness was the result of a disease of long standing. I felt quite sure that with proper treatment, and some attentions to hygiene, she might be fully restored to health again. She seemed pleased with the

thought of again being well, and both she and her husband promised to obey my orders in regard to diet, taking medicine, etc. These women, who have lived in seclusion all their life, are very curious, and ask many strange questions about our customs, the God we worship, and our style of dress, which is very different from theirs. Her husband is quite an intelligent man and speaks English very well. He is employed by the government as a deputy collector, and is much more liberal in his views than most of his caste. He said he would like to have his wife learn needle-work, and that he had already began to teach her to read.

I was peculiarly impressed both with the house and the appearance of this native woman. On entering the house we were first escorted through the horse stable, then through a door which led into a square open court. On two sides of the court were open verandahs, with sleeping apartments back of them, one of them seemed to be occupied especially by the servants. There were, at least, a half dozen arched doorways with traces of carving upon them nearly obliterated by age, opening into it. The other one seemed to answer for parlor, sitting and dining-room, for the gentleman and his family. The furniture consisted of a cotton carpet, two mats, three chairs, and a small table. After seating us, the gentleman brought his wife and introduced her to us, by telling her to shake hands with us, then offered her a chair, and told her to sit down. I am told that this was very remarkable, that a native seldom pays his wife so much respect. She was shy and modest in her appearance, and very richly dressed. Her dress skirt was of light blue silk, embroidered with gold about a quarter of a yard deep around the bottom; the waist was of a different material, and with sleeves. Her chuddah, which takes the place of both bonnet and shawl, was of a fine, delicate texture of many colors, with a deep gold and silver border.

She was literally covered with ornaments. There were three large silver rings in each ear, two in the upper part and one large one in the lower part, the shape of a bell. A large gold hoop studded with pearls and different colored stones hung from the left side of her nose and attached to one of her ear-rings by a chain. There were several gold chains around her neck, some of them were very heavy, and some very delicate and pretty. I counted ten bracelets on each arm below the elbow, and there were several above the

elbow, which I could see through her chuddah. There were rings on her fingers and a very large one on her right thumb, with a small looking-glass attached. Three large silver rings on each ankle and several silver ornaments on her toes, completed this lady's jewelry. As she walked, or moved her feet, these ornaments made a tinkling sound which reminded me of the tinkling of the ornaments spoken of in the Scriptures, and the great hoop in her nose, of the round tires like the moon.

If this was the style of dress worn by the Eastern women in St. Paul's day, I do not wonder that he exhorted those in the Church to adorn themselves in modest apparel, not with gold or pearls or costly array.

We have since visited this lady many times, and she is much interested in needle-work, and we have carried her some interesting books to read, and trust that with the blessing of God we may be able to do her much good. CLARA A. SWAIN

BAREILLY, March 4, 1870.

TWO RESCUED LAMBS.

BY REV. J. M. THOBURN.

ABOUT a year ago, while out on an itinerating tour in the western part of the Moradabad District, I pitched my tent in a mango orchard, in the neighborhood of some inquirers, where I remained several days, visiting the surrounding villages, and preaching as often as an opportunity presented itself. One day, while sitting by my tent door, I noticed a poor woman in tattered rags, seated at the root of a mango-tree, and looking wistfully towards me, but evidently afraid to come nearer. A ragged little girl, nine or ten years old, was crouching at her feet, and also looking with mingled hope and fear at the stranger. It was a time of great scarcity, and I at once concluded that the woman and child were suffering for want of food, but not sufficiently familiar with begging, to come boldly and ask for it. A native Christian went to them, and ascertained that this was the case. The woman was emaciated, and evidently in feeble health. Having learned who we were, and that we sometimes gave shelter to the orphan, she proposed to give us her little girl. Her offer was at once accepted, and the girl was sent to a girls' boarding-school in the city of Amroha. The mother found a home among some of our native Christians, where

she lingered a few months, and then went to her rest.

The day after this woman came among us, a little company of inquirers gathered under a mango-tree in front of my tent, and were baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit. Among them was a man who brought a little girl, about nine years of age, whose parents had deserted her in childhood, and who was earning a half meal once a day by taking care of a flock of goats. This girl was offered to us, and was, of course, accepted and sent to the same boarding-school with the other. The widow's daughter was named Hawa, the Oriental name for Eve, while the little goat-herd received the name of Sophia.

This year, I again visited the same neighborhood, and found that the good work commenced a year ago had been going steadily forward. The little band of Christians had doubled its numbers, and instead of lodging among the mango-trees, I found a shelter in a Christian brother's humble home. As I passed on, I visited the school in which the two girls had been placed, and had an opportunity of seeing how much progress they had made during the year. The first books which they brought were in the "Deva Nagari" character, the same as that in which Sanskrit is printed. It is a simple alphabet, and not difficult to learn. Hawa read her school-books very easily, but hesitated a good deal in reading a book with which she was not familiar. Sophia read remarkably well in every book put into her hands. Next they brought books in Urdu, printed in the Arabic character. This is a much more difficult alphabet, and the language, also, differs materially from the common Hindu, with which the girls had been familiar. They read in this character also, with surprising accuracy. Sophia could read any part of the New Testament without a moment's hesitation. Then came books in the Roman character, a modification of the English alphabet, adapted to the Hindustani language. Hawa was less ready in this examination, but Sophia read with astonishing ease and correctness. Next they each brought a bundle of cotton socks which they had made. During the year they had learned how to spin, and had spun the thread from which the socks were made. Next they sang a number of hymns, some to English tunes, and some to native airs. I was astonished to see what a wonderful change one year had made in

these two hapless little girls. As I sat and listened to their sweet singing, and thought of the condition in which I had found them only one year before, my eyes would not refrain from brimming over, and I wished it were possible that all the Christian women of America could see them. The excellent native preacher whose wife has charge of the school, remarked to me with excusable pride, "If they leave us to-morrow, they will be at least *civilized* for the rest of their lives, while they have a knowledge of our religion which they can never forget."

What has it cost to effect this work? Only one dollar and a half per month, for each child, or a total of thirty-six dollars. I thought of this as the girls sat before me, and then I thought of the *millions* expended by Christian women for things which the New Testament exhorts them not to seek after, and the joy of my heart was changed into sadness.

MORADABAD, India.

SCHOOL IN LUCKNOW.

BY MRS. L. H. MESSMORE.

THE school of which Japhri Begum was teacher was the largest zenana school we had in the city. There were fifty names registered, with a daily attendance of from forty to forty-five. Of these about thirty were girls of the ages from six to fifteen, the remainder of various ages up to thirty-five. Many of these women have attended the school since its commencement in 1864, and have become *educated* according to Eastern ideas of woman's education. They can read well, have learned something of geography and arithmetic, and the history of India, can knit, sew, crochet, make tatting, and embroider in wools very nicely. From among these, the best educated were formed into a grammar and Bible class. The others were classed according to the progress they had made. After we promised rewards to the best of each class, we were surprised to see how well they could do — how much the hope of obtaining a little present could give energy for the task, or power to acquire "the lesson." Like schools of Christian lands, there are some who do not learn rapidly, and will never make great scholars, but *all* can learn to read, and when they can read, we can give them the Bible, and *this*, we hope, will lead them to eternal life.

It was the hope of helping, directly or indirectly, these our Asiatic sisters, out of darkness into

the light Jesus had brought into the world, that led us to leave our homes, friends, and country, for this Moslem and idolatrous land. It was the hope of teaching the Bible to these women that led us to commence these schools five years ago.

At first, when we were trying to persuade the women and girls to come to our schools, they were very suspicious of us; they could not understand our motives, nor why we should take so much pains for them, without any real gain to ourselves. They verily believed we had the power to make them Christians, *volens volens*, and they tried to exact promises from us that we would not make them Christians. We told them that it was the work of God only to change the heart and make man pure and good. So a few came, then more, and by degrees they learned that we were not their enemies, and that we only sought to do them good.

So step by step, praying and working, God has opened our way, and has led us to a bright green spot where we fain would tarry for a jubilee of thanksgiving.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude to God who has prospered His own work, and so blest His own word to the salvation of the three women whose conversion was mentioned in the last letter.

Five years of toil through difficulties and discouragements, five years of precious time given and hundreds of dollars spent. Does it pay? Let us answer whose hearts swell with joy over the great work God hath wrought. Pay!! Yes, *more than* pays; and had all our past life been given for this one work, we would say, O Lord, take the remainder of our days, for another such work. It is nothing to live among ignorant idolaters, or beneath the scorn of Christ-hating Mohammedans, if we may but see the ignorant coming to the light and the truth, and may know that our blessed Lord Jesus Christ is being exalted among the believers of the false prophet. God has heard the prayers of His people, and the word of His promise, "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," is sure, and will endure till all nations are gathered before Him.

Sisters of the Church, we invite you to join us in our joy, help us in our praises to Him who has died that all may be brought nigh to God. We ask your prayers that the work may spread. We believe there are many who have accepted Christ

in their hearts, but dare not confess Him for fear of persecution. Pray earnestly for such as these, and for those who have lately accepted Christ along with persecution, who have had the courage, in the face of danger, to renounce a false religion for one abundant to save them from their sins.

LUCKNOW, India.

SKETCHES FROM CHINA.

BY REV. T. S. LAMBUTH.

It would be amusing to our American readers to know by what name the Chinese call the President of the United States. In the new treaty which has been recently ratified in Peking, the President is called "Tapalisih Lieutuh"—the literal meaning of which is "*Great-Uncle-reason-seal-heaven-virtue*." When shown to a Chinaman who knows nothing of the treaty, he is unable to tell what it means, but thinks it an attempt to speak some foreign word. Some ten years ago, when the English and French troops were marching to Peking, after having taken the Taku forts at the mouth of the Peiho river, Sir Harry Parkes, then acting interpreter to the English general, Hope Grant, was taken prisoner when bearing a flag of truce to the enemy, and was hurried off and chained in prison. Shortly after this he was questioned as to who was his head man or highest officer in command. He asked, "Which one do you mean, the Ambassador General or Admiral?" The Chinese officer replied in angry tones, "You have no such functionaries. Do not presume to use such titles." At this moment the tormentors, suiting their actions to the tone of the officer, begun to pull his hair, ears, etc. The officer then said, "Now give me the name of your superior or chief official." Sir Harry Parkes asked which one? The officer answered, "The chief of your army and navy." Sir Harry Parkes then answered in English, "Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant is the chief officer." The officer said, "What?" He again answered in English, "Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant." The officer then said, "Say something I can understand." Sir Harry Parkes said, "I am obliged to use the English terms as you will not let me give them in Chinese." They made an attempt to write down in Chinese sounds, Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant, but not succeeding they asked the name of another chief or superior officer. Sir Harry Parkes answered, "Ambassador Extraor-

dinary, the Earl of Elgin." Finding it equally impossible to write this down according to Chinese sounds, they gave it up and asked him to give the name of his chief officer in Chinese, which he did. This shows that it is quite impossible to take the name of a foreign king or ruler, and put it into Chinese according to sound, which to the Chinese has no meaning, but is simply an unintelligible jumble of words. The Chinese object to other nations using the term *Hirangti* to designate their Ruler or Emperor, and will not allow the Ambassadors of other nations to gain admittance to the presence of their Emperor, who is kept concealed closely in his palace from one year to another, and is to all intents and purposes a prisoner.

The high officials in China will not use a new word or phrase in any State document if it can be avoided. The Chinese Government has never had any communication with any outside nation unless when forced to do so by unavoidable circumstances, except it be Corea and Japan. Japan is not a dependency of China as it was in former years. The Japanese rebelled about five hundred years ago, in the Tong dynasty, and to this day they are called the Tong people. The Coreans do recognize the rule of the Tartars over them, and will not allow Chinese to go into the interior of their country unless under certain conditions. In all their dispatches, letters, books, and tablets, they date back to the last Emperor of the Tong dynasty, about two hundred and fifty years since.

A circumstance occurred not long since in Shanghai which gives undoubted evidence of the superstitious leaning of the Chinese, and shows, too, how easily this people are deceived by a single individual, who undertakes to relate or propagate some marvellous story. Some placards were posted up in the foreign settlement of Shanghai, stating that some Chinese passing by the English Church Compound, had been seized by some black devils who had concealed themselves there, and that it was dangerous to pass by, either day or night. These placards also stated that eighteen Chinese were required for the eighteen pillars, in order that the stability of the new church might be secured. It was most astonishing to all foreigners in Shanghai, to see how easily an excitement could be produced among the Chinese of the foreign settlement, with whom they have had daily communication for more than twenty-five

years, and many too, who live in foreigner's houses and gain their bread from them. They were actually deceived and led away by this anonymous placard, believing it to be true; and in consequence of this, thousands swarmed around the Church Compound to see if it was so. Fear and dread were depicted on their countenances as though they expected every minute to see some frightful object appear before them. Many Chinese, well informed, came to foreigners and asked many foolish and childish questions about the new church, and the black devils which were seen catching Chinese children. The cause of the mutiny in India, in 1858, was in consequence of some superstitious notion connected with pork. They believed that pork was present in the cartridges, and they refused to use them. But in China the statement of this placard was still more absurd, and yet believed by the people. There is no better proof of the imbecility and stagnation of the intellect of these people, who profess such great things. The church doors were actually opened to them, and the mob were permitted to enter and search for themselves. The pond in the Church Compound was drained, to show them that these imaginary devils were not concealed there. This little incident shows how prone the Chinese are to listen to such absurd stories, which upon proper exercise of reason, would be clearly proved false. When the church door was opened, the mob rushed in, and many went about gazing on the floor in search of blood. Some were allowed to go down into the vaults of the church, where the warming apparatus is kept, to see if these devils were concealed there, or if any of the bones of the children were to be found there; and they were eagerly questioned by those who were standing around when they made their exit from the church vaults. These were some of the braver ones who would dare to go down into such a place of danger, and fear and dread seemed to be depicted on each countenance, as they inquired as to what they had seen in the dark vaults. Some asked if there were any bones—others asked if any blood could be seen below,—and others wanted to know if there were any black devils concealed below the church building. The police were then called, who cleared the Church Compound of these deluded people; but they hung about the streets for two or three days, to see if there should be any manifestation of these devils. Not one could be persuaded to pass there at night,

lest they might be dragged into the church enclosure. Many of the shops were closed near the church, and it was about one week before the people were convinced that there was no truth in the report. Indeed the Tautui of the city was compelled to issue a proclamation in order to quiet the people. And thus ended this strange affair, which might have resulted in much harm.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, JULY, 1870.

ALL Corresponding Secretaries of auxiliary societies are earnestly requested to report *regularly* to the Corresponding Secretaries of their respective Branches, on or before the 10th of March, June, September, and December.

THE MISSIONARY MOTHER.

Do Christian women here at home realize how much the missionary mother has to sacrifice that she may teach heathen women the way to heaven? The brief account of the death of Elma Scott, in the Children's Corner this month, should lead mothers here at home to think more of, and sympathize more with the mothers who sacrifice so much of all that is dear to them, in order to hasten the coming of Christ's kingdom in the world. Even parents here at home who have been afflicted in the same way as so many of our missionaries have been, by the loss of the irchildren, can not realize how lonely and how dark those homes in a far-off land are, when the little lights are removed. One who has twice been thus afflicted writes: "Our home does not seem like home to us now that so much of brightness, cheer, and love has gone. Everything is changed and our hearts are very sad. How much we miss the little ones, how much we needed them! Life seems like up-hill work now. Must we wade to heaven through waves of tears?"

Another parent writes: "Little Johnnie's absence is still painful, very painful, to us, but we would not recall him. We shall go to him. Brother and Sister Scott have lost their sweet little angel Elma. She was a perfect child: everybody loved her. As Mrs. M. and I were weeping over the news of her death, Hettie and Willie were rejoicing and saying, 'She has seen Johnnie, and Eddie, and Charlie, and Eldore, and Hartie, and all the little friends who have died.'"

Mrs. Scott writes concerning their sorrow: — "We had gone to Khaira Bajaira, to visit the work there where Mary Angelo has a most interesting work among the women and in girls' schools, and where there are boys' schools and other interesting work. Both our darling Elma and Allie were perfectly well and very happy. They enjoyed very much going to the villages, or itinerating, as they call it. On Sunday both were feverish and Elma seemed to have a cold. On Monday I became quite anxious about Elma, but when she played about, talked constantly, begging for Bible stories, and asking her little questions, the feeling passed away. We had gone there to do God's work and we thought it would all be well; but Wednesday she seemed worse and we hurried home as fast as we can travel here in India. Everything that doctors could do was done for her, but to no avail. Her sweet spirit took its flight to the angel land, and she can be with us no more on earth. Nearly seven years she blessed our home with her sweet presence, and what happy years they were. My heart is full of sorrow and agony. Pray for me daily dear sisters.

"Our precious Allie is very delicate and ought to go to America at once, or else we may have to lay her down in the cold grave by her little sister."

There are many little graves in our foreign mission fields, and many lonely homes. The little ones must constantly be exposed not only to the effects of a fearful climate, but they are also constantly exposed to all the contaminating influences of heathenism. The parents must always look forward to the time when it will be necessary for them to consign their children to the care of others across the waters at home, that they may continue their life-work abroad.

Are the missionaries the only ones called to sacrifice something for the salvation of the world, or are we all called alike to have some share in this glorious work of laboring and sacrificing for the cause of Christ? How must the missionary mother feel when giving her all to the cause, she knows that there is so little willingness among Christian women at home to sacrifice even a little that they may aid in the great work of teaching heathen women. Will not the women of our Church take this matter home to their own hearts, and resolve at once to do what they can in this cause, that the blood of souls be not required at their hands.

THE BETTER TIME.

THAT was a wonderful song that fell upon the ears of the Judean shepherds: "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Such music, mortals never heard before, never have heard since. How like a note of resurrection joy it must have stolen across the world, thrilling it, even to its weary heart!

Centuries have trailed by since then — centuries, heavy with human sobs and tears. The echoes of the angel song have been drowned in the din of war, and buried in the wailings of the unfortunate. In this later, better time, though the world is still under the curse, the song of peace comes to us with new power.

A few years since, when Britain and America clasped hands under the sea, the electric whisper that spread from one to the other was the old word of cheer: — "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Good people have had a trick of watching for the Millennium — catching at every development of good, and thinking that the day was surely breaking. Of late, the signs of the times have brightened so promisingly, it seems quite as though we might join the song of the old slave, when the shackles were falling from his race: —

"The good time coming is almost here: —
It was long, long, long on the way."

Think of it! Russian serfs freed; our own black chattels humanized, enfranchised, even represented in our Senate; the Austrian Concordat repealed; Italy and Spain renovated. In Madagascar, a nation born to the Lord Christ in a single day. China and Japan open to Christian teachers and preachers. Asiatic millions, every one of whom the Lord Jesus carried on his heart, when he bowed in Gethsemane, and staggered up Calvary, hearing the word of life in their own tongue, in which they were born. Mission stations among them, rejoicing in genuine "revivals of religion."

The men of India have always held over the heads of their women the scourge of widowhood — that sum of all agonies to an Indian woman — to keep them from learning anything. "If you learn to read your husband will die." Now they are opening the dismal zenana dungeons, and asking for teachers. In some provinces, they are even offering a salary to lady missionaries. What a breaking down of caste walls! Is it not wonderful? And just as India is entreating Christian women to come and teach her degraded daughters, the

women of America are saying, "We cannot live the narrow, selfish, fashion-fettered lives we have been living. We must have wider, stronger work." Do you see? God is opening mission fields, and fitting American women to enter them.

"In all Europe, you have only the women," sneered an infidel.

"Yes," replied the Romish priest, "and having the women we have all."

Getting the women of heathendom to Christ, we shall get all.

The women of the churches are everywhere organizing for this grand work. Let *each* feel *her* responsibility. Let each be in her place. At the word of the Captain of our Salvation, let us advance "all along the line," and we shall surely capture that Sabastopol of evil, the homes of heathendom.

J. F. W.

ROCKFORD, Ill.

JAPHRI BEGUM.

IN the December number of the FRIEND, on the first page, there is a letter from Mrs. Waugh concerning Japhri Begum, a Mohammedan lady, — a school-teacher of Lucknow, India. A farther account of her is found in the March number relative to the conversion to Christianity of herself and daughters. Let those interested turn to those letters again, and then read this extract from the annual report of the India mission, published in India.

"The old and flourishing Zenana school in Nanhasta has been severely shaken in consequence of the conversion to Christianity of the teacher, Japhri Begum, with her two married daughters. These ladies are of very good family and their conversion has raised a great excitement among both the Hindoos and Mohammedans of the city; the more so as the two lawsuits growing out of the case have given a degree of publicity to the affair which we cannot but regard as providential. Nawah Dula, the husband of Japhri Begum, has not materially opposed the conversion of his wife; but her two daughters were more unfortunate; and to escape the violence of the persecution of their husbands, have taken refuge in their mother's house.

"One of the sons-in-law has filed a suit in the court of the Civil Judge of this city, asking for the possession of the person of his wife. The suit has been going on for nearly two months. The Mohammedan pleaders of the city courts, making

the case of the plaintiff their own, have rendered him every assistance, while we, on the other hand, thankfully acknowledge the assistance which we have received from G. T. Jackson, Esq., pleader of the High Court, who has very kindly taken the case into his own hands, and without any remuneration whatever, has already spent several days on the defense. The case is not yet decided, though there is every hope that the court will not resign this Christian convert to the power of an infuriated Mohammedan husband; while the convincing triumphant testimony borne to Christianity by these ladies in open court before crowds of Mohammedan moulvies and lawyers, compensates an hundred fold for the annoyance and fear to which we and our converts have been exposed. Friday the 14th of January is a day that will not soon be forgotten in Lucknow: for three long hours the Mohammedan pleaders for the prosecution, cross-questioned and examined Japhri Begum and her daughter, in the hope of showing that through ignorance, fear or deception, they had renounced Mohammedanism for Christianity. But these efforts were fruitless; the answers of the women were so clear and simple, and evinced such an intelligent comprehension of Christianity, and utter rejection of Mohammedanism, that all present could not but feel that however the judge might eventually decide the case, Christianity had that day been gloriously vindicated in the presence of its enemies.

"Strange as it may appear, the conversion of these women has not seriously affected the attendance in our Zenana school taught by them. The friends of female education among the most enlightened Hindoos and Mohammedans of the city, told us that by baptizing these women we were ruining their cause; but the result does not so appear, and there is now every assurance that our Zenana school will be a Christian school in every sense of the term."

Later news informs us that the lawsuit did not end as favorably as they could have hoped, yet the conversion and public confession of these ladies can but result in much good for the cause of Christ.

DURATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

A LADY, canvassing for members for the W. F. M. S., was asked, "How long does this pledge last — this giving two cents a week for your work?"

"As long as there's a heathen unconverted," was the reply.

We hope the good women, upon whose pledges we rely for the support of our Missionaries, will understand the necessity of continuing their contributions, right on, through the years.

Read over Art. 3d of the Constitution, and you will see that we do not contemplate a cessation of hostilities upon Satan's kingdom, at the end of the year.

The reasons for continued effort grow upon us as we work.
J. F. W.

As friends of the Society often ask with regard to sending things for the benefit of the children in the orphanage and other schools, we give the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Thomas: —

"If any one wishes to send clothes to the girls, here is a guide for them to make them up by.

"Chuddahs (covering for the head and shoulders) for the large girls should be one and a fourth yards wide, and from two and a half to two and three quarters yards long; for smaller girls one yard wide and from one to two and one half yards in length. Skirts all sizes, from three fourths of a yard to one and one fourth yards in length. The older girls have four breadths of one yard wide sheeting, and the little ones from two and a half to three breadths. Strips of cloth two yards long will always be useful, or even smaller pieces. Thread, needles, scissors and thimbles never come amiss; slate pencils, pens, and writing paper too, are always useful." Scripture cards, picture cards of Natural History, alphabet blocks, copy-books, netting and knitting needles, Berlin wool, canvas and other materials for fancy work, will also be good contributions to the work in the schools.

Any one desiring to contribute any of the above articles may send them to the Girls' Orphanage, care of J. P. Magee, Esq., 38 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

FIRST PUBLIC MEETING.

THE ladies of the Philadelphia Branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society held a public meeting at the Green Street Methodist Church, Philadelphia, at 3½ o'clock, Wednesday, May —.

Mrs. A. R. Gracey, President of the Branch, presided. The meeting was opened by reading of Scriptures, singing "All hail the power of

Jesus' name," and prayer by Mrs. S. L. Keen, Vice-President.

Mrs. Dr. Butler of New York then addressed the meeting on "Woman's Work in India." — After a residence of so many years in this mission field, she was able to give us a most graphic description of the condition of the heathen woman; her degradation, superstition, and slavish, stunted, polluted career; her misery, ever enhanced by fatal religious fanaticism. As we listened with pitying interest to the heart-rending recitals, we were made to feel the weight of personal responsibility. The duty of each lady present was not only made apparent, but shown to be easy of accomplishment.

Little Mary Brisbane, attired in native India costume, then sweetly sang a little hymn of appeal, after which Mrs. J. F. Willing addressed the ladies. Mrs. Willing is well known as a gifted woman, and such noble abandonment of self to the cause of Christ, must call out an answering thrill of sympathy from every heart consecrated to our Master. Under her earnest appeals we were ready to say to the Lord of the Vineyard, "Do with me as thou wilt — only accept." Logical, persuasive, modest, her voice full of heart modulations, we treasured every sentiment like jewels.

Mrs. Willing was followed by the singing of a Chinese song by Masters Frank and Willie Eastlacke, both dressed in Chinese costume. The Missionary Hymn was then sung by all, Mr. Fischer kindly accompanying with music. We are impressed with a deep feeling of gratitude for the success of this our first public meeting in Philadelphia. Many were added to our Society, and among those present were the ablest representative of our churches, *working women*, those in whom mind and heart being in consonance, there will be no idle utterance of the prayer "*Thy Kingdom Come.*" A. V. R. EASTLACKE,

Cor. Sec. of Phila. Branch.

Children's Corner.

ANOTHER LITTLE MISSIONARY GONE.

LITTLE Elma Scott was born in India and was the dear little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Bareilly. She was a very bright, pretty little girl, and learned to love Jesus almost as soon as she loved her dear mamma, and she often talked of God and of Jesus in a loving, trusting way. She called God her Heavenly Father and said she was

"Jesus' little Lamb." Bible stories were her delight, and the questions she used to ask her parents when she listened to these stories showed that she thought much of heavenly things. Though such a little child she often talked to the heathen people about its being so wicked to tell lies, to cheat and steal, and worship idols as all the heathen people do. All of them who knew her loved her nevertheless, and she was a little missionary among them.

One day when her parents were out on the circuit in camp, talking to the people, and trying to teach and save heathen children, their dear little Elma became sick. They hastened home with her but no medicine could do her any good, and she rapidly grew worse until she died and went home to heaven. She died of diphtheria the 11th of March, aged nine years and six months.

Let all little girls who read this account of little Elma imitate her lovely example, love Jesus and become little missionaries. You may all do something to help teach the poor heathen children about the dear Saviour, that they may learn to love Him and have a home in heaven when they die. And when you pray, remember to pray for those dear little children whose parents are missionaries and whose homes are in dark heathen lands. These little children do not have the privileges you have, they have very few nice books or pictures and no Sunday-school where they can meet other children to sing of Jesus and learn the precious truths of the Bible, but they learn these things at home alone with their mothers. Then when they are old enough their parents must bring them to America and leave them here to be educated, while their parents return to their work.

A PARLOR FAIR IN NEW YORK.

A VERY pleasing feature in the first year's history of our Woman's Missionary Society is, that the young enter into it with sympathy and labor — they must increase, but we must decrease. We have heard of many incidents of our children doing and desiring to do their best, to make heathen women and children feel their power for good. And surely He who smiled upon children in the days of his flesh, continues his blessing upon all youthful labor in his name.

A few months ago a little girl desired of her mamma, permission to do something toward having a Fair for the heathen women — her kind mamma did not like to refuse, yet thought it would require

more self-denial and labor than her daughter expected — but she consented; and this little girl united with six or seven others about her own years, and they began to work.

They interested their friends, sewed with their own fingers, invented and carried out plans with an energy and often wearied industry, under the inspiration of sending the Holy Bible light into the dreary dwellings where degradation, sin, and darkness, had reigned for centuries. Thus, those dear young girls have in a measure pledged themselves to the Church of Christ, to labor in her service. As on a similar occasion, in Berlin, Mrs. Wright kindly opened her parlors for the sale on the 15th and 16th of April. With joy the tables were spread with beautiful and useful needle-work, fancy articles, and everything that could attract a purchaser, — plenty of dolls and their comforts. All passed off most pleasantly, and the sale closed with the sum of *eight hundred dollars* in the hand of the little treasurer.

This is to be appropriated to the Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly. Dear young friends, do you not think this is a good investment of time and labor, and will it not bring in a blessed revenue to Him who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me?"

We cannot dictate to others *how* to aid in this cause, for every one must follow the light on their own path of duty, as did the little girl who projected this Fair, — other ways to benefit the heathen women and children may be suggested to other minds. This we know, that every letter from our dear sisters who are working in India and China, make us feel more deeply our responsibility; because their way to heathen women's hearts and homes, is daily widening before them, and they ask us for prayer, and laborers to aid them. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into his harvest."

M. ANNESLEY.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows: — I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass. — II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J. — III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 228 South Broad Street, Philadelphia. — IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio. — V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill. — VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 1513 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo. — The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans. —

VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston. — IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Kent's Hill, Maine. 30 members. Miss Sebina Stone, Cor. Sec.
Tilton, N. H. 26 members. Mrs. Dr. L. D. Barrows, Cor. Sec.
Charlestown, Trinity Church. Mrs. L. H. Daggett, Cor. Sec.
Middletown, Ct. 25 members. Miss Ella Rockwell, Cor. Sec.
Cambridgeport, Harvard Street. 32 members.
Miss E. W. Fisher, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. Wm. F. WARREN, Cor. Sec. N. E. Br.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

Paterson, N. J., 63 members. Mrs. DR. BUTLER, Cor. Sec. N. Y. Br.

CHICAGO BRANCH.

Macomb, Ill. 32 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman, Cor. Sec.
First Church, Aurora, Ill. 100 members, 50 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Annie Foster, Cor. Sec.
Galena Street, Aurora, Ill. 40 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. A. J. Rice, Cor. Sec.
Magnolia, Wis. 22 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Marcella N. Clifford, Cor. Sec.
Footville, Wis. 22 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Belva Stevens.
Poplar Grove, Ill. 20 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Miss L. A. McEreen, Cor. Sec.
Michigan City, Ind. 24 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Maria H. Wood, Cor. Sec.
Garland Street, Flint, Mich. 40 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Joseph Freeman, Cor. Sec.
Holly, Mich. 15 members. Mrs. Dr. Trusedall, Cor. Sec.
Simpson Church, Detroit. 52 members. Mrs. G. W. Hought, Cor. Sec.
Lee Chapel, Mich. 25 members. Miss Nettie Turner, Cor. Sec.
Jefferson Avenue, Detroit. 23 members. Mrs. Crawford, Cor. Sec.
Vassar, Mich. 37 members. Miss E. A. Nickerson, Cor. Sec.
Fentonville, Mich. 88 members. Miss Kate Brady, Cor. Sec.
Chesaning, Mich. 11 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. A. Perry, Cor. Sec.
Portsmouth, Mich. 28 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. C. A. Merrill, Cor. Sec.
Wenona, Mich. 43 members. Miss Sarah Tice, Cor. Sec.
Midland City, Mich. 16 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Gains Station, Mich. 11 members. Mrs. A. G. Bennett, Cor. Sec.
South Saginaw, Mich. Elizabeth McLaughlin, Cor. Sec.
East Saginaw, Mich. 29 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Fox, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. JENNIE F. WILLING, Cor. Sec. Chicago Br.

RECEIPTS OF THE

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

From April 1st to June 1st.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Boston, Tremont Street Church	\$1.00
" Bromfield "	2.00
" Grace "	5.00
" Church Street "	7.00
South Boston, Dorchester Street Church	18.00
East Boston, Meridian "	13.00

East Boston, Saratoga Street Church	\$6.00
Roxbury, Winthrop " "	17.00
Charlestown, Trinity Church	17.00
" Miss Carrie L. Warren, L. M.	20.00
Cambridgeport, Harvard Street Church	3.00
" Mrs. H. O. Houghton, Honorary Manager	100.00
" Mrs. Dr. W. F. Warren, L. M.	20.00
Chelsea, Mt. Bellingham Church	14.00
Medford	1.00
Lynn	68.00
Woburn	13.00
Nahant	32.50
Rockport, Mass.	1.00
North Bridgewater	20.50
Union, Maine	20.00
Portland, "	34.60
Kent's Hill Seminary, Maine	30.00
Concord, New Hampshire	16.00
Tilton " "	4.00
Middletown, Conn.	10.00
Vermont Auxiliary	130.50
Collection at Anniversary in Tremont Street Church, \$53.60.	
Balance of money donated for collation at Anniversary Meeting	7.50
Total	61.10

[Sixty dollars of the above sum was appropriated to constitute Mrs. Dr. Hare, Miss Clara A. Swain, and Mrs. Nancy Mason, life members of the Society.]

Boston, Tremont Street, Mrs. Ralph Pomeroy, L. M.	20.00
Total	\$705.80

Mrs. THOMAS A. RICH, Treas.
706 Tremont St., Boston.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

Balance in Treasury	\$1,290.16
Sundry Receipts	133.50
" " "	53.02
" " "	128.20
Proceeds Children's Fair, held at the house of Mrs. Wright, by Miss Minnie Cornell, Treas.	\$53.00
Total	\$2,457.88

Mrs. JOSEPH A. WRIGHT, Treas.
452 Lexington Av., New York.

CHICAGO BRANCH.

Capron, Illinois	\$6.65
Marengo, "	17.00
Morrison, "	7.15
First Ch. Aurora, Illinois	26.70
Galea St., "	5.00
Sandwich, "	22.00
Waukegan, "	23.00
Evanston, "	35.00
First Ch. Rockford, "	5.25
" " " "	6.13
Mt. Morris, "	9.20
Park Ave., Chicago, "	27.00
Magnolia, Wisconsin	2.18
Franklin Grove, Ill.	10.35
Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.	6.00
Clark St. " " "	11.00
Clinton, Wis.	10.65
Macomb, Ill.	8.00
Ashton, Wis.	10.00
4th Street Ch. Sterling, Ill.	28.00
Michigan City, Ind.	6.00
Adrian, Mich.	28.00
Janesville, Wis.	22.09
Total	\$140.09

Mrs. Dr. C. H. FOWLER, Treas.
66 Washington St., Chicago.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Total receipts	\$75.89
Mrs. A. W. RAND, Treas. 1821 Wallace St., Philadelphia.	

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

Auxiliary Society of Union M. E. Church	\$65.70
" " Trinity " "	7.75
" " Central " "	9.35
Total	\$82.80

Mrs. W. A. JONES, Treas.
17 South 15th St., St. Louis.

CINCINNATI BRANCH.

Wesley Chapel, Cin.	\$22.50
Union Church, Covington	26.50
Trinity Church, Cin.	5.50
Delaware, Ohio	60.00
Mt. Auburn, Cin.	55.00
Wheeling, Va.	7.00
Wesleyan Female College	36.10
German Church	13.10
Bellaire, Ohio	57.00
Lancaster, Ohio	20.26
Total	\$302.96

Miss H. A. SMITH, Treas.
68 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati.

NOTICE.

At the quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, held in Charlestown, June 9th, it was deemed expedient to appoint an "Organization Committee," to assist in the formation of Auxiliary Societies. The following named ladies were chosen as such a committee:—

Mrs. E. F. Porter, East Boston.
Miss M. H. Lindsay, Lynn.
Mrs. Philip Holway, Chelsea.
" S. B. Sweetser, Charlestown.
" W. F. Warren, Cambridgeport.
" B. F. Barnes, Chelsea.

Any church wishing encouragement or assistance in the formation of Auxiliary Societies can make arrangements with any of these ladies, through the Secretary of the Committee, Mrs. S. B. Sweetser, No. 7 Elm St., Charlestown.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Mrs. E. W. Parker, Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. J. F. Willing, Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows:—

New England Branch, Mrs. L. H. Daggett, 287 Bunker Hill Street, Charlestown, Mass.—New York Branch, Mrs. Wm. B. Skidmore, 136 Clinton Place, New York.—Chicago and St. Louis Branches, Mrs. Gen. John L. Beveridge, Evanston, Illinois.—Philadelphia Branch, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 228 South Broad Street, Philadelphia.—Cincinnati Branch, Mrs. J. L. Whetstone, Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

TERMS — 30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE. — Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance, at the post office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world; Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah lxi. 11.*

VOL. II.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1870.

No. 2.

A DAY IN THE ZENANA.

BY MRS. M. A. THOMAS.

SOME weeks ago a native gentleman called on us, and requested Miss Swain to go and see his wife and sister at a village, some eighteen miles from here, called Nawabgunge. He offered to furnish horses or bullocks for her conveyance, and as she must needs have an interpreter we were very glad of the opportunity thus presented to spend a day in the Zenana and partake of native hospitality.

We left Bareilly at midnight and arrived at the house of the Baboo at about three o'clock in the morning. We woke up all the dogs about the house and in the neighborhood, and I am sure they were numberless from the howling and barking that ensued.

After waiting some time we succeeded in getting the master of the house awake also. He came forth with many apologies for keeping us waiting, and for the trouble he had given us in taking such a journey.

After taking us through the stables and *cows' apartments*, we entered at last an inner court. On one side of this court was a well and a row of sheds for carts, carriages, etc. — and on the opposite side a long verandah, and a long room back of it which was, for the time being at least, the *guests' room*. We waited a little for our beds to be made ready, and were very glad to avail ourselves of a comfortable nap after our long ride. The room into which we were shown was a long and narrow one, corresponding with the verandah. The floor of earth was covered with a cotton carpet or cloth, such as is usual in this country.

There were two beds, one at either end of the room; we chose to occupy only one, as the other, being in the darkest corner of the room, did not look inviting, and suggested possible unwelcome

visitors in the way of scorpions, rats, etc. The shawls that were spread on our beds for covering were of the fine pashmina wool, or camel's hair. One scarlet, embroidered with gold, and the other blue, with a handsomely wrought cashmere border. We made ourselves comfortable under all this finery, and slept soundly until we were awakened after sunrise. After dressing ourselves, we went out into the verandah and called for water to wash our faces and hands. Of course we were not allowed to touch any vessel belonging to the house, but a servant brought a brass vessel to receive the water as it was poured on our hands, having taken the precaution to first cover the bottom with hay. He then poured water on our hands from a brass drinking vessel, and we for once in our lives took our morning wash in true Eastern style, which is not at all inconvenient when once you are accustomed to it.

After this a servant brought us native sweetmeats, nuts, fruit, etc., and our own servant, knowing our custom, prepared us some tea, so our early morning meal was somewhat *mixed* that day.

About nine o'clock the master of the house made his appearance and asked us to go to the ladies' apartments, as they were anxiously waiting to see us. We went in, and were introduced to his wife; his sister, who sat with her face averted, was pointed out to us, as a most unfortunate woman, who had been married fifteen years and had no children, so her husband was making arrangements to take another wife. Poor thing! she looked sad and weary, and it did not take long to discover that her position, even in her own brother's family, was most uncomfortable. The Baboo's wife was a pretty looking, talkative little woman. After seeing us seated she presented us with the customary betel leaf, and then sat down herself to talk with us.

The dress of the native ladies has been so often described that it seems quite useless to repeat it here; but for the benefit of the curious in these matters, here it is as nearly as we remember it. A pink silk skirt, bordered with gold and silver about a quarter of a yard deep. A lace sack, that was only a pretense for covering the upper portion of the body. A very handsome bright green chuddah or veil, embroidered with palm leaf figures in gold, and having a band or border of gold all around it. A nose ring, large and heavy enough to have torn her nose sadly if it had not been supported and held in place by a small chain fastened to the left ear. Her arms, hands, ankles, feet, neck and ears were laden with jewels, and at every movement of her hands and feet, and every turn of her head, the "tinkling ornaments" were heard.

The quizzing we underwent would have done credit to a Yankee. She first asked how many children we had, and then how many brothers and sisters we had; if they were married, and how many children they had; wanted to know all about our parents, and husband's parents, and then having taken the census of our family she proceeded to investigate Miss Swain's affairs. They were horrified to learn that she was not married, and evidently thought there had been neglect and oversight somewhere, that a young lady of her abilities and "not bad looking" had been allowed to remain so long without being married. Having satisfied themselves, however, that she was pleased, and after fully inquiring into all her family matters, they began to talk about our work, customs, etc. There was a great deal of nonsense in all this, but what can be expected of women brought up in such a little world as theirs.

We had been told that this native lady could read, so we asked her to bring her book and read to us. She brought out an illustrated copy of the *Ramayan*, and, turning over its pages, showed us the pictures of the various Hindu deities, and asked us what we thought of them. We told her that we did not consider them worthy of worship. "Then," said she, "whom do you worship?"

We said, "The Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." "Who is He, and why do you worship Him?" she asked. "I have heard of Him before, and that the Europeans worshipped Him. I sent for a picture of Him for myself." We asked her to show it to us, and she brought us a very good engraving of the baptism of Christ, and

wanted to know if we thought it good. We explained to her the meaning of the picture, and then as she asked us to tell her all about Him, we began with the story of His birth and told her as simply as we could about His life in the world, His death and resurrection, His intercession for us now, and of the blessing His death and atonement brought to us, and to all the world.

She appeared much interested in the narration, and we might have pursued the subject further if her husband, coming in, had not interrupted us. At midday we had a feast of native delicacies set before us. There was a little private discussion, first between the master and mistress as to the propriety of having us eat in their apartments, but at last it was decided that it would do no harm, and we suspect they had a little private curiosity to see how white people managed the matter of eating.

We happened to have some plates and drinking cups in our luncheon baskets, and, having sent for them, we tried to do justice to the twelve varieties of food before us. We ate as long as we could, to please them, but Miss Swain having privately satisfied her hunger in the morning from the lunch-basket, and having as yet contracted no great fondness for native food, only made a pretense of eating. After dinner came the inevitable betel leaf again, and a nap. After this, we were asked to examine a class of boys in English, from the village school, and write our good opinion of them in the "Visitors' Book." Early in the evening we started for home, having spent the day pleasantly, and, we trust, usefully.

BAREILLY, India.

GIRL-INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

BY REV. J. T. GRACEY.

THE causes that combine to make girls unwelcome at their birth, in India, are many. The Hindu believes in ancestor worship; and that the neglect of this ceremony puts in jeopardy the souls of his progenitors. A son only can perform this ceremony. Hindus burn their dead. The son must fire the pile. And, thus, throughout a burdensome ceremonial everywhere, the part assigned to the son is scarcely less important than that to be performed by the priest. There is no place for the girl in this complicated liturgy.

The girl *must* be married. She may be at seven, she should, by all means, be before ten years of age. But even where no dowry accom-

panies the bride, the wedding ceremonies are ruinously expensive. It is a short cut to the conclusion, that, as their marriage may superinduce bankruptcy, girls are an incumbrance.

What shall be done? The happiest solution the Hindu often deems that he can devise of this problem — the happiest balance he can strike of conflicting emotions, if not of conflicting duties, is the *murder of these innocents*.

It is popularly understood that the British Government in India prohibits female infanticide, and so far as the statute and some general oversight avails, it does. But it can scarcely establish an ubiquitous police, nor extend its prosecutions to all cases of studied neglect and exposure, resulting in disease and death.

A recent census discovered the fact that in the city of Umritsur alone, within a year, some three hundred children had been *stolen by wolves*. Now it so happens that the wolves will steal children. They recently entered the enclosure of a Mission Orphanage at Cawnpoor, and took away three children. They do not always destroy them, but they will steal them.

The remarkable thing about the Umritsur case, however, was that of the three hundred children said to have been stolen within the year, *all were girls*.

Thus, the British Government does prohibit female infanticide in India, but it cannot well assume to prevent such an exhibition of good taste, as this, on the part of *the wolves*!

The subterfuge may be a shallow one, but it is only one of a thousand, and merely illustrates the impracticability of reaching such evils by politics and police. Our Missionary women, with their Zenana and Bazaar schools, have the only real remedy for this, as of other evils of "the habitations of cruelty."

OBSTACLES TO THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

BY MRS. A. R. JOHNSON.

WELCOME, indeed, was the sound that came across the waters telling us that the ladies of our dearly loved native land have arisen to aid in the work of bringing heathen women to Christ. But few of the women of India have as yet responded to the call "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We hear of women in other mission fields *flocking to*

the Saviour, and in ancient times they were "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre."

When I read the lives and letters of the three Mrs. Judsons, "Great Expectations Realized" by Mrs. Mason, telling of the great and glorious work among the women east of us in Burmah, and "Woman and her Saviour in Persia," of what has been accomplished west of us, then look around over our mission field, for such results, I feel well nigh discouraged at times, not so much because so little has been accomplished, as on account of the obstacles still to be overcome.

The Burmah missionaries wrote of anxious inquirers coming to their houses to ask what they "should do to be saved." Mrs. Mason writes — "Guapung and I were talking to the women from six o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening; for they thronged us continually, so that, although I remained with them four months at a time, I never could command time to touch a needle or take up an English book."

The women here in India will not come to us, but we must go to them, so that the most missionary ladies can do here is in girls' schools, and in Zenanas. We sow the seed, some falls by the wayside, and Satan comes and takes it away. Some falls upon stony ground, persecutions arise thick and fast and "they are offended." Some falls among thorns and is choked, a very little falls upon good ground, and we are thankful for a little fruit. If our friends at home could understand what we have to contend with, they would not expect great results in so short a time as our mission has been established.

In the "Gospel in Burmah" by Mrs. Wylie, I read: — "The habits and manners of the population of Burmah generally present a marked contrast to the customs of India, and singular facilities for the work of missions. There is no hereditary priesthood like Brahminism, no anti-social system like caste, presenting a barrier to the introduction of every change, and no seclusion of the female sex." All of these the missionary in India has to contend with. Add to this the fact that the Hindoo part of the population are gross idolaters, bowing down to stocks and stones and dumb idols, and we certainly have a great work before us.

The Mohammedan portions of India are no easier of access, though, to be sure, they are not idolaters. They worship God in the name of Mohammed, and expect to derive some benefit from

this. They are much more bigoted than the Hindus, and hate Christians with a fearful hatred.

The condition of women is much the same in both these classes. A knowledge of books is not considered necessary. Women are expected to obey implicitly the commands of their lord and master; to cook his food, but not to eat with him, always standing, when in his presence, to denote servitude. There is now, however, among the better educated class of men, an increasing desire that their wives and daughters should be educated so as to become more companionable. In many of the large cities there are schools for these women and girls. They are carried to and from these schools in closely covered conveyances so that their faces are never seen in public.

But the greatest hindrance we have to contend with among the Hindus is *Caste*, and even the Mahommedans have lived in India so long that they have many prejudices in its favor. Occupation and caste are synonymous. No man can leave the trade of his father — a carpenter's son must be a carpenter, his son, and his son's son to the last generation. So also with tailors, shoemakers, and all the different avocations in life. Nor can they marry outside their caste; so there is not the least danger of a lawyer's marrying his washwoman's daughter, or of a shoemaker's son becoming a preacher. All of the many different castes have their prejudices, and if a man breaks his caste, he is an *out-cast* forever.

When these people become Christians they have often to leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, all for Jesus. As a general thing the women are more bigoted than the men. Often men come to the missionaries and say they wish to become Christians, but must leave their wives and children, as they will not come with them. This is not to be wondered at. The women are secluded, and shut out from society, they have never heard much of the new religion, and cling to the religion of their fathers, while the husbands and fathers hear the word of life in the market-places, at the great fairs, and in the *zayatts* by the road-side. If their wives and daughters had the same privileges, if they could hear the word for themselves, I doubt not there would be a coming to the Saviour as in days of old.

SHAJERANPORE, India.

Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate open for thee, or both may come too late.

SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS.

ITEMS CONCERNING THE FIRST METHODIST CHINESE PREACHERS, ORDAINED BY BISHOP KINGSLEY LAST NOVEMBER.

BY MRS. E. E. BALDWIN.

Excellent *cartes de visite* of these seven men are to be found at the Methodist Book Room in Boston. Price twenty-five cents. The three Deacons are standing, the four Elders sitting.

LI YU MI was converted about 12 years ago. He has been called the learned blacksmith, as that was his occupation, and after his conversion he was in the habit of putting his Bible by the side of his anvil, and studying it between his strokes.

He is a humble, faithful man, physically weak, yet strong in faith. He is especially distinguished for being very apt in original and beautiful metaphors.

HU SING MI is the youngest of the three brothers in the Hu family, that are preachers in our Church. He was converted about 12 years ago. In 1862 he went to New York with Dr. Wentworth, for the purpose of seeking an education. John Stephenson, Esq., one of the strong, noble-hearted men of our Church, took him into his family and treated him as a son. To this day Sing Mi looks up to him as a Christian father, and speaks of him and his family with strong affection, and even with tears. Bro. Stephenson's whole-souled faith, and his consecrated life, were greatly blessed to Sing Mi. He returned to China stronger in his faith, and ready to give himself up to the work of the ministry, to which he felt called. He was not without his temptations to go aside to secular callings and worldly gain. His knowledge of English opened to him a door to wealth, but he resisted temptation, and declared his determination to be a humble minister of the Gospel of Christ to his countrymen. He married a Canton wife, who had been eight years in Mrs. Bonny's Mission School in Canton. Bishop Kingsley authorized his transfer to San Francisco, as helper in Bro. Gibson's mission work among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast, and he will join Bro. Gibson there as soon as he is ready to receive him.

YEK ING KWANG is a graduate of our boy's boarding-school in which Bro. Gibson took such interest, and of which he had the charge. One day a poor wretched-looking boy, without friends, and almost a beggar, came to Bro. Gibson and asked to be admitted as a student in the school. The number of scholars had to be limited, and Bro.

Gibson had tried to secure bright, promising boys. This poor beggar boy made so unfavorable an impression upon his mind, that he told him he did not think he could admit him. Just then, Mrs. Gibson said, "Look at the boy's eyes; there is something in that boy; don't turn him away." So Bro. Gibson was persuaded, and resolved to try him. He went through the usual course of study at the school. He expressed his wish to preach, and after leaving the school was numbered among our helpers. He is regarded as an eloquent preacher of the truth, and to-day he is pastor of our city church.

The three already mentioned were ordained deacons, the four following, elders.

SIA SEK ONG was a literary man, and was employed by Bro. Sites as his personal teacher. When *Li Yu Mi* preached at *Nau Kang* where Bro. Sites lived, this teacher would go off to the room most distant from the chapel, because, as he says, the words of the preacher made him feel that he was a sinner. *He*, a proud, literary man was unwilling to acknowledge this, so he tried to hide himself away from the truth, and day and night, for months, endeavored to stifle the voice in his heart, that was ever crying, "The preacher's words are true." They followed him from place to place, and finally he yielded, became convinced of sin, of his need of a Saviour, believed and was saved, and he is, to-day, one of our most earnest and successful preachers. He is the one who has baptized one hundred converts since he was ordained by our beloved Bishop Kingsley last November. Is not this *glorious* success?

HU YONG MI and HU PO MI are older brothers of *Hu Sing Mi* already spoken of. *Hu Yong Mi* has suffered more than tongue can express, for his Christianity. He was pastor of our East St. Church in the City of Fuh Chau, in 1864, when the great heathen mob tore down that church, beat this one helper, insulted his wife and sister, drove Bro. Martin and family out of their house, destroyed all their furniture, and acted like madmen for hours.

Poor Yong Mi was sorely tried, but clung to his faith. He is the tender-hearted man among our helpers. I have often seen him so overcome, as to weep like a child. The oldest brother, Hu Po Mi, is a man of much ability and is looked up to with great respect by the other helpers and our church in general.

His sermons, especially since his ordination,

when he seemed to receive a fresh baptism of the Spirit, have been full of power. Pointed, faithful, and instructive, the most refined audience in the United States could hear them with great profit.

LING CHING TING is perhaps the remarkable man among the seven ordained. One of the last to receive the truth and preach it, he has, like Paul, been apparently more successful than all the others. He is from the southern part of our work, and speaks a different dialect from ours at Fuh Chau. But he is more able to make himself understood at Fuh Chau. I fear I cannot do justice to his character. Before he heard of Christ, he was a wretched opium-smoker, and a partaker in every kind of sin, as he himself says. He heard the truth, embraced it, and became an exemplar and preacher of Christ to his people. Bold, eloquent and full of zeal, yet hasty, impulsive and determined, we have been wont to call him our *Peter*, as we have termed *Hu Yong Mi* and *Sia Sek Ong* our beloved Johns. *Ling Ching Ting* has borne severe persecutions for Christ's sake. At one time he received one thousand stripes on his bare back. He has, indeed, endured much, but his faith has not failed, and to-day he is a power for good, among his people. He is esteemed and honored, yea and feared by his heathen countrymen around him. Our helpers all are strong men, and we have special cause of gratitude for such earnest men in the time of our mission's weakness, so far as the number of foreign missionaries is concerned.

A DEACON of Burmah, in relating an incident in his life, as an idolater, gives a very entertaining and suggestive account of what we should imagine would be a more common experience among idol worshippers. Having purchased an idol, he placed it in a temple, and performed acts of worship before it daily. One day he observed that there were several large holes in his idol, which had apparently been made by animals; his conjecture was soon verified by the appearance of several rats from these holes; amazed and indignant that the object of his devotion should be unable to protect himself from vermin, he seized a club, and shattered the image into a hundred pieces. To the horrified expostulation of a priest, he merely answered, "I am knocking to pieces the god who cannot defend his sacredness against rats."

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1870.

THE WORK OF THE MONTH.

UNDER this heading agricultural editors are accustomed to remind their readers of the varying demands of farm and garden, from month to month throughout the year. For once we would like to borrow it, as a fitting superscription for a few earnest words to our fellow-laborers in that husbandry of Christ which we are carrying forward.

There are hundreds of our readers who are liable to forget that the present month has special and most important duties. They have greeted the organization of our Society with gratification, joined more or less actively in forming an auxiliary, paid in their dollar, subscribed for the FRIEND, and now fancy their work done for the year. Even active members of our missionary reading and sewing circles are in danger of seeing nothing to do *this* month. Everybody is out of town, the circle has adjourned over till September or October, the heat is oppressive, the diversions of summer travel and summer visiting absorb the attention. Thus there is a liability that even our most efficient workers will postpone further effort till the coming of the fall months.

A greater mistake could not be made. August is the best month of the year to work for our cause. It is, or should be, emphatically a month of seed-sowing. Most of us travel more this month than any other in the year. Most of us see more strangers, and make more acquaintances this month than any other. The great camp-meetings of the year are nearly all crowded into August. Our opportunities for sowing the country and the church with the seed of new ideas and inspirations on this subject are greater this month than any before or after. If these opportunities are neglected, the loss can never be known.

Sowing, then, is the work of the month. Put our cause before, no, *into* as many minds as possible. No matter if you are comparatively a stranger, your words will possibly have all the more lasting effect. Talk about our work wherever you may be. What more fitting theme can there be for a Christian lady anywhere. It is appropriate among Christian friends abroad as at home. It is a good thing to talk about on Rye Beach, in the "Crawford House," under the porticoes of "Congress Hall," on the flying Pullman

car, bound for the Yosemite. Talk about it with every minister you may meet. If you find one who is prejudiced against the Society, show him a copy of our new Circular in which Bishop Clark certifies that our Society "was organized with the concurrence of the Bishops," and in which the Missionary Board of New York fully indorse us. If away from home inquire after auxiliaries. If you find one, it will be a great pleasure to greet its members; if there is none, the very inquiry may, in many cases, interest some person to set about the organization of one. At camp-meetings visit every tent from churches where auxiliaries already exist, and after conferring with the members thus discovered, it will be found an easy thing to awaken zeal in the other tent companies. What an amount of effective work can thus be done! How will the reaper overtake the sower, and our seed-month be changed into a month of harvesting!

One other thing must not be forgotten. No newly awakened interest can be kept alive unless continually nourished and fed. It is comparatively easy to start an organization in any of our churches for such a cause as ours, but unless it can be brought into a living relation to our work, and kept informed as to our plans and progress, it will surely die, and that right early. To prevent such a result, to keep and increase whatever interest may anywhere be awakened in behalf of our Society, is the chief office of our HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND. It aims to give such information respecting the condition of heathen women, the methods and progress of missionary work among them, that none can read it and remain indifferent to the call for help. It endeavors to record the efforts of the great Church sisterhood to which we belong, in such a way that each shall catch inspiration at the thought of being associated with so many Christian workers in this Christ-like work. It is a bond of union between all our members from farthest east to farthest west. Through it our missionaries and writers speak to all, giving them common views, common feelings, and common inspirations.

Such being the case every member of every auxiliary should have a copy. We are sorry to see that some auxiliaries are formed from which no subscribers are reported. Nine out of every ten such societies will be almost certain to die out within a year. We entreat every one who has anything to do with the organizing of a new so-

ciety to be sure that subscribers are solicited for the FRIEND. If you know of any member in your own auxiliary who does not subscribe for it, loan her your own copy a few times, and you will find her desirous to have one for herself. The chief losses of our auxiliaries at the end of the year, we are sure will be found among those who, having received no information respecting our work for a twelvemonth, have lost their interest. A member saved is a member gained, — possibly for a score of years. Good service may also be rendered by introducing the paper in churches or neighborhoods where for any reason it is not practicable to immediately organize an auxiliary. This has been done in many places with the best of results. The paper will not long be read anywhere before Christian women will be found responding to the silent messenger's appeal for helpful sympathy and active coöperation. Here is a field for every one. Everybody has distant friends, old schoolmates, relations, correspondents. It may not be practicable to enlist these directly in organizations as you would wish, but you can prepare the way by getting their subscription for your little sheet. They will not refuse you thirty cents for such a periodical. It will be worth thirty cents to them to see what it is that so much interests you! Send each of your friends a copy, and solicit a subscription. Our new year has just commenced, and all subscribing now can get the complete volume. A few months hence we shall be unable to furnish back numbers. Do not forget to have a few copies with you on your summer tour and at camp-meeting. You will meet many who will want to see it, and to whom you can speak the needful good word.

This also, is a part of the work of the month.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD!

"Lord here am I, send me."

THE command comes to every one who enters the church of Christ. It comes to the women of the church now, when there is a special work for them to accomplish among the millions of heathen women, who, by their strict seclusion are cut off from all teaching imparted by a missionary of the other sex.

Miss Fannie J. Sparkes of Binghamton, N. Y., has heard this call; has given the above answer, and is now preparing to go and try if she cannot

lead some of her heathen sisters to the Fountain of Life.

She will be sent by the New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. Her case has been laid before the missionary authorities of our Church, and they have fully sanctioned and approved her appointment.

Miss S. will probably sail for India early in September, in company with our beloved missionaries Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Gracey, and Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Parker.

Sisters of the M. E. Church in New York and New Jersey, this young lady goes as your messenger, your substitute. She goes in your stead, but goes trusting that unceasing prayers may be made for her; that, every time you bow your knee before God you will commend her to His mercy, and earnestly ask for her the grace she will hourly need, pleading in the name of Jesus, that she may be richly baptized by the Holy Spirit's influence, which alone can fit her for her great work; and that she may be successful in bringing many of her heathen sisters to Him who is the true Light.

Miss S. cheerfully gives up home, parents, friends, country, *all* for Jesus. She goes to that trying climate, where life and health are so uncertain, to endure the toils of missionary labor; to be deprived of many of the social, intellectual and religious enjoyments, that we deem essential to us here; to meet, perchance, scorn and contumely; to encounter ignorance and superstition more dense than anything we know of in this land; and, it may be, to lay down her life in this work, *because* she hears her Saviour's command, and loves to obey Him!

Let her case be continually remembered at the throne of grace; and let us show that the women of the church appreciate her and her work, and that, God helping us, we will never fail to pray, to give our money, and to send our messengers till every heathen woman in India and China has heard of Jesus.

We append the following, taken from a Binghamton paper: —

WORTHY COMPLIMENT.

The Board of Education, at a recent meeting, passed the following resolutions, offered by Commissioner Knight:

Whereas, Miss Fannie J. Sparkes, for a number of years teacher in our schools, has offered her resignation that she may accept a position as missionary teacher in a distant land; therefore,

Resolved, That in accepting the resignation of Miss

Sparkes, the members of this Board feel that they part with the services of one of their most faithful, accomplished, and successful teachers.

Resolved, That she will carry to her new field of labor our earnest and heartfelt wishes for abundant success in her chosen field of labor, and that full measure of happiness, which is the reward of the faithful and self-sacrificing in the cause of humanity.

C. BUTLER,

Cor. Sec. of N. Y. Branch W. F. M. S.

PASSAIC, N. J., July 2, 1870.

CHEERING PROGRESS IN NEW YORK.

THE Corresponding Secretary of our New York Branch, Mrs. Dr. Butler, has just returned from an official tour in Western New York where she has not only organized a whole constellation of new auxiliaries (see Report in Business Department), but also brought about what may be called a "missionary awakening" among the ladies of all that section. Passing from town to town, addressing at almost every stopping-place some pre-appointed gathering, she has communicated her observations of the degraded and wretched condition of the women in India to hundreds if not thousands of our New York sisters. It is not surprising that with her words many have drunk in her spirit and caught her inspiration. Reports from the auxiliaries formed make frequent mention of the interest which her addresses everywhere created. Mrs. Dr. Latimer, writing of the last meeting of the auxiliary formed at Penn Yan, of which she is Corresponding Secretary, says: "Many were the remarks of the ladies to the effect, that since the visit of Mrs. Butler their views were enlarged and their vision clearer as to missionary duty." This is only a specimen testimony. We hope our sister has much such work before her. She has a peculiar Providential fitness for it. Thousands of Methodist women would be attracted to a missionary meeting to see and hear the wife of the founder of our Indian Mission, who could not be drawn by any lady less prominently and personally identified with our missionary work. May the harvest — or shall we not rather say the sowing — in Western New York, be only the beginning of yet larger and more frequent ones.

Mrs. Butler herself writes us as follows: —

You ask me for a report of the visit I have made to some of our churches in Western New York. A few minutes after reading your request, my eye caught the following paragraph.

"We visited the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful monument to love and beauty the world has ever seen. The tomb is of white marble inlaid with flowers formed of

precious stones. The following is a short list of the materials used: yellow marble from the Nerbudda, black marble from Charkah, crystal from China, jasper from the Punjab, cornelian from Bagdad, turquoises from Thibet, agate from Yernan, lapis lazuli from Ceylon, coral from Arabia, garnets from Bundelcund, diamonds from Punnah, rockspars from the Nerbudda, loadstone from Gwalion, onyx from Persia, chalcedony from Villiat, amethyst from Persia, sapphires from Lunka, and many others. The variety and quantity of the stones used may be imagined from the above list, and from the fact that in a single flower not larger than a silver dollar, as many as twenty-three different stones can be counted."

See the coincidence; the ladies of the Methodist churches in Auburn, Geneva, Penn Yan, Canandaigua, Phelps, Ithaca, Rochester, Syracuse, Weedsport, Lima, Newark, Cazenovia, 1st Church, Utica, South St. Church, Utica, Binghamton, Oswego, Waverley (seventeen places named in this list, seventeen in the preceding paragraph) have organized Societies auxiliary to the New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, — not to send precious stones to ornament a dead woman's tomb, but to send living messengers to heathen women, to tell them where salvation is to be found. Seventeen countries supplied jewels for one of the flowers that ornament the Taj; ¹ seventeen societies of Christian ladies have sprung up in Western New York to aid in securing the jewels of heathen women's souls to deck the crown of the King of kings and Lord of lords, the living Redeemer! Amen!

Since receiving the above we have been favored with a detailed report of the organization, officers, etc., of each of these seventeen auxiliaries, and of three others in a more easterly section of the New York district. A synopsis of this report will be found under the appropriate head in the business department. As the entire document would nearly fill one half of our paper, we avail ourselves of Mrs. Butler's permission to present the chief facts in our customary condensed form, giving only the location, number of members, when given, subscribers for the FRIEND, etc., with the name of the Corresponding Secretary of each organization. The following items, however, communicated in connection with different auxiliaries, must not be withheld from our readers.

Speaking of the auxiliary at Candor, Tioga Co., N. Y., Mrs. Butler says: —

"This Society was organized by Mrs. C. W. Judd, one of our missionaries from India, now at home for health. The Corresponding Secretary writes, — 'The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Judd adds very much to the interest of our meetings. Many come to see their faces and to hear the experience of a living missionary.'"

Under Clifton Springs we read: —

"We were cordially welcomed to this beautiful home by Dr. Foster, its estimable and gentlemanly proprietor, and allowed to address the inmates on the subject of 'Woman's

¹ Taj signifies crown.

Missionary Work among Heathen Women.' The interest manifested in the prosperity of the Society was delightful and encouraging. Fervent prayers were offered by many Christian hearts there, that the same Saviour who so often makes that residence a 'Bethesda' to the souls and bodies of those who resort to it, may cause the River of Life in its healing streams to enter many a Hindu woman's home and heart."

At Weedsport we strike this trace of one of our most esteemed correspondents:—

"The ladies of the M. E. Church in Weedsport have taken a deep interest in the missionary work in India, since, some years ago, they had one of their number, Mrs. Messmore, go from them to labor for the salvation of Hindu women. They were, therefore, ready to give a most cordial welcome to the Corresponding Secretary, and as soon as she informed them of the purpose and aims of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, they were earnest in their desire to organize an auxiliary to the New York Branch."

Speaking of Genesee College and Female Seminary, Mrs. Butler says:—

"Years since, these noble institutions in Lima sent their sons and daughters to various mission fields, to proclaim the salvation of God; and the same spirit still exists. God is touching many hearts here, with the missionary fire. May it never die out, but rather burn effectively, till the full blaze of the glory that is to be revealed covers the whole earth, and the Saviour who is loved and honored in Lima, shall be loved and honored in every tribe and nation."

The record of the sister institution at Cazenovia is equally interesting:—

"It has sent our sainted missionary ladies, Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Downey (afterwards Mrs. Thoburn) to far-off India, to be a blessing to its sons and daughters—women whose records can never be fully written here, but whose works will 'follow them' as one generation of Hindu women after another shall be brought to enjoy the salvation of which they were partakers."

At Binghamton we were introduced to our next missionary:—

"This church takes a deep interest in the work of the Society, as it gives one of its members, Miss Fannie J. Sparkes, to be its messenger to the perishing heathen women of India, to call them to the Saviour, the only true God."

The following item from Passaic, N. J., would, we doubt not, apply to any and every place where our auxiliaries are found:—

"It is due to the Christian ladies engaged in this Society, to say that while working in it, and doing what is in their power to send the message of mercy to their perishing heathen sisters, they have not neglected the regular missionary interest of the Parent Board. The annual collection for that was larger this year than usual, and the Sabbath-school collection for the same fund, doubled."

In a private letter, dated May 9th, from Miss Thoburn to a young friend, we find the following:

"Is there work enough here for you to do? you ask. There is so much, that at first sight of it your impressions would be most discouraging, your feeling one of utter hopelessness. The magnitude of the work is something to be felt, but scarcely to be written. It needs many hands, much money, and brave strong hearts, full of faith in the presence and power of the Spirit."

"Under such a sky and sun one might drink a wine of contentment that would leave nothing to wish for—artistically I mean. Did you ever know what it is to be thoroughly thankful for the esthetic sense? You will when you come here and see these beasts of burden called human—you will thank God so profoundly for faculties that apprehend the artistic, poetic and intellectual, that you will never long regret not being allowed to devote your life to their development. These people have such a long, long way to come before they are even such children as you know in America."

"Our life at its most care-burdened day, seems a heaven compared to theirs. I thought I knew heathenism before, but I see it now as a great deep of sin and degradation that even sight can not at once take in, nor short experience fathom."

Mrs. Humphrey writes from Nynee Tal, India:

"The medical class here goes on this year much better than last. The women have gained in knowledge and interest by the practice they had at the foot of the mountains during the winter."

"By means of a high caste woman who was cured of a most distressing illness by the women of the class, our way has been opened to commence teaching the high caste women in the place. One of the women has a school for girls in her own house and several influential native gentlemen promise to send their children."

CHINESE WHIMSICALITIES.

[From the Journal of a Missionary in Shanghai.]

I WAS told to-day that the Chinese pay an enormous price for the liver of the beaver, which they cover over with vermilion, wrap carefully in a piece of cloth, and carry about the person. When any one is taken suddenly ill, a small bit of this is given the patient, and the effect seems to be magical. This is believed by thousands, just in the same way they have been taught to believe

a thousand other things, which have not the slightest foundation of truth. When a man is suddenly taken ill with cramp, or any pain, the barber is immediately sent for, and with his long needles he pierces the body in different places several inches, and then, by means of a copper *cash*, the body is literally scraped and scoured, the patient all the while writhing under the treatment. A counter irritation is thus produced, the blood is brought to the surface, and as soon as this is accomplished the patient is considered hopeful.

A proclamation has recently been issued by one of the officials from a neighboring city, forbidding the catching and destroying of frogs. They are called by the Chinese "field-fowls," and "preserver of the crops." They are said to destroy all insects hostile to agricultural interests, and thus preserve the crops from injury. The proclamation reads thus:—

"It appears that there is a class of ignorant people, who in the night by means of dark lanterns, and in the day by means of spears and nets, catch these frogs by the basketful and bring them to market for sale. This is done simply to get a little to eat, or gain a few *cash*. The practice is an old one, but to us detestable in the extreme, and the great officials of every place are constantly commanding us to put a stop to it. The breeding season has now come, and it is imperatively necessary to prevent the destruction of frogs in order to preserve the crops from the ravages of the locust. We therefore inform the Le-Pau's (head constables of villages), landlords, and land-renters of the district, that whether in the city or in the country, should any one be seen, as formerly, catching or selling frogs, he must be brought before our court in order that he may receive a severe beating, and no mercy will be shown. Should the official employes or the Le-Pau's know of any case, but for private considerations fail to bring it to our notice, such parties being discovered shall not be leniently dealt with. Let each one obey with trembling: oppose not!"

A lady engaged in the zenana work in Calcutta and vicinity says, that when she commenced, not one native woman in a thousand knew a letter; now there is scarcely a respectable home where one cannot read. So interested in this work are the women that they often get the boys to teach them out of school hours.

As a fruit possibly of the zenana work in India, a Bengali lady, already known to local fame, has produced a new work in prose and verse comprising "tender effusions on the beauty of the creation, and mercy of the Creator."

It is now stated that in some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, the women outnumber the men as church-members and as attendants at the schools; they are by far the best scholars and more teachable, and are in a silent and unobtrusive way spiritual guides to the people.

An English writer, referring especially to zenana instruction in India, says—"Of all the social revolutions occurring in various parts of the world, none probably is so important as that now passing over the condition of the women in India."

Children's Corner.

OH LET ME RING THE BELL.

A MISSIONARY far away,
Beyond the Southern Sea,
Was sitting in his house one day,
With Bible on his knee;
When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber door,
And opening it, there stood a boy
Of some ten years or more.
He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of ruddy hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled
And glittered like the dew.
He held his little form erect
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lips you could detect
Traces of gentleness.
"Dear sir," he said, in native tongue,
"I do so want to know
If something for the house of God
You'll kindly let me do."
"What can you do, my little boy?"
The missionary said;
And as he spoke he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.
Then bashfully, as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents said,
"Oh let me ring the bell!"

Oh please to let me ring the bell
 For our dear house of prayer :
 I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
 And I'll be always there !"
 The missionary kindly looked,
 Upon the upturned face,
 Where hope, and fear, and wistfulness,
 United, left a trace.
 And gladly did he grant the boon,
 The boy had pleaded well,
 And to the eager child he said,
 "Yes, you shall ring the bell !"
 Oh what a proud and happy heart
 He carried to his home,
 And how impatiently he longed
 For Sabbath day to come !
 He rang the bell, he went to school,
 The Bible learned to read,
 And in his youthful heart was sown
 The gospel's precious seed.
 And now to other heathen lands
 He's gone of Christ to tell ;
 And yet his first young mission was,
 To ring the Sabbath bell.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 228 South Broad Street, Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 1513 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

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 Miss M. J. Smith, Cor. Sec.
 North Bridgewater, Mass. 60 members, 24 sub. H. W. F.
 Mrs. H. Bailey, Cor. Sec.
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 Newark, N. Y. Mrs. Beeby, Manager for H. W. F.
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 Mrs. Dr. Latimer, Cor. Sec.
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Auburn, N. Y. 1 L. M., 50 members, 1st payment \$36.55.
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HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxiii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1870.

No. 3.

WORK.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

A TOILFUL world is this,
No spot in all its round,
Where harvests do not bend
In ripeness, to the ground.
No hours are there to waste
In tears and unbelief,
Each setting sun should see
A newly gathered sheaf;
And still we idly stand,
And of our mission dream,
Throwing a few pale flowers
Upon the hasting stream.
Deaf to the world's great cry,
Deaf to the Master's call,
Work in my vineyard now,
Ere evening's shadows fall.
From far off orient lands
Where spicy breezes sigh,
Comes wafted to our ears
The Macedonian cry.
O! when, forgetting self,
Armed with the Spirit's power,
Shall we in patience seek
Good, on the world to shower!
Perchance an hour remains
Of all our wasted day,
And He is generous as just
Who gives His servants pay.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY MRS. ROBERT HOSKINS.

I FEEL inclined to translate, for the benefit of the readers of the HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND, some letters which came to me several months

ago, and I feel sure that the Christian women of America will rejoice to see how God has brought to himself one who had scarcely heard of Christianity.

The first letter reads thus: "The young sister-in-law of the native Doctor here is very ill, and I think before this letter reaches you she will probably be dead. When I heard that she was so sick, I wished to go to visit her; so I sent a servant to the Doctor Bahoo to give him my salám, and to say that if he did not object, I would come to his house in the evening. But the Doctor, not wishing that I should visit his household at that time, returned answer, 'Let not your honor take this trouble upon you!' Upon hearing this I was very much grieved, but I could only remember them in my prayers according to my custom.

"The Doctor explained to his sister-in-law that a young girl wished to come to see her, 'but,' said he, 'she is a Christian girl!' The sick girl said, 'Call her to me. I wish to see her.' So the Doctor Bahoo sent a man to tell me that I might visit his sister-in-law, and I gladly went to her at that very time. As soon as I saw her I felt that she could not live. She received me joyfully, and her first words were these: 'I am soon to take my leave of this world, and I wish you to teach me something of the true God. For this reason I have sent for you to come to me.' When I had spoken some words to her about the Lord Jesus, she interrupted me, saying, 'I have read something like this in my books, but I do not understand it all. Please explain to me that which you know to be true, for this only is what I desire to hear.'

"As I talked with her, she several times gave a clear testimony that she knew Jesus Christ to be 'truly the Son of God and my Saviour,' and she

often said, 'I see the Son of God, He helps me. There is a door which *was shut*, but now it is being opened for me; it is not now entirely open, but Christ will soon open it for me.' Again she said, 'To-day is the seventh day that Satan has been fighting with me, but Christ has given me strength, and I am yet victorious over him, and I believe that Christ will save me.'

"For a little time she was silent. Then she suddenly exclaimed, 'Victory! God triumphs! Victory! Christ triumphs! Victory to the Son of God who has become a sacrifice for me!' In this way she spoke until her mind wandered. I know for a certainty that she will soon be at peace in Christ, because she said often, 'Now Christ opens the door for me. Now He saves me!'"

The second letter was written a day later.

"I write again to ask you to pray for this sick girl until you hear from me that she has passed away from this fleeting world. Pray that God will forgive all her sins, and accept her for Christ's sake. See how wonderful; that one who never heard God's name should at the time of death give so perfect a testimony of His power to save! She grieves that she should be seeking her Saviour on her death-bed, and says, 'O, why did I not sooner seek Him?' I told her not to be troubled about this now, but to give praise to God that He had brought her to Himself even now.

"She eats scarcely anything, and when any one asks, 'What will you eat to-day?' she answers, 'I have no desire for this world's food, but I greatly desire spiritual food. You cannot give it to me; God will feed me with the heavenly food. Do not ask me what I will eat; I am no more hungry here. Pray that God will quickly take me from this world.'

"I remained with her three hours, and she talked constantly of God and Christ her Saviour.

"The Doctor Baboo is a Hindu, and he did not wish that we, Christians, should come to his house and talk about the true God; but let us ask this: That as God in His great mercy has opened the eyes of this young girl, so may He by His grace open the eyes of her brother-in-law and the other relatives.

"Since I have been reading words of comfort from the Bible to the sick girl, her relatives have said, 'This book is better than all other books,' and they ask me if there is any Hindi book which has the same words.

"If you have a Hindi Hymn Book or any small

parts of Scripture which you can send by mail, have the kindness to send them by Book Post as soon as convenient."

The third letter, written in English, I received a week later.

"The Hindi books you sent I took with me to the Doctor Baboo's house. The young girl died three days since, and I know she is with the Lord Jesus Christ. She often said to me, 'I know that Christ saves me!' When she was near to death, she said to her brother-in-law, 'Now I am going from this world, and when I am dead, I know you will do with my body after the manner of the Hindus, but I do not so wish it. I wish for some outward sign of Christianity, because though I am grieved that I did not sooner seek the Lord, nevertheless I know that my sins are forgiven, and that God accepts me and will keep me near to Him. I praise my Saviour who is with me now.'

"I have not seen the relatives since the death of this girl, but I hope that I may be allowed to visit them and read to them from the Bible and the books you sent for them. I shall pray to God to make the Doctor Baboo's heart soft that he may not refuse me to go to them. The sister-in-law's age was seventeen years. I have inquired as you asked me, and I hear that she learned to read in a mission school in Bengal, but I do not hear what books she had learned."

The writer of these letters is a native Christian girl, who has been an invalid the most of her life, but she has taken advantage of every opportunity for improvement, and she now, besides her native language, understands English quite well, and has made good progress in all her studies. The first two letters were written in Roman Urdu, and I have given an almost literal translation of them.

This incident encourages us to persevere, in the hope that though we may not see the immediate fruit of our labors, the future may show that our efforts to extend Christ's kingdom have not been in vain.

BUDAON, India, May 25, 1870.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MRS. JANE ISABEL WHITE.

JANE ISABEL ATWATER, the subject of this sketch, was born near Homer, Cortland county, New York, on the 22d of August, 1822. Her parents were natives of Connecticut and inherited the

principles and spirit of their Puritan ancestors. Mr. Atwater was among the first who entered into the formation of a Methodist Society in the region in which he lived, and for many years his house was the home of the earnest, warm-hearted itinerants who were laying the foundations of Methodism in Western New York.

Isabel was favored with very early religious impressions, and seems to have become a Christian when a child. Her early years were passed amid the sweet influences of a Christian family, and she seemed to glide imperceptibly into the experiences of a religious life. In January, 1841, while pursuing her studies at the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y., she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and from that time until the day of her death she was emphatically a "burning and a shining light."

While at the Seminary she became exceedingly interested in the subject of missions, and was moved with an intense desire to become herself a missionary to the heathen. Two essays which she read publicly in the Seminary at this time were glowing appeals for the missionary cause, and were long remembered and felt in their influence. At the time, they fell like electric fire on one whose heart was already deeply enlisted in the missionary cause, and who has since gone forth as a herald of the Cross to the realms of heathen darkness. Thenceforward the impression that it was her duty, together with the desire that it might be her lot, to labor personally and directly in behalf of the heathen, led her to consecrate herself to this great work, and solemnly to resolve that while life and health were spared, she would hold herself in readiness to engage in it, whenever and wherever the providence of God should direct.

This purpose, however, was subjected to a severe trial. For nearly four years she could see no way for its realization. But she never once faltered. In heart and life she was a missionary. She conscientiously adopted those habits of self-denial and endurance which she supposed would be necessary upon the foreign field. In her dress, intercourse, conversation, and whole style of living, she endeavored to exemplify the true missionary spirit.

Her acquaintance with Mr. White, the husband and companion of her missionary life, reached back to the days when they were pursuing their studies together at Cazenovia. Similarity of views and hopes in regard to the missionary work seemed

to ripen this acquaintance; but the consummation of their mutual hope was for years in painful doubt. At length the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church determined to establish a new mission in the Chinese empire, and Mr. White was strongly recommended as a suitable pioneer missionary in this difficult field. Yet the decision finally was made to send an older and more experienced man, and Mr. White supposed that his labors must necessarily be expended at home.

When this intelligence reached Miss Atwater it fell upon her like a thunderbolt! — It was a heavy blow, and her sensitive soul struggled with it in silence. This was by far the most painful struggle of her life. The missionary spirit in her was not only the offspring of a sense of duty, but also the earnest desire of her heart. Hence, while she bowed in silent submission to the dark dispensation, she did not relinquish the hope of spending her life as a missionary.

By a singular train of providences, in the course of a few months Mr. White was appointed to China in place of the man originally designated for that field. Time was short, and but a few weeks were allowed the young missionaries in which to prepare for their long voyage and arduous mission. On the 13th of March, 1847, they were married, and after a month busily occupied in preparing their outfit, they sailed from Boston for their distant field of labor.

They reached Fuh Chau on the 7th of September, 1847. There amid the most charming scenery in the world, surrounded by nearly a million of perishing heathen, whose earthly abodes could all be seen at a glance, Mrs. White entered with a full heart upon her actual missionary life. She devoted herself to her preparatory labors with a zeal too fervent for her delicate constitution. Whenever she went about the streets, she was thronged with benighted women and children to whom she longed to communicate the knowledge of a Saviour. But her tongue was tied! The gift of speech in that most difficult of all languages, she earnestly sought with a vigor and perseverance which broke her constitution and probably shortened her life.

She soon began to realize that her missionary life was to be a short one, and that her mission to China was to be that of those who being dead still speak. She was to make the first missionary grave in Fuh Chau, and her preaching was to be the silent preaching of the fallen pioneer, addressed to

the missionaries and the heathens around her, and to the Church that sent her forth. Yet this conviction did not shake her faith nor subdue the ardor of her missionary devotion. She worked while she lived, and trusted in the God of missions when she died.

A few hours before her death she turned to the little missionary company gathered in the room, and requested all, as they became able to speak the language, to tell the people, as her dying testimony, that Jesus can make His people happy when they die. Her ardor for the cause of missions burned to the last. It was obviously her "ruling passion strong in death."

She fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of May 25th, 1848, aged twenty-six years. The next day, towards evening, her remains were conveyed to a beautiful spot and deposited in what has since become the "Mission Cemetery."

Her former pastor, Rev. Mr. Hickok, remarked concerning her that, "although she did not survive her preparatory work, although she was not permitted to utter a single saving truth, nor unfold one Gospel promise to the perishing Chinese, over whom her heart yearned so intensely, yet she lived not in vain. Her martyr spirit shall be a perpetual source of missionary power. She, 'being dead, yet speaketh.' While her memory lives in that crowded Valley of the Min, evangelical labors there shall be quickened with a holier devotion. Many a tired laborer may hereafter rouse his flagging energies by a visit to her grave. Many a weary one, ready to sink under the burden of missionary life in that dark empire, perchance shall be thrilled with loftier heroism, as the modest activity, the quiet enthusiasm, the quenchless ardor, and triumphant end of Jane Isabel White of Fuh Chau is remembered.

L. S. P.

THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

At a recent Woman's missionary meeting in Evanston, Mrs. Baldwin, of our China Mission, made the following interesting and valuable address, for the report of which we are indebted to the *North Western Christian Advocate*.

I am specially interested in the women of China, and I take it that you too are especially interested in them. In speaking to a company of Chinese women I should find little difficulty. My message to them is very simple, yet O how precious! a message of and from Christ. Of Him I need to

speak to you to-day. Woman in China is very low; her condition is degraded in the extreme. In Fuh Chau it is safe to say that not more than one tenth of the women can read. I am glad to learn that in Canton the proportion is much greater. Many and many times have I been told by Chinamen: "Our women are not like you foreign women; you are capable of learning, you read and study like the men, you are wise, but our women are stupid, have no brains!"

I wish to speak to you especially upon a subject in which I have been especially interested, and to which I have given my special attention the last few years in China. It is infanticide, and I think in speaking of this I shall reach every mother's heart in this audience; and first, I have to say that I have read statements from travellers and others to the effect, that this crime is not so prevalent as has been supposed, and what I have got to say will contradict their statements. These contradictions are readily explained. Many, perhaps the majority of travellers visit Peking, Tien, Tsin, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Canton, and leave out Fuh Chau, Amoy, and other parts, and they judge by what they hear in the parts they have visited. I have been rejoiced to learn that in some of the Northern provinces — of the extreme South I cannot speak — the crime is very little practiced. But I am to speak of Fuh Chau, where we have been the last eight years, and I must say, after careful investigation, that I am compelled to believe that the rule is to destroy the female children, the exception to save them. One or two girls in a family may be saved; more are regarded as a nuisance. The Chinese mother prays for boys, not for girls. She counts her boys, not her girls. I ask a mother, "How many children have you?" She answers: "Four." And I understand that these are boys, and another question is required to learn the number of girls. As I have said, I have been in the habit for some years of asking the women, as I met them on the hill and in the country, about their children, and almost all of them that have had girls will tell me that they have drowned one, two, or three. Worse still, I have to say that in all these eight years I have met but one mother that showed the slightest sorrow for the loss of her girls. This is dreadful, yet it is the truth. I have said to women: "How could you see your own little girls killed, your own dear babies?" and they have thrown up their hands in amazement at my feel-

ing, and with faces utterly devoid of feeling, and with a loud laugh exclaimed: "Grief! Why should one feel grief for drowning a girl just born? If it lives, we haven't rice and clothing for it." "But," said I, "suppose it had been a boy, wouldn't you have had rice and clothing for him?" The answer is always yes. I have turned away from these questionings sick at heart; have felt as though I could not talk with them, and in one or two instances have turned away, for the time, without a word. One of our missionary ladies said to me "that she had frequently been told by the women when she rebuked them for destroying their girls, 'I wish my mother had killed me, it would have saved me much trouble!'" Such an answer I could understand. Aye, I could understand the love of the mother that in a heathen land could even destroy her babe to save it from the sorrows of women, without the Bible, without God. But I am compelled to say that I have never in a single instance received such an answer; would that I had! I do not believe such a motive prompts the destruction of the child. I am compelled to believe that they are without natural feeling. Their lives for all the long ages of the past have tended to harden, debase, unmother them. I referred to one instance in which the mother showed feeling for the little ones destroyed. I would like to give it to you. There came a time of sorrow and darkness to us in our home. Our precious little May was taken out of our arms suddenly, unexpectedly. The sunlight seemed gone, and for a time clouds and darkness surrounded me. I was sitting one day sewing, and O, so heavy-hearted the sighs would come, and comfort came not near. Iong Chuo, a woman who had been employed by one of our number, and was now about to return to her home, came into the room where I was sitting to bid me good-by: I hardly noticed her coming in at first. She sat down, and putting her hand on her heart drew a long heavy sigh, and said, "Sing-Seng-Niong (teacher's wife), I know just how you feel, I know all about it." By this time she had secured my attention and proceeded to tell me her afflictions, and O, how did my burden of sorrow grow light in comparison with that of the poor, ignorant, yet tender-hearted and loving woman before me. "Yes," said she, "I know all about it! I was married, and our first child was a girl. O how I loved it as soon as born! It was large and beautiful;" and she described with all a mother's pride

this little first born. "But," said she, "it was a girl, and my husband said it must die. He went after a tub of water immediately; he put it down on the floor in my room, and then he took my babe, my little girl. I begged, and cried, besought him not to drown it. I told him it might grow up and become a wife, and he could get money for her. But no, he would not hear; he took it and plunged its little head into the tub of water." Think of it, ye mothers who know the weakness of those first hours after another life has been added to yours; think of that being done before that tender mother's eyes, for she had a tender mother's heart. I could in very pity almost wish she had not! Once the father pushed the little head down into the water, and said she, "I heard the gurgling water in its throat. I shut my eyes and stopped my ears, but still I heard—twice, thrice he pushed the head down, and then all was still." The little spirit had gone to God; Satan had overstepped the mark! Safe from every taint of sin, from the degradation of heathenism, these little ones go straight to heaven, and are saved from Satan. "And," said this poor heathen woman, "another child came. O, I prayed for a boy! I made my offerings to the mother god for a son, but again it was a girl; again the tub of water was brought, and again the little one was destroyed by its father's hands. A third time a little one was given to me, and O, joy, it was a son, and my husband was so pleased and I so happy. He was a beautiful boy, and lived to be so big (showing with her hands); and then he died, and soon after my husband died, and I cry nearly all the time; that is the reason my eyes are so sore." When she had finished her sad story I said: "Where are your children now?" "Buried in the earth," she replied. Then I told her of Christ the Saviour, and that her babes were all with Him in a beautiful happy land, and that she could go to them if she would repent of sin, believe in Christ, and do all the good she could. I wish you could have seen the eagerness with which that poor creature caught these words; she fairly clutched at them, exclaiming, "I go to my children; does the Sing Seng Niong say that!" I assured her she might, and she bade me good-by, saying, "These are comforting words. I will remember them." Then as an afterthought she asked me, with no very great eagerness, yet with interest, if her husband was saved? What could I say? I was afraid

almost to answer; yet I told her he had never refused Christ as he had never heard of Him; yet I feared he had not done as well as he knew, even by nature.

MISSIONARY TOUR IN THE NORTH OF CHINA.

BY MRS. GULICK.

THE day after we arrived a theatre was opened, which attracted large crowds from all the neighboring villages. The theatres here are very different from the theatres at home. A company of actors travel about from place to place. Wherever they stop they erect in some open place in or near the street an elevated mat shed, in front of which is a wooden platform. The streets and the roofs of the neighboring houses are crowded with people; the women and children sitting on benches or in carts, the men standing. Ladies who would never think of going into a shop, or of walking in the street, will go with a company of others, and sit there half a day. Many came from the surrounding villages, and in the intervals between the theatrical performances, all wanted to see the foreigners. We had the use of two yards, an outer and an inner, to which women only were admitted. Of course the men, true sons of Eve, left no means untried, to get a sight of the foreign women. Mr. Gulick was fully occupied in preventing them from breaking through the doors. The city wall overlooking the yard was also continually crowded. Not that they could see much, for it was only occasionally, when I went too near the door or window, that they could catch a glimpse of my dress. A few stones were occasionally thrown into the yard, I suppose with the vain hope that we might be tempted to go out to scold them.

For the first few days, my room was filled with women from about seven in the morning till late in the afternoon, when we were so weary we were obliged to contrive some means of obtaining rest and quietness. This was no easy task; to have shut the people out might have caused much ill feeling, and perhaps a riot in the street, which we were anxious, if possible, to avoid. The only way that seemed both practicable and prudent, was to mount my donkey, and go two or three miles out into the country. Even if here we stopped for a few minutes, we were frequently surrounded by villagers, some of whom seemed to be intelligent men, who asked many questions about our foreign country, the books we had

brought, etc. Some of the conversations Mr. Gulick had, at these times, were amongst the most interesting, and, I believe, the most profitable of any. The people, both men and women, of that neighborhood, appear generally more frank and intelligent than those we have met elsewhere.

Amongst the women who came to see me, there were always some who entered into the meaning of what I said to them, and appeared more interested in the gospel we came to teach them, than in finding out what we eat or wear.

Some part of the time I was suffering so much in consequence of the dampness of the rooms and *kangs* (brick beds), that I was obliged to receive my visitors lying down. One day when we had gone a mile or two from the city to escape the crowds, I felt so ill that I was obliged to lie down for an hour or two, before I could return to our lodgings. The ground was very damp in consequence of recent rains, so Mr. Gulick, who is an excellent contriver, made a couch of two saddles.

Never before had I realized, as now, the wondrous love of our Saviour in bearing, as He did, with the vast multitudes that continually pressed upon him, leaving him time not even so much as to eat.

The third day after we arrived at Yugo, while I was talking to a room full of women, an old woman came up to me, and warmly taking my hands said, "I am one of the same religion as you; I believe in Jesus. Last new-year's day I burnt all my idols, and now I pray only to the true God. When can I be baptized?" "Perhaps in a few days." "But when? I am an old woman. I have no husband and son. I want to be baptized, then I shall have nothing to do, but to die and go to heaven." When she came I was showing the women some pictures; amongst them was one of our Saviour on the cross. This attracted her attention, and she was a long time telling them of His love to sinful men. You can imagine how my heart leaped with joy and gratitude at thus unexpectedly meeting a Christian. This old woman is a poor widow of the name of Feng; she was, as we afterwards heard, the one who was the means of leading Mr. Gulick to pay his first visit to Yugo nearly two years ago. Before Isai-ching was baptized, he went home for a holiday, and took with him the gospel of St. John and a small catechism; he was zealous in telling his family and neighbors about the true God. Widow Feng had heard and believed. She got

some one to copy for her the whole of St. John and part of the catechism, not that she could read herself, but she wished to have them in her house, so that she might sometimes hear them read.

On Friday, August 30th, Mr. Gulick asked those who believed in Christ and wished to be baptized, to meet together in our room early on the morning before breakfast, so as to avoid the crowd. They came according to appointment; there were present Isai-ching's parents, his wife, widow Feng, and five or six other women who were baptized the year before by Mr. Blodget.

This meeting was one that I shall never forget; we could feel that God was present with us. Three or four who came from curiosity were much moved. One old woman said, "I believe in Jesus. I want to be baptized." "Wait," said Isai's mother, "till you know more; if you worship Jesus, you must destroy all your idols." "Wait! I have no time to wait. I am nearly eighty years old. I ought to decide at once to worship one or the other." Two or three of the women offered simple but earnest prayers; four expressed a wish to be baptized. — *Female Miss. Intelligencer.*

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1870.

BY WORK ONLY.

NOTHING worthy is done in this world without work. If we look into the lives of the great painters who have thrown on the canvas the graceful forms, the symmetrical outlines, the glowing colors that have enchanted successive generations, we find that they gave their days to patient labor; that their brilliant genius would have availed nought without the untiring industry, the indomitable perseverance that wrought out those miracles of art with which they have enriched the world. The same is true of the books that have taken captive the imagination, and given direction to human thought. They were not produced in moments of inspiration by flashes of genius. They were the results of faithful thinking and laborious study. Lines keen and trenchant as a Damascus blade were slowly fashioned into their form of use and beauty. Let us remember this when we address ourselves to our work of rescuing some of the poor ignorant women of India from their doom of woe. If we would see great results, we must be ready for great sacrifices, we must be willing to scheme and labor

and pray. And think you that we will not be well repaid for whatever we may do, by hearing that Hindu orphans are trained to be lovely Christian women; that Hindu mothers are pointing their little ones not to the dumb idol, but to the Lord Jesus?

Brig Bowla, one of the most celebrated singers of India, learned his bass, which was so deep and penetrating and powerful that it was said it could split a rock with a single note, from listening day after day patiently and intently to the grinding of the stone mills by the women. The song of labor was interpreted and reproduced in tender, touching tones by the musician. We too may listen to the grinding that surely and always is bruising the hearts of the women of India, and we too may catch tones that will open the flinty heart and reveal veins of gold needed to save thousands of hearts from being ground to powder. Surely such a result would repay us for hours of intent listening, for days of earnest effort. Are we ready thus to bend the ear, thus to train the voice?

Janzeyor of Delhi, the rival of Brig Bowla, learned the melodies with which he entertained his hearers, not from the songs of pleasure, but from the songs of labor, and he found in them a plaintive pathos which he transferred into his own artistic music. With ear intent he listened to the water-drawers in India — to the monotonous song of the man who stood by the side of the well, and by his singing told the driver of the bullocks when the bucket was filled at the bottom, and when to stop as it reached the top. For hours the song of labor echoed through the chambers of his heart, teaching him the strains which thrilled the hearts of his auditors, and made them believe that his voice turned the river Jumna from its course.

I wonder if the sad cry of those who are trying to draw water from broken cisterns that can hold no water, cannot stir the depths of our souls and give us words of power that may turn the beautiful river of beneficence to gladden wide and thirsty plains. "More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of." Then let us test its power and see what wondrous results may be wrought out by woman's work and faith and prayer.

The song of the water-drawers of India may not have been unlike the cotton-song with which the slaves at the South accompanied the lifting of the bales of cotton upon the decks of the steamers.

To a few plaintive touching notes, the first combinations of alphabetical sounds were linked with mournful reiteration, and such songs wakened up in tender hearts so profound a pity, that when the hour for effort and struggle came, heroism and self-sacrifice were not wanting and were not in vain. And now, through the length and breadth of the sunny South, thankful pæans of freedom have taken the place of songs that breathed the spirit of an abject race. Such a future awaits the millions of India. The chains of a degrading idolatry will not always bind them. It may seem long to labor and to wait; yet the day will surely dawn when from the Himalayas to the sea, the glad sound shall arise from a vast company of the redeemed, "Halleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

J. M. O.

NO CONSULTATION!

ABOUT the year 1814, a Scotch minister, afterwards a missionary in Africa, desiring to enlist his people in more earnest and systematic service for the cause of foreign missions, called upon an intelligent and pious lady of his church, urging the formation of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. She replied that she liked the plan, and would consult with other ladies of the church in reference to forming such a society.

"*No consulting about it!*" he exclaimed, "we'll form the society now in this room!" So saying, he sat down by a table, wrote the articles of a constitution, so that each lady signing it promised to give a penny a week for foreign missions. The lady wrote her name; her daughters followed her example.

"Now take this paper," said the pastor, "and see how many more names you can obtain."

She did so. Year after year this pledge was faithfully kept; and when little granddaughters were old enough to pity heathen women, their names were added to the missionary pledge, and they were taught to remember its obligations.

Of the daughters who placed their names upon this pledge fifty-six years ago, one afterward came to America. Memory cherished the records of that society organized in her mother's parlor in Aberdeenshire; and, after waiting many years to see a general movement of this kind, she is able to rejoice in and to encourage the growing zeal of Christian women.

No consulting about it! How much like the

words of Paul when called to preach to the heathen, *Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood!*

Is there *one* ready to answer to the call, "Two cents a week for heathen women?" Or are there *a few* ready to meet monthly and pray for Christ's cause in foreign lands? Why should *they* be hindered by those who hesitate to do so? Let us consult with the friends of this cause in order to advance its interests; but never let the indifference of others be consulted, when our own convictions of duty are sufficient to guide our own action.

S. A. RULISON.

THE New York Branch has been called to mourn the sudden death of one of its most efficient officers and indefatigable workers. Mary, the wife of L. De Lamater, Esq., and daughter of John Stephenson, Esq., has been called to her home and her reward in the skies. This daughter of one of the earnest supporters of the missionary cause, and wife of one who makes the interest of Christ's kingdom his work, was a lady of no common ability.

She delighted to devote her energies to the prosecution of every enterprise that looked to the saving of souls at home or abroad. For years she had loved to work and pray for China; and, as soon as the purpose and aims of the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society" became known to her, she entered into its work with all her heart, only ceasing when she ceased to live.

We deplore her loss; on us the calamity is heavy: but we know who has called the toiler to rest; and, by faith, we pierce the veil, and see her welcomed by her sisters from INDIA, before the Throne, rejoicing in the progress of the dominion of Jesus over all the earth!

Sisters of the Church, let us who remain, work while it is called day, for *our* night soon cometh.

C. B.

WE wish now to announce to all our subscribers and friends that Wednesday, the 21st of September, is the day named for the departure of our missionary, Miss Sparks, to India.

We would suggest to all our auxiliaries the propriety of having a "Woman's Missionary Prayer-meeting" that day; that there may be special, earnest prayers for her;—prayers that will, in

faith, claim for her the fulfillment of the promise, "Lo I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;" prayers that will bear her, *our* substitute, *our* messenger, on wings of love, very near to Jesus; that will bring His choicest blessings down, and cause a rich baptism of the Holy One to rest on her heart; prayers that she may be protected on her long and trying journey, and that she may have grace and strength for her new and arduous duties; prayers, that will be answered for her, in making her an angel of mercy to many a heathen woman and girl, that will open her way to their homes, and open their hearts to receive the Saviour.

And let the dear sisters who have preceded her, Miss Swain and Miss Thoburn, have a large interest in our prayers. God is blessing them in their work. Yea, let our right hand forget its cunning, rather than that we should forget to pray for our missionaries!

C. BUTLER,

Cor. Sec. N. Y. Branch.

WE commence in this number a series of Biographical Sketches of those ladies of our Church who have laid down their lives in laboring for the salvation of the heathen. The memory of these sisters should live in our hearts, inspiring us with devotion to Christ and earnest efforts for the evangelization of the world. Those mission fields where they toiled and died, should be remembered by us, and we too should toil and sacrifice something, if need be, that the news of salvation may reach the millions of women dwelling in those lands.

The sketch of Mrs. White is prepared chiefly from materials presented in Dr. Wiley's book entitled "Missionary Cemetery and the Fallen Missionaries of Fuh Chau," published by Carlton & Lanahan, New York. This book is full of interest to those who wish to know what our Church has given to China.

WE publish in the Children's Corner a very interesting story of one of the girls in the Orphanage at Bareilly. A more particular account of her religious experience is given by Mrs. Thomas:—

"Melissa was converted during the revival in the Orphanage several years ago, but about a year and a half after that, we think, she felt that she had lost in a great measure the grace she had received. One evening we were called to the Orphanage, and

we found her in great distress. We at first thought she was in great bodily pain, as she was weeping bitterly and throwing herself about on her bed. We sat down beside her and tried to find out the cause of her distress, and were about sending for some medicine when she threw her arms about us and said, 'No, it is not medicine I need. I want you to pray for me. I am such a sinner, I fear I shall lose my soul.' We were greatly surprised at this declaration, as she had been outwardly very circumspect, and seemed far more devoted than most of the girls. We asked her if she had never felt that her sins were pardoned; she said she did not know; she had thought so once and had enjoyed some comfort and peace. 'But it is all gone now,' said she; 'and I know I am *not* saved.'

"We had a little prayer-meeting in her room, and we talked with her for some time, and she seemed to be more hopeful and encouraged when we left her. A few evenings after we had an excellent prayer-meeting at the chapel, and Melissa gave such a convincing testimony of her faith in Jesus and the witness of the Spirit in her heart that every one present was touched by it. This was the beginning of a second revival in the Orphanage, and Melissa is now one of the most devoted, earnest, conscientious Christians I ever knew."

A MEETING of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held on the Camp Ground in Hamilton, Mass., on Tuesday, June 28th, Mrs. Holway of Chelsea presiding.

Owing to the excessive heat, there was not so large an attendance as we could have wished. The meeting was opened by singing, and Mother Monroe offered prayer. An able and eloquent address was made by Mrs. Gov. Wright of New York. Addresses were also made by Rev. Mrs. James of Bridgewater and others. Miss Lindsay of Lynn stated that they were not allowed to take up a collection, but contributions would be received by ladies upon the ground. She hoped they would be liberal, as she had a project on foot to make Mrs. Wright an honorary manager of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Her proposal was well received, but I have not yet learned with what pecuniary success. It was a very interesting occasion, and we trust good seed was sown in good ground, that shall bear fruit, *a hundred fold*. L. L. S.

THE Sabbath-school of St. John's Episcopal Church in Passaic, N. J., has, in a generous and Christian spirit, contributed a sum of money for our Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly, India, and promises to increase the amount.

As the Episcopal Church has no mission in India, and many hearts in it are touched with deep sympathy for the fearful condition of the two hundred millions who are perishing there, we would be glad if this noble example of the Passaic Sabbath-school might be followed by many others.

It is for CHRIST we are all working; and what more interesting and glorious work can we perform, than the bringing many of these millions of dark idolaters to the light of life? C. B.

"SIX YEARS IN INDIA,"

WRITTEN by Mrs. Humphrey of our mission there, and published by our Book Concern some four years since, may be known already to many of our readers; but having recently enjoyed its perusal, we cannot forbear calling renewed attention to it. The book is an exceedingly vivid narrative of Mrs. Humphrey's first six years in the mission. It gives in a charming style her own experience, interwoven with descriptions of places whose names have become very familiar to us, of many features of the daily life and religious belief of the Hindus, accounts of her school work and intercourse with the natives, and many word-pictures of missionary life, which give the reader an almost sight-like apprehension of mission homes and their surroundings in India.

Written by one of our own missionaries, telling us of just those things we so much desire and need to know, it recommends itself to every woman in our Church. Our reading-circles will find it especially adapted to their use.

We append, as a specimen, a sketch of Nynce Tal.

Nynce Tal is a little undulated valley, completely encircled by mountains, itself six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The mountains around it rise two thousand feet higher. The little lake which gives the place its name occupies the lower part of the valley, and is only three fourths of a mile in length, and scarcely half a mile in width. The higher part of the valley is occupied by the native bazar, beyond which it extends but a short distance, and ends in a low hill, on the top of which stands "St. John's in the Wilderness," the picturesque English church.

There is just room sufficient for a road eight or ten feet wide around the lake, part of which was made by excavating the hill-slopes.

All around on the mountain-sides are tasteful white

cottages, built of wood and stone, and much more resembling our dwellings at home than the houses on the plains.

At the head of the lake, embowered in large willows, stands a tiny Hindu temple, dedicated to the worship of a goddess whom they call Nynce Davee. She is represented as the wife of Sheev, or Mahesh the Destroyer, the third person in the Hindu triad. Nynce simply means little. She, or rather it, is a little inferior figure, about ten inches in height, clothed with a woman's dress, the figure and dress both being carved out of stone. We went to see it one day. A well-to-do-looking priest met us at the doors of the temple, and when we asked permission to see the idol replied in the affirmative with profound salaams. I could not forbear saying to him, "Will you please ask the idol to come to the door?"

The Brahmin only laughed; but upon my repeating the question he said, "She cannot walk to the door."

"Not walk to the door!" I repeated. "Can she walk at all?"

"No, mem sahib," said he, with a conscious leer.

"She is not a very powerful being, I should think," said I, "and I think it is great nonsense to worship any being who is weaker than we are."

He only laughed as before, and we went in and saw the idol in its place of honor.

Worship had just concluded, I suppose, as the little figure had a yellow skirt tied on over its stone dress, and its head was wet, as if water had just been poured over it. There were some remains of rice and flowers lying in front of her, probably part of the morning offerings.

To the right of the temple the road leads through the bazar, and on past several cottages, till it terminates by the church. There are smooth hard roads, winding about the beautiful mountains quite to their tops, and the loveliness that meets the eye at every point cannot be adequately described.

The dells are rich in many varieties of fern and moss, interspersed with wild flowers, and the slopes are covered with trees, fir, oaks, maples, rhododendrons, and many others. Black and orange raspberries grow in some localities in profusion.

Children's Corner.

MELISSA'S STORY.

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF.]

I WAS so young when I came to the Orphanage, that I cannot tell what my caste was; indeed, I never thought anything about such things. I can remember but little of what passed before I entered the Orphanage. My mother was not a good woman; she ran away and left me alone with my father when I was very young. My father sought and found her several times, but her heart was not with her husband and child, and at last she ran away, and we never found her again.

This is all I know about my mother. I remained with my father, who sought my mother far and near, and at last we left our own home so far behind that we never saw it again. When my father became weary and disheartened with

his long search and gave it up, we went to a place where there were great iron works.

My father found employment there, while I used to bring water, and go with other girls to the jungle to gather wood. Besides this I used to do the work of the house; although it was not my home, I took as great pleasure in doing the work as though it had been my own home. After living in that place a while, we left it and went to another, where my father was employed by a farmer to plough and keep the fields. This farmer's daughter used to watch the cows and sheep; and when her father saw that it was too much for her to do alone, he sent me also to assist her. She was kind to me, and when she went for her own food at midday, she always brought me some too when she returned.

In this village my father took another wife, who was a very bad woman, and treated me very unkindly. She did not compel me to work, but it was with great difficulty that I could get food enough to eat. I thank God that He did not leave me with that bad woman long. From the time I was a little child my father loved me greatly; although my own mother ran away and left me, and my step-mother was very unkind to me, yet there was always one who loved me, that is, my father: but he too went away, and soon after we heard that he was dead.

After this the commissioner sent for me. When the man in whose house I lived heard that I had been sent for by the commissioner, and he would be obliged to deliver me to him, he was not pleased and said to me, "When I take you to the Sahib's house, if he is there, do you take hold of my clothes and begin to cry; and when the Sahib sees this, he will leave you in my hands, and I will bring you back to live with me."

I did as he told me, but it was of no use; he was sent away alone, and I was sent to the missionary's wife, who loved me very much, and was very kind to me. She sent me to the native teacher's house to be taken care of. I remained there some time, but was not contented, and often planned to run away from there; but God was merciful and restrained me, though I did not know it then.

While with the native, I learned two or three hymns and the Lord's Prayer, and began to learn the alphabet.

About this time I heard that I should soon be sent to the Girls' Orphanage; this made me very

happy, for I had a great desire to go to the Orphanage.

When I arrived at the school and first began to attend church with the other girls, I knew very little about God or His worship, and when in church I used to talk and laugh a great deal. On one occasion, as I was sitting in church and the preaching was going on, some gentleman blew his nose very long and loud, and I laughed aloud. Near the chapel there was a nice garden, and I used often on Sunday, when on the way to church, to pick as many oranges as I could and hide them in the gathers of my skirt, and pull my chuddar down over them, so that no one should discover them. I used to go into the Mem Sahib's garden too, and gather tomatoes for myself without permission. Once I was called suddenly to appear before the Mem Sahib, just after I had pulled all the tomatoes; but I threw them all away hastily and went in with the other girls as though nothing had happened. I did not then realize how wicked such deception was.

Once, when the girls were all in school at their lessons, I and another little girl, who was in my room and under the same monitress, went out slyly from the school, and to our room, and stole all the bread that had been put by for our next meal, and lay down on our little cot and ate the whole of it. Our monitress never knew who took the bread.

Another time I went to the cook-house and asked one of the cooks for some salt. She said, "Daughter, I cannot give you any salt, because if I do, the curry will not be properly seasoned." But I snatched some of the salt and ran away. The cook became enraged, and threw all the rest of the salt after me on the ground. When I saw this I was greatly frightened, and ran back at once and began to gather up the salt, fearing every moment that some one would come and punish me. I gathered it all up, but while I did so, I hid away all the largest lumps in my skirt; and when I had finished, I ran away quickly into the garden and got some vegetables, and made a curry for myself, and ate it there alone. In those days I was very ignorant and wicked. I knew nothing about reading, writing, knitting, embroidering, and the other pleasant things I have since learned. I did not then care for learning, or anything useful. If I could eat and drink, play and sleep, I was satisfied. But those who are over us have worked with all their hearts,

and have taught us with the same love that parents show to their children, so that now reading, writing, sewing, knitting, embroidering, and everything else that girls are taught, comes very easy. Besides all this I have learned to love and fear the Lord, and am trying to walk in His way, which is best of all.

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, Bareilly.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:— I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.— II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.— III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 228 South Broad Street, Philadelphia.— IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.— V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.— VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 1512 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.— The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.— VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.— IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

South Boston, Dorchester St. 28 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary E. Johnson, Cor. Sec.
Portland, Maine. 29 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
Cor. Sec.
Mrs. W. F. WARREN, Cor. Sec.

CHICAGO BRANCH.

Ashton, Ill. 23 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. D. A. Glenn, Cor. Sec.
Courtland, Ill. 22 members, 9 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Hattie Tucker, Cor. Sec.
Caledonia, Ill. 21 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Ford, Cor. Sec.
Flora, Ill. 18 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Sarah E. Griggs, Cor. Sec.
Warren, Ill. 60 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. L. Keegan, Cor. Sec.
Lena, Ill. 40 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Miss M. Bliss, Cor. Sec.
Light House Pt., Ill. 30 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Joseph Earl, Cor. Sec.
Waukesha, Wis. 36 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. Hodgson, Cor. Sec.
Elkhorn, Wis. 25 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. B. B. Humphrey, Cor. Sec.
Mineral Pt., Wis. 30 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. J. Cox, Cor. Sec.
Court St., Flint, Mich. 60 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Sarah Gardner, Cor. Sec.
Homer, Mich. 24 members, 18 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Belle Anson, Cor. Sec.
Parma, Mich. 61 members.
Mrs. Eloise Magee, Cor. Sec.
Jackson, Mich. 90 members.
Miss Grace Wallace, Cor. Sec.
Springfield, Mich. 20 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Florence Smith, Cor. Sec.
Moscow Plains, Mich. 13 members.
Mrs. D. C. Mallory, Cor. Sec.
North Adams, Mich. 36 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Etta Collins, Cor. Sec.
Dover, Mich. 65 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Wm. Emerson, Cor. Sec.
Battle Creek, Mich. 46 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. P. H. Green, Cor. Sec.

Life Members.— Mrs. Gen. Beveridge, Mrs. Bishop Hamline, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Jennie Davis, Aurora; Mrs. A. C. Miller, Waterloo, Iowa; Mrs. G. Borden, N. Y.; Miss Hattie Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. Church, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Lucia Fish, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. Joseph Earl, Mrs. James Nettleton, Light House Pt., Ill.
Mrs. J. F. WILLING, Cor. Sec.

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

St. Paul, Minn. 32 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary Pumphrey, Cor. Sec.
Anoka, Minn. 26 members.
Miss Loretta Smith, Cor. Sec.
St. Cloud, Minn. 16 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. W. W. Satterlee, Cor. Sec.
Monticello, Minn. 13 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. A. Stacey, Cor. Sec.
St. Anthony, Minn. 48 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Mattie Foster, Cor. Sec.
Minneapolis, Minn. 83 members, 31 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Cor. Sec.
Mankato, Minn. 40 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. S. Drew, Cor. Sec.
St. Peter, Minn. 22 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. T. G. Carter, Cor. Sec.
Hastings, Minn. 25 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. R. L. Weems, Cor. Sec.
MRS. LUCY E. PRESCOTT, Cor. Sec.
July, 1870.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

A Quarterly Meeting will be held in New York, at the Mission Rooms, Broadway, on the third Thursday in September, at 11 A. M. Treasurers and Secretaries will please report and remit funds, early in September.

Orphans sustained by New York Branch, omitted in last report:
ORPHANS. PATRONS.
Annie Kendall, Juvenile Missionary Society.
Theodore Augustus Lovejoy, Mrs. Lovejoy, Bedford St. M. E. Church, New York.
C. BUTLER, Cor. Sec.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

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This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows:—

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TERMS.— 30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.— Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance, at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 4.

TO MRS. FLETCHER,
BETTER KNOWN AS MISS JEWSBURY.¹
BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

LADY, it was not mine to be
One of that gifted company,
When Wordsworth walked by thy pony's side,
And Hemans talked with thine eloquent guide,
But thy spirit's voice full many an hour
Has swayed my heart with resistless power;
And lofty thoughts swept over my soul,
Like a mighty wave's tumultuous roll,
While tidings came, as on angels' wings,
Whispering of lovely, heavenly things,
Of purer joys than I'd ever known,
Of precious hours with God alone.

And then I fancied that thou wert to me
A valued friend — not of infancy,
But of days sweeter than childhood can know,
When youth awakes with its sunny glow

¹ Miss Jewsbury was the author of "Letters to the Young" and three Histories, one of which was an exquisite portraiture of her friend Mrs. Hemans, who said that she "felt that her whole nature was understood and appreciated by her." She had just entered on a brilliant literary career when, in 1832, in a little quiet church among the Welsh mountains, she married the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains to the H. E. I. C. She accompanied him to India, where his first station was at Sholapore, a very unhealthy place. During the famine in the Deccan she heard that a poor Hindu had been found dead in a temple, prostrated before an idol, clasping his little girl in his arms. Her heart was touched with the sad story, and with her husband she hastened to the spot, and took the orphan, to be carefully brought up in her own home. But little time was given to her for such deeds of Christian love. As if with a presentiment of her fate, in one of her last letters she speaks of living in a land "where death is such a swift and cunning hunter, that before you know you are ill, you may be ready to become his prey — where death, the grave, and forgetfulness may be the work of two days." Six weeks after this she died of cholera whilst travelling with her husband back to Bombay, and she was buried at Poonah, after a short married life of fourteen months. "Strange and sad does it seem," writes Mrs. Hemans, "that only the broken music of such a spirit should have been given to the earth — the full and finished harmony never drawn forth. Yet I would rather a thousand times that she should have perished thus, in the path of her chosen duties, than have seen her become the merely brilliant creature of London literary life."

To the gladdening sense of untried powers
Of thought and feeling, while round it lowers
No ominous cloud, to hide from the view
The concave of heaven's own beautiful blue.
When all is before it a landscape bright
Peopled with beings pure as light,
And fear and despondency fly far away,
While Hope sings on ever her magical lay.

And oft while musing in some still hour,
My fancy's pencil has tried its power
To sketch thy picture — just past the years
Of girlhood's visions and hopes and fears,
With thy ready perception, thy womanly heart,
Thy gift of expression, thy freedom from art,
Thy lofty devotion that led thee to roam,
Forsaking for India thy country, thy home.

I followed thy steps to that "far contree,"
With its gorgeous pomp bursting full upon thee;
Barbaric pearl, onyx, sapphires, and gold,
With rubies and diamonds of value untold;
The trees and the flowers of that sunny clime,
The golden-hued orange, the mango, the lime;
The roses, the lotus, the jessamine fair,
Flinging their sweetness abroad on the air;
Pagodas and pillars and temples that stand
Proclaiming idolatry all through the land.

In that gorgeous East thou hast found a tomb;
Perhaps in the sacred and solemn gloom
Of the banyan tree, or the cypress shade,
May that which was mortal of thee be laid.
But thy spirit, with all its lofty powers,
Remaineth not in this world of ours.
Here it thirsted and panted — now it is gone
To the fullness of blessedness nearer the Throne.

Thy voice is hushed — thou hast fallen asleep
Like a tired child — from thy slumber deep

Thou wilt waken to rapture at His glad voice
Who gives thee thy welcome, and bids thee rejoice.

We've had the wine — but the palm-tree's
gone —
That beautiful palm in the desert lone —
Its branches, once green, are now withered and
sere,
And the waste of the desert is still more drear.

LETTER FROM MISS SWAIN.

A NATIVE gentleman called upon us this evening to know if we would visit his wife. He said she had been quite poorly for three months, that he had consulted the native physician, but according to their customs she could not receive the medical aid she needed from him. After making some inquiries concerning her, we decided to go as soon as the carriage could be ordered, asking him to remain and ride with us to show us the way, as there is no regularity of the streets in a native city.

This gentleman speaks English very well, and seems well informed on many subjects. He says to me: "We need lady physicians in India very much, and I have often spoken of it to my friends; but we did not know where to look for them, as our women are uneducated, and could not study medicine. But it seems that the people of the West have thought of us, and helped to meet our necessity by sending you. Light has again dawned upon us from America." I told him that I hoped in two or three years to send out a class of fourteen native women, who would be quite competent to care for the sick of their own sex.

After passing through the Bazar, and several narrow winding lanes, wide enough only to allow our carriage to pass, we came to his house. He showed us the way in through the dark passages, the second opening into an open court, on three sides of which were cells, or stables for cows, horses, and human beings. They all seemed to be on the same level. A dozen or more women and children were peeping out at us from the different apartments as we passed through to the opposite side of the court, where we ascended a flight of stairs, which brought us into the court and apartments of this gentleman. His wife was lying on a bed in the open air, on the house-top, with several servants around her. She seemed to be suffering great weakness and general de-

bility. Her mother sat beside her, and began at once to weep and implore me to cure her daughter. I told her that I saw no symptoms of immediate danger, and that I would examine her case, and if I thought I could help her, I would gladly do all in my power for her recovery. I have since visited this lady many times, and have had the pleasure of seeing her much improved. She is now quite well and strong, and we are very warm friends. A few days ago we went to see her, and she said to Mrs. Thomas, "The doctor missionary has been very kind to me, and did me much good. I want to give her something. Here are twenty rupees. I am ashamed to give her so little, but I am poor." I accepted her gift, as she would have been offended had I refused it, and assured her that I had been well paid for my service. Her husband is employed by the government, and receives a salary which would make his own family very comfortable; but it is the custom of these people to support their poor relations, and some of them have very many dependent upon them.

In this family is a beautiful young widow, the wife of a deceased brother of this gentleman, quite unlike most such persons in this country. She seems very happy, and to all appearance fares the same as the other members of the household. Generally widows are treated very badly, and allowed only one meal a day. Their jewels and fine clothes are taken from them, and they are compelled to lead a miserable life. It is believed that through some neglect, the wife has occasioned her husband's death.

June 15th. We still continue to visit this family. Mrs. Thomas has three of the women under instruction. The lady of the house reads very nicely, and one evening she asked us to bring her a Bible in her own language. We asked her if her husband would not object. She said, "Why should he when he reads it himself in English?" The next time we went to see her, we carried the desired book, and she received it very gladly. As she took it, her mother, who was present, said, "You must keep that hidden." We told her it would be better for her to tell her husband about it. "Yes," she replied, "after I have finished reading it."

The next time we visited her, she told us she had read a great deal in the book, and liked it so much that she read constantly when she could do so unobserved. We asked her to tell us what

she had read. So she told of the creation, and how the Lord took a bone from a man's side to make a woman. We asked her if she had read any in the New Testament. "Yes," said she, "I have read about the birth of Christ, and His baptism in the river Jordan," and asked interestedly if we used the water from the river Jordan to baptize Christians now, thinking doubtless that we considered it sacred, as they do that from the river Ganges.

A few days after we called on her again. She seemed sad and thoughtful. She asked us if we would sing to her.

Pigari, our Bible reader, who was with us, and Mrs. Thomas sang several hymns in Hindustani, set to native airs. She listened very attentively, with tears glistening in her eyes. She was not willing to tell us the occasion of her sadness; but as we were about leaving, she pressed our hand and whispered, "I love that book you brought me, and I want you to explain it to me, and tell me all about your religion." We trust that this is the beginning of a good work in her heart, and we pray that she may know ere long, by a happy experience, the truth of our holy religion.

BAREILLY, March 12, 1870.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY WOMEN.

FROM the validictory address to the graduating class of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in March, 1870, by Ann Preston, M. D., Dean of the Faculty, we extract the following reference to Miss Swain, our medical missionary in India:—

"One of our graduates of last year is now a medical missionary in India, sent out by the Woman's Branch of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"With the angels' song, 'On earth peace and good will to men,' resounding in her spirit, she bears with her that medical knowledge so prized in the East, which will open to her the harems and homes that men physicians cannot enter. In a recent report of the Philadelphia Branch of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, are these words: 'From all heathen comes the call, Send us the educated doctress, to teach our women how to take the medical care of women and children.'

This reference to medical care of children will be better understood by remembering that throughout the East, native medical practitioners scarcely attempt to treat sick children at all. Mothers are

left to their own ignorance in their hours of anxiety, and hence we hear of such things as little children with raging fever, as in measles, being put out in the rain, that they may "cool off." When we recollect the great desire in the East especially for the preservation of male children, we can readily see, in the absence of medical science, how a superstitious people will resort to supernatural means, as they conceive, for the preservation of their generations. Women in India hasten to the temples with their offerings to their idols, beseeching for the recovery of their sick children, and bindings vows upon themselves and their offspring, in the event of their restoration to health. Thus, in the absence of scientific medical treatment, sickness of children becomes a great incentive to the preservation of heathen customs and worship. The success of our medical missionary ladies will naturally tend to strike at one of the common and widespread motives for idol-worship and heathen vows.

WORK IN LUCKNOW.

BY MISS ISABELLA THOBURN.

I AM sorry to be obliged to write discouraging news of my work here,—one part of it. The zenana teaching among the Bengalis, begun by Mrs. Waugh, has been suddenly closed to us. A recent conversion in a zenana in Calcutta is the cause. The person was a widow, a girl of sixteen, who through the influence of a teacher, herself a Bengali, working for the Church Mission there, professed Christianity, left her home, went to the missionary, and was baptized. Her family took the case to the courts, but it was decided against them, the girl being old enough to choose for herself, and having acted throughout according to her own judgment and pleasure. The story was published, with additions suggested by the imaginations of the injured party, and with its publication went the cry, Beware of the zenana teacher. The Lucknow Baboos, like others, took the alarm, and after holding a meeting of counsel on the subject, decided that even though their wives remained ignorant, we must be excluded. They send us the proceedings of their meeting, with which, from their standpoint, we can find no fault, and thank us for our kind intentions. I make some extracts from their report.

"Baboo ——— made a telling speech, in which he stated the objections to the present system of zenana instruction as imparted by the Christian mis-

sionary ladies, its direct tendencies, and insufficiency to elevate the Hindu female mind consistently with the religious convictions of their male guardians."

He "believed it was a sacred duty incumbent upon every man to bring up his wife, daughter, and sister in his own religious belief, and that it was a grave dereliction from that duty on the part of the believer in one religion to encourage the introduction of another religion into the heart of his family. Especially is such a duty imperative in this country, where the ignorant and helpless condition of the women rendered their instruction a matter of more than ordinary care to the heads of families."

After passing resolutions in which the objections are restated, and in which they name a committee to look up another teacher and provide some other instruction "consistent with their religious views," they conclude with one forwarding "a copy of these proceedings to the ladies connected with the zenana mission, and thanking them for their exertions to promote the cause of Native Female Education, and conveying to them the deep sense of regret of the native community for being obliged, on *purely conscientious scruples*, to discontinue their instructions in their families."

One is amused in a grave way to read of "elevating the female mind consistently with Hindu belief." The Baboos do not remember that until they learned it by their own education in Christian schools, they did not care to have their wives elevated. Neither do they seem to know the story of the simple woman who thought to stay the Atlantic Ocean with a mop.

The Baboos, though educated and influential, are so comparatively few in the city that they leave a wide door open when they have closed their own, so that the work will not be stopped but only flow into other channels. Still it is hard to give this up; it was very interesting and promising. The zenana women were always so delighted with our visits, and in every case seemed so glad to be taught. We can only hope that through missing the instruction, they may value what they have already received so far as to remember it. One little girl-wife of eleven years of age, one of the wives of whom they speak in their report as having "to bring up," especially interested me; and I am somewhat comforted with knowing that she was reading with great delight the Gospel of Luke, and must have stored

away precious bits that may "leaven" all her future instructions.

I began two months ago a school for Christian girls. It is not large so far, only seventeen; but I like it very much, and think it will grow in numbers and usefulness. I want to make some arrangement to take some girls from the out-stations, such as Roy Bareilly, where Christian girls have no advantages. This school will be self-supporting and perhaps more. So far we have only English in the school, and I have done all the teaching myself, but soon I will start classes in the Urdu also. There was also a Mohammedan zenana school in Mrs. Waugh's care, which fell to my portion, but which Mrs. Messmore has kindly looked after for me while I was learning the language. I think now, however, that I will begin visiting it on my own account.

Some maps, charts, globes, etc., for my Christian girls' school would be a great assistance to me, and I think the school will be worthy of such possessions.

CHINESE WOMEN.

THE following account of Chinese women, taken from the *Chinese Recorder*, will be read with interest. These letters from various countries, showing us the condition of women in every part of the world, should be carefully read by all. When we fully comprehend the condition of our sex, then shall we know the extent of our work, and become efficient in doing it.

THOUGHTS ON THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF WOMEN IN CHINA.

(BY J. DUDGEON, M. D.)

Woman comes into the world at a discount, and so she is brought and continues through life. Female infanticide is prevalent among certain classes of the people. Poverty is said to be the prolific cause, but no matter how poor the family may be, we never hear of male children being sacrificed. If she escapes death at birth, it is to meet with disregard, inattention, and all the adverse circumstances heaped upon her. The evil spirits even are said to take no great liking to her class, probably from the vast numbers already in their infernal regions, if we are to believe the Buddhist representation of hell, and hence a favorite male child is oftentimes dressed as a girl, to deceive these evil spirits, and so ward off their evil influences.

Her education is neglected; they are as a class unable to read. To the question "Does the child

know characters?" the answer invariably here is, "She is a girl." How sad is this in view of mission work among them! Their chief object through life is the adornment of the person, the decoration of the head, the painting of the face, and the embroidering of apparel. Their feet are cramped within the tiniest dimensions, to add to their beauty, or, if you will, their commercial value.

MARRIAGE.

In marriage the right of choice, or of any voice in the contract, is withheld from the future husband and wife. This right belongs to the fathers by the authority of custom; and as the family of the woman receives a sum of money for the wife, proportioned to the wealth of the two families, the marriage is thus made a business transaction. The woman is not the companion of the husband, but simply an object of luxury and utility, existing only for the convenience of man, where she ought to be the chief ornament and foundation of society. She is treated by her husband, and the male sex generally, as if she were an inferior creature, and hence she owes unqualified submission to her chief and master. Disobedience to husbands, and talkativeness, are legal causes of divorce in China.

SECLUSION OF THE WOMEN

Is strictly maintained throughout life. It is not considered proper for a girl to see an individual of the other sex before marriage. They are prohibited from visiting and congregating at the temples because of the disorders that have happened to the State when women frequented temples; and throughout China, generally, Peking probably excepted, they are seen so seldom on the streets, that we would imagine the female population to be nuns confined in cloisters.

Lastly there is the fact of polygamy, which is against the natural rights of woman, robs her of her privileges, and subjects her to his utility.

A VISIT TO HINDU WOMEN.

BY MRS. DEAN, MAHRATTA.

THE villages in India are usually made up of a clump of mud houses, with narrow, winding, dirty lanes and alleys. As the missionary lady, accompanied by her husband, enters the village to visit the house of a wealthy and influential man, dogs get up from the door-ways and bark; children emerge from every nook and corner, some boldly following, others peeping with curious eyes; wo-

men come to the doors, and look over each other's shoulders to see the strange white faces. The man of the house approaches to meet them, when the husband, seeing his wife safely received, continues his walk to the public place near by, and preaches to the crowd assembled. Meanwhile the lady is asked to walk across a court to the verandah which surrounds it, where she is politely invited to sit upon a mat. Not a woman in sight, and a dozen men looking in at the street-door. "I have come to see the women," she says: "will you not allow them to come out and sit by me?" — "They are afraid of such as you: they have never spoken to a white woman." "O, no! they are not afraid: if you will call them, and drive those men away from the door, they will be glad to appear." So the host calls his mother or brother's wife; for a Hindu man never notices his own wife. The old mother makes her appearance, and stands silently by. The missionary lady says, "Will you sit beside me? I am here to talk with you: will you not allow your daughters-in-law to listen also?" At her call, the younger women come from their rooms, accompanied by a number of timid neighbors, who had preceded the visitor, and were awaiting her arrival. By this time, other women from the street enter, and sit or stand around. Then begins a torrent of remarks, all talking aloud and at the same time. "Do see! she cannot sit like us on the mat!" "Why, she talks as we do!" "Why does she not wear jewels?" "Wouldn't she look handsome in a nose-ring?" "I hear she has several boys: she must be a favorite of the gods." The lady tries to make herself heard: "Friends, if you will keep still, I will not only read to you and talk with you, but will answer your questions." A moment's hush, and then for two minutes a perfect jargon. "Keep still, can't you? One would think this was a market!" "Those screaming 'Keep still' have been making more noise than the rest of us." "Now, see here," says the lady, "if each of you will be silent, without telling others to do so, we shall soon have quiet." She then proceeds to tell them that she has brought with her the word of God, and reads one of the parables of our Lord, and explains the way of salvation. In order to fix their attention, she says, "Suppose two of you should be coming from the field, each with a heavy load on your head, and one is tired and faint, would it be of any use for that one to ask the other to help carry her load?

If a strong, willing woman, who had no load, should come along, she could relieve the weary one. You all have a Guru (spiritual teacher), to whom you pay something to answer for your sins. How will you manage this, when his own sins will be as great a burden as he can carry?" Trying to show them the foolishness of some of their customs, she says, "You are in constant fear lest you or your children be tortured by evil spirits; so a company of you women go with a mother, and her babe twelve days old, into the fields, there make offerings of fruit and flowers to the goddess Satwae, and implore her to be propitious. I have never been to Satwae with any of my children; and yet not one of them has had his liver eaten out, nor has any spirit come in the night to sit on their little chests."—"Why, how strange! What do you do, unless you go to Satwae?"—"Just what I wish you would do, ask my heavenly Father, the one who made you and me, every morning and night to take care of my little ones."—"Of course that is the true way; but what do we poor creatures know? If we can bake bread and bring water, that is all we are expected to understand. If you could come often and read to us, we could remember; but we are so dull you will have to tell us over and over again."

So closes an hour's visit; and with her heart full of pity, and the joy of having had so good an opportunity of speaking of Jesus, the missionary's wife joins her husband, and they return to their tents, hoping to visit the place again as soon as possible. The number of women who are brought together in this way varies from a very few to even one hundred. It is a cheering fact, that, as the visits are repeated, the interest increases, more come to hear, and other houses in the village are opened for the reading of God's Word.—*Life and Light.*

WORK IN PAORI.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. MANSELL.

THE work among the women here in the mountains is prospering, and seems much more encouraging than formerly. The women who live near us all attend daily prayers regularly, and take more pains to keep themselves neat and clean. Two or three whom we had given up entirely, are now doing very well.

The change commenced last winter just before we went to the plains to attend the Conference. Our mission had appointed a day of fasting and

prayer, which we kept. We had a prayer-meeting morning and evening, and preaching at noon. There was no special interest until at the close of the evening prayer-meeting, when the benediction was pronounced and some were leaving to go home, the power came down, the real convicting power of the Holy Spirit. Several began crying for mercy, while others shouted for joy. It was a glorious good time, such as we had never witnessed in Paori before, but expect to see a great many times more.

Our meeting was continued for a few days with more or less interest until we left to go to the Moradabad District Conference. While we were enjoying good meetings there, we were receiving good news from our brethren and sisters here who kept up the prayer-meetings two weeks or more in our absence. During this time several persons began to seek the pardon of their sins in earnest, and others were powerfully blessed.

A Baptist merchant in India, who has been much engaged in voluntary mission work, and whose wife has conducted a work among the women of the zenanas, writes very encouragingly. He believes that the zenana schools are the hope of India, and urges his Society to earnest efforts in this work, adding,—

"Deists are moving heaven and earth to make converts in India. There is the well-known Miss Carpenter, whose zeal, activity, and benevolence none will deny. Yet, as she is an earnest Deist, her success would be the ruin of zenana missions in India. Surely, if a Deist is zealous, a Christian ought to be more zealous; and the only way in which Christians in England can be zealous in reference to the evangelization of India is by praying in faith in the name of Christ, and by giving liberally of their substance."

It is related that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, *seeing it's you.*" "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can take nothing for this cause, *seeing it's me,*" and handed the money back. The man was stung; but in a moment recovered himself and said, "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, *seeing it is for the Lord Jesus Christ!*"

A Ladies' Missionary Association in Hartford, Conn., sustains a mission in Mexico; the mission numbers fifteen laborers, eight churches, and about 300 Mexican converts.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1870.

WE find ourselves obliged to repeat the reminder given some time ago to the Corresponding Secretaries of our Auxiliary Societies. They are earnestly desired to report REGULARLY to the Corresponding Secretaries of their respective Branches, on or before the 10th of March, June, September, and December.

A word also to the Treasurers of Auxiliaries. The reports for the FRIEND are made out by the Branch Treasurers quarterly, and are sent in for publication the first of March, June, September, and December. Hence it is important that all remittances be made before the close of the preceding months, that the reports for the FRIEND may be full and prompt.

ORPHAN GIRLS IN INDIA.

A GREAT many questions are asked about the orphan girls in India, and the children particularly are interested in hearing about them. Some of these orphan girls are very young when they come to the mission, others are ten or twelve years old. So the time they remain in the school depends upon their age when they come to the school. We expect that Mrs. Thomas, who has charge of the orphan girls, will furnish us with short sketches of all the girls in the school, so that the ladies and little girls at home interested in them may know something definite with regard to the particular one they are supporting, her age, attainments in study, etc.

Besides the orphan girls in Bareilly, we have a few little girls who have been gathered in at Paori, a mission station in the mountains. The following account of a little girl just received there, will, we are sure, lead all the little girls who read it to be thankful that their homes are in a Christian land, and that their mothers are not like that cruel heathen mother. And when they think of what that little girl suffered, and how she must suffer all through life, there will surely be many who will volunteer to aid in raising money to send the Gospel of mercy and love to such a people.

Mrs. Mansell writes: "We have just had two more girls sent to us. One of them is only about ten years old, but she has a remarkable history. She had been bought by a Brahmin for his second wife, the first being still living, but he had

not yet taken her to his home. She says her mother sent her for some milk to one of their neighbors. On the way home she drank a very little of the milk, as she was very hungry. Her mother was very angry with her, and tied her hands behind her back, and took her to her intended husband to have him punish her. Her mother held her while her husband and his first wife heated a big iron spoon red-hot, and burned the poor little girl's hands to the bone. She says she cannot remember anything that happened for some days after. She was taken to the hospital, but the doctor could not save her fingers; so she has but two fingers on her left hand, and both hands are fearfully disfigured, and she has no feeling in them. She is a bright little girl, and loves to study. She has only been here a month, but knows all her letters, and is spelling words of one syllable. She will never be able to do any kind of work, but we hope she may become a teacher.

Her mother is imprisoned for eight years, and her husband and his wife for four years each."

L. S. P.

MISS SWAIN writes the following, to a friend: "The way continues to open for us to work. We have been called to sixteen different zenanas. I get very tired this hot weather, as I am obliged to go to the city nearly every day, both morning and evening, to visit patients, besides meeting my class every day and attending to necessary study and reading.

"If we continue to succeed in gaining entrance to the different families in the city, we shall very soon need some one to help us; indeed, we have more work now than we can get time to do. I enjoy my work exceedingly, and should enjoy it much more if I could speak the language better.

"I am greatly encouraged to know that so many of God's people remember to pray for me, and the success of my work. If God promises to hear the prayers of two or three when agreed as touching one thing, will He not hear and answer the prayers of thousands?"

In another letter she writes: "I am very glad the ladies have taken the Orphanage under their charge. It is a work that belongs especially to the ladies of the church. I cannot help feeling that the training and educating of women and children is the future hope of India.

"I feel that God has heard and answered your

prayers for the success of my work. The way opens wonderfully. We have been called to visit twenty-one different zenanas in the city. Success has attended our efforts in nearly every instance.

"We have so far gained the confidence of many of these people that when they get well, they are not willing that we should discontinue our visits, but urge us to come often.

"Mrs. Thomas has five of these women under instruction. Some of them are learning to read, others are learning needle-work. Each visit gives us an opportunity of dropping a few words which we trust may find way to their hearts, and through the blessing of God result in good to their souls. Some of these women, who have lived all their lives in seclusion, have bright, active minds, and seem to be longing for something to satisfy their mental cravings. They often ask us about our religion, and listen very thoughtfully while Mrs. Thomas relates the story of Jesus, and explains to them what it is to be a Christian.

"I have great hopes for some of these women, and believe that in time they will be brought into the fold of Christ."

A CORRESPONDING Secretary of one of the Auxilliary Societies writes: "Our last meetings have been more largely attended, and all seem more deeply interested in the work, as it is becoming better understood. Formerly many ladies were willing to give their dollar without interesting themselves in the cause for which it was given, but now they say, 'We will give the money, but we want to know more about the work of this missionary society.'

"Our last meeting was held in a locality where last year we had no members, but now there is much interest manifested, and we hope that something will be done there this year to aid the cause."

Another one writes: "We have just organized an auxiliary in our church. My position in the Society gives me what I have long desired, an opportunity to do something for the mission work in India. I cannot go there, but I can work at home, and will do all my strength will allow, hoping thus by the blessing of God to do good. There seems to me to be too much indifference in this cause. More thought and money bestowed on ruffies than on the missionary cause, by many of the

ladies, even those who are members of the church. Where is the sacrifice made for Christ?"

THE WORSHIP OF SIVA.

IN the Siva Pooja, the first thing to be done is this: You take some of the Ganges mud into your hand and say this text, — *This earth I take possession of.* Then form the figure of Siva, and placing it upon the upper side of a leaf from the Bál tree (which tree is his peculiar delight), repeat this: *Holder of the sacred Trident, come into this image and abide in it while I worship.* It then becomes Siva himself. But he will not accept your offerings until you have paid adoration to four other classes of deities; and for this purpose you must learn first the montro, which begins with *Ganesh*. It consists of five sacred names, — viz., *Ganesh, Surjo, Durgá, Vishnoo,* and all the goddesses in one. As you repeat each name, a flower must be placed on the image of Siva before you. The nine planets next claim your homage; and as you call on them successively, you offer, as before, a flower on Siva's shrine. The worship of the lords of the eight minor points of the compass comes next in order. In concluding this part of the service, you worship *Ononto*, the lord of the lower regions, and *Sri Krishnoo*, the lord of the upper regions, by calling out their names and offering flowers.

The Siva Poojuh itself may now be commenced; it is done in the following manner: You offer a flower on the image, and then, placing it on your own hand, you must meditate on these words, which are enjoined by the Shasters, and are called the Dhyán, in contemplation of Siva.

He is the being with three eyes, fair as mountains of silver; the beauteous moon is the ornament of his forehead, and his face is as brilliant gems. A being with four arms, he dispenses favors with one; drives away fear from the heart of man with another; therefore he is called Obhoy (the Fearless). In the third hand he holds an axe, and the fourth rests upon a beautiful deer. Excellent in nature, he is the giver of blessings to his worshippers. He sits upon the water-lily, and all the gods from the four corners of heaven fall down to pay him due homage. Tiger-skins form his clothing. He is the first existing, the beginning and former of our being, having five faces and three eyes. He is the lord of the world.

After you have said these words to yourself slowly and thoughtfully, take the flowers off your

hand, and, placing another on the head of Siva, repeat the same words once more, keeping your heart steadfastly fixed on the object of your worship.

This meditation concluded, you have now to entertain our great deity in the same way as we entertain any other distinguished guest. This is done by the performance of seven different acts. The first is *Padhoo*. In order to do this aright, you take a little water in your kosa (the copper vessel used only for religious purposes), and offer it to the image, as water to wash his feet. The second act is *Orgho*, and corresponds with our setting refreshments before a visitor after we have given him water for his feet. In an offering to Siva, this refreshment must consist of grass, alloa rice, flowers, Ganges water, and sandal-wood. The third is *Auchmony*. You now offer water to wash the hands in. The fourth act is *Gondopushpo*, or perfuming. In this case the usual offering is again sandal-wood. The fifth is *Dhoop*, when you burn incense before the image. The sixth act is *Dip*, or presenting him with a lighted lamp; and the seventh and last is the *Noibedyo*, an offering consisting of sweetmeats, alloa rice, fruits, and the like.

After this you must worship Siva under his eight different forms. This completed, pronounce the name of Siva ten times, and, prostrating yourself on the ground, offer up this prayer: *Thou art the only self-existing power; thou hast no equal; thou alone art my salvation; receive my worship, and bestow favors upon me.*

The service is now concluded, with the exception of a ceremony which gives great delight to Siva. This consists in making all sorts of noises, such as clapping the hands, slapping the cheeks, knocking both feet together, and at the same time accompanying the noise with *Bom, Bom, Mahadeo; Bom, Bom*, over and over again.

Life by the Ganges.

There is a ladies' newspaper in India, the *Bunga Mohila* or *Woman of Bengal*, published at Calcutta in Bengali, and edited by a Hindoo lady.

THE Woman's Missionary Society of the Canandaigua M. E. Church desiring to awaken a more lively interest in the cause for which we work, a public meeting was appointed to be held Aug. 17th, to which all the ladies of the church and congregation were invited.

At the appointed time, our meeting was opened by singing, reading of Scripture, and prayer, led by Rev. J. Alabaister.

A report was then read by the Recording Secretary, giving an account of the origin of this Branch and its doings since its organization. Mrs. Whorral then read for us her excellent essay, the subject of which was, "She hath done what she could."

A poem entitled "How to replenish our Treasury," was read by Mrs. De Vol.

A letter from Miss Clara A. Swain was read by the Recording Secretary.

We then listened to an address by our Pastor, Rev. J. Alabaister, which gave us a clearer idea of the origin and object of our Society. And we felt to thank God that He had furnished women with an appropriate opportunity of aiding in the great work of saving the world.

Fifty missionary boxes were then distributed; after which we adjourned, feeling that the time had been spent pleasantly and profitably.

Rec. Sec.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Aug. 29th, 1870.

Children's Corner.

HOSANNA!

No doubt there are many dear children who think as they read the beautiful story of the boys and girls of Jerusalem, how they walked in procession before Christ when He was entering that city, and cried Hosanna to the Son of David, they would like to belong to that favored company of children who were privileged to carry the palm branches, and accompany Jesus into the Temple, and who heard His blessed words, as He praised them.

Well, some little girls in New York formed themselves into a company, or rather into a Juvenile Missionary Society, auxiliary to the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church." Miss Carrie Traslow was appointed President; Miss Hattie Wright, Vice-President; Miss Minnie Cornell, Treasurer; and Miss Rosa Purdy, Secretary. Then they, with their companions, toiled day and night, till they outdid the *Marys*, and *Marthas*, and *Hannahs*, and *Rebeccas* of ancient Zion, and instead of *perishable palms*, prepared an offering for Jesus—how? They worked for a fair, and that fair, conducted by Christian children in a Christian manner, realized the noble sum of nine hundred dollars! This is given for the Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly, India, in the hope that it may assist in bringing many Hindu orphan girls to the Heavenly Zion, to join with them in "standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and *palms* in their hands, crying with loud voices, and saying, Salvation to our GOD which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB!"

Dear children of the Church, how many of you will follow this example, and form yourselves into Girls' Missionary Societies, auxiliary to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, and work, and hold fairs and festivals, sending the proceeds to India, where our missionaries are trying to snatch these poor heathen orphans from the brink of the bottomless pit, and lead them on the road that ends at the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem?

Ah, it may be that many of these Hindu girls shall yet stand inside these gates to *welcome* the children of the Church in America, when they come to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, in the temple of which He is the light and the glory; and *then* how loud and sweet will be the song—the Hosanna! Amen. C. B.

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN.

Now for a little talk with the children. They are not forgotten in these days. The time was when they were not allowed to speak in the presence of their elders, when no books were written except for grown-up people, when there were no Sunday-schools, or children's papers, or children's festivals. But we have changed all that. Our bookstores, our libraries are full of children's books; the children have their own papers, and magazines, and a children's corner in almost every paper. Then they have their societies, and their picnics, and their anniversaries, sermons preached to them, and speeches made to them, and songs written for them. Never was there so much done for children before. And, on the other hand, children have never done so much before. They are recognized as one division of Christ's army. Why, all through the country we meet companies and detachments under orders. All through the land we find them at work. "Christian soldiers," "the Lord's husbandmen," "willing hearts and ready hands," "coral workers," "buds of promise," "little missionaries," "lovers of purity," "young pilgrims," all vying with each other how much they can do for poor children in heathen lands who have never heard of Jesus, who know no Sabbath, no Sunday-school, who are never taught of Heaven.

One little girl, one of these "lovers of purity," has an allowance of fifty cents a month, of which she takes ten cents a week for the missionary collection of her class in the Sunday-school. So, un-

less there are five Sundays in the month, she has ten cents left for spending money. Last year she saved up enough of this to make her brother a pretty birthday present. This summer, during her absence from town, she did not give her weekly contribution; and when she heard from Mrs. Butler of the orphans in India to be supported, of the little Hindu girls who are taught to bring their offerings of rice and flowers to an ugly dumb idol, she was so happy that she could do something to help them, and so she gladly gave the dollar she had saved up, to make herself a member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. We want hundreds of such members—little girls who will deny themselves that they may give to poor little desolate ones, who by a wise economy have something to lend to the Lord, who in their early years begin a course of systematic benevolence, to be extended throughout their lives. We want to hear from such volunteers. We would like to have such a roll of honor.

I would like to tell you about one lovely little girl who learned in her short life to give thoughtfully and prayerfully. She was the great-granddaughter of John Jay, and her name was Augusta M. Bruen. She loved to accompany her mother to the meetings of the Female Bible Society in New York; and at one of them, when she was but seven years old, she walked up to the table and gave a dollar, all the money she had, to distribute the word of God. She was always remarkably truthful and conscientious, and she was in the habit of retiring to her room in the middle of the day to pray and read the Bible.

A healthy, bright, blooming girl, with apparently a long, happy future before her, it was strange that she should often say to her brother and sister that she thought she would die young. But so it was—this lovely flower was soon to bloom in the beautiful garden above. When made aware that she could not recover, she told her mother where to find her will, which no one knew she had written, and which was read by tearful eyes after the death of this sweet little Christian. She began it by saying that she had "asked God to help her make it right." The first bequest was to her youngest and favorite brother, a large handsome Bible with engravings, presented to her by her great-aunt, Mrs. Banyan. Next she gave one hundred dollars, which her grandfather had put in the bank for her at the time of her

birth, to the New York Female Bible Society. The interest of it she left to the American Bible Society to make a Life Director, from "a young girl gone to Heaven." Another Bible was given to her father, and a third to her elder brother. After giving some articles of jewelry, which she seemed to think of little value, to her sister and young friend, she concludes by saying, "God bless you, and bring you to that happy home where parting is unknown." Short as was her life, it answered life's great end—to glorify her God below, and find her way to heaven; and Augusta Bruen has left what the Arabs call "a sweet name." If you would leave "a sweet name," my dear children, love God, and try to do good to others. Giving is like learning a language. Older people find it difficult to acquire the habit. The muscles of the hand, like those of the tongue, become rigid with advancing years—they do not move freely. The early givers enjoy the accustomed exercise—they give freely and gracefully. It is not necessary to wrench money from them; the liberal hand has been trained to its work.

J. M. O.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2221 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie P. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Chicopee, Mass. 14 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. S. E. Darling, Cor. Sec.
Boston, Church St. 25 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. H. A. Chinery, Cor. Sec.
Lunenburg, Vermont. 30 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. H. A. Cutting, Cor. Sec.
St. Johnsbury, Vt. 41 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. T. Howard, Cor. Sec.
East Burke, Vt. 36 members.
Haverhill, Mass. 60 members, 40 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. O. W. Scott, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. W. F. WARREN, Cor. Sec.

CINCINNATI BRANCH.

Asbury Chapel, Cin., O. 40 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary White, Cor. Sec.

St. Paul's, Cin., O. 50 members, 50 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. R. T. C. Lembdin, Cor. Sec.
Carr St., Cin., O. 17 members, 19 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary K. Weidman, Cor. Sec.
Union Circuit, O., Cin. Con. 15 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Nellie Voorhes, Cor. Sec.
Lexington, Ky. 20 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Hiram Shaw, Jr. Cor. Sec.
Newport, Ky. 121 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Ira Root, Cor. Sec.
Catlettsburg, Ky. 15 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. Richardson, Cor. Sec.
Painesville, O. 24 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Prof. Harvey, Cor. Sec.
Life Members—St. Paul's, Cin., Rev. I. F. McClelland, Mrs. James Swormstedt, Mrs. Anna T. Radeker; Wesley Chapel, Cin., Mrs. Rev. C. Ferguson; Trinity, Cin., Mrs. A. N. Riddle, Mrs. Ed. Sargent; St. Paul's, Del., O., Mrs. Dr. Merrick; Wm. St., Delaware, Mrs. Rev. Mather, Mrs. Prof. McCabe; Lancaster, O., Mrs. Rev. Spahr, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Cor. Sec.

ST LOUIS BRANCH.

Rosemount, Minnesota. 14 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Wm. Handich, Cor. Sec.
Red Wing, Minnesota. 52 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Jennie Lynch, Cor. Sec.
Winona, Minnesota. 75 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Chauncey Hobart, Cor. Sec.

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS.

Mrs. Julia M. Day, Shakopee, Minnesota.
Mrs. L. McLaughlin, Mantorville, "
Mrs. S. A. Foster, Cannon Falls, "
Miss Anna Greaves, "
Mrs. M. J. Kingston, Stanton, "
Miss Mary Stanton, "
Mrs. Julia Poe, Cannon Falls, "
Mrs. N. A. Fanelson, Zambroka, "
Mrs. E. M. Hawkins, Pine Island, "
Miss Florence Stanton, Stanton, "
Miss Hattie Luce, Northfield, "
Mrs. L. M. P. Alexander, Smith City, Missouri.

Life Member.—Mrs. Rev. Jabez Brooks, Red Wing, Minnesota.
Mrs. LUCY E. PRESCOTT, Cor. Sec.

The address of the Corresponding Secretary of the St. Louis Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is changed from 1512 Chestnut Street, to 2534 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis.

MEMORANDA OF RECEIPTS FROM THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO JULY 1st, 1870.

	1 Rupee.
January 1, Bill of Exchange for a Bible Reader,	91.66
" 15, Rev. J. T. Tracey's order,	50 0 0
February 14, From New York for Bible Readers,	469.34
March 31, Balance of Travelling money returned by Misses Thoburn and Swain,	307.23
April 7th, Bill on London,	722.14.10
June 30, For Bible Women,	240.0 0

Total Rupees, 1,880.10 11

BAREILLY, INDIA, July 6, 1870. D. W. THOMAS, Treas.

1 Two rupees equal one gold dollar.

RECEIPTS OF THE W. F. M. S. FROM JUNE 1st TO SEPT. 1st.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Boston, Church St. Ch.	\$18.00
East Boston, Mrs. E. F. Porter,	10.00
Cambridgeport, Harvard St. Ch.	22.00
East Cambridge,	6.00
East Saugus, Auxiliary Society,	17.00
Marblehead,	1.00
Southampton,	2.00
Woburn Auxiliary Society,	5.00
Lowell, St. Paul's Ch., Miss J. E. Home,	20.00
" " Miss Eliza Libby,	5.00
Mansfield,	1.00
New Bedford, County St. Ch.	47.00
Chicopee,	10.00
Tilton, New Hampshire,	3.00
Saco, Maine,	10.00
Kendall's Mills, Maine,	1.00
Friends,	11.80

\$189.80

Mrs. THOMAS A. RICH, Treasurer, 706 Tremont St.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

Albany Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Mitchell, Cor. Sec.	\$166.75
Grace Church, Albany, to name child Grace Osborn,	30.00
Cazenovia Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Haskell Treasurer,	34.00
Auburn Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Nelson Treasurer,	36.55
Ithaca Auxiliary Society, Mrs. De Forest Treasurer,	25.00
Clifton Springs Auxiliary Society, by Mrs. Butler,	61.19
Penn Yan Auxiliary Society, by Mrs. Butler,	30.00
Patterson Auxiliary Society, by Mrs. Willets,	8.00
Sing Sing Auxiliary Society, Mrs. McCard Treasurer	20.00
Utica Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Northrup Treasurer	13.50
Brooklyn Auxiliary Society, by Mrs. Halsted,	21.00
Brooklyn Auxiliary Society, by Mrs. H. Glaw,	184.50
St. Paul's, N. Y., Auxiliary Society, Mrs. M. E. Lane Treasurer,	26.00
Allen St. Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Foote,	7.00
Mrs. Hamilton, 37th St., to name Fanny Hamilton,	30.00
Miss Minnie Cornell, Treasurer, bal. Children's Fair,	46.25
Weedsport Auxiliary Society, Mrs. O. W. Burritt Treasurer,	22.30
Utica Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Susan Gregg Treasurer,	45.00
Syracuse Auxiliary Society, Miss Clara Andrews,	32.00
Binghamton Auxiliary Society, Miss A. J. Beach,	29.00
State St., Troy, Auxiliary Society, Mrs. J. Hillman,	70.00
Mrs. Hillman to name child Joseph Hillman,	30.00
Weedsport Auxiliary Society, (Stirling Camp Meeting,	27.00
Rutsen Sukley, Rhinebeck, by Mrs. Olin,	100.00
Clifton Springs Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Bain,	16.00
30th St. New York Auxiliary Society, Miss Burling,	21.50
Merrick Camp Meeting, by Mrs. Butler,	79.00
17th St. Church Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Lyons,	4.10
Passaic, N. J., Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Willet,	2.60
from St. Johns Epis. S. School,	9.00
F. Garretson Smith to make Mrs. Smith Life Member,	11.25
Lima, N. Y., Auxiliary, Mrs. Godfrey Treasurer,	20.00
Weedsport Auxiliary Society, Mrs. O. W. Burritt,	51.10
North District Camp Meeting, Mrs. Fox,	10.81
Schenectady Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Eaton,	5.00
Interest from Deposit in Bank,	30.00
Sing Sing Camp Meeting, Mrs. Butler,	26.68
Miss Emma Baker to name child at Bareilly, Emma Baker,	55.00
Mrs. Joseph A. Wright to constitute Miss Mary H. Drake	40.00
Life Member,	20.00
Mrs. Remington, Lion, by Mrs. Butler,	25.00
Newark, New York, Auxiliary Society,	13.00
Sing Sing Auxiliary Society, Mrs. McCard,	13.50
Mrs. Myers, Washington Square, N. Y.,	13.00
St. Paul's N. Y., by Mrs. Lane Treasurer,	7.90
Ithaca Auxiliary Society, Mrs. De Forest,	25.00
Auburn Auxiliary Society, Mrs. S. J. Nelson,	45.80
Mission Box,	.15
Newark Wayne Co. Society, Mrs. J. W. Benton,	40.00
Wesley Grove Camp Meeting by Mrs. Butler,	57.00

\$1,737.43

Mrs. Jos. A. Wright, Treasurer,
452 Lexington Ave.

CORRECTION. — The name of one of the orphans supported by the Juvenile Missionary Society of N. Y. should be Annie F. Randall, instead of Annie Kendall.

We would call attention to the correction, made last month, in the address of Mrs. Skidmore, agent for the H. W. F. Please notice that it now stands 36 Clinton Place, N. Y.

CHICAGO BRANCH.

Mineral Pt. Camp Meeting,	\$5.30
Mr. G. Borden,	40.00
Court St., Flint, Mich. (per S. A. R.)	19.00
Miss Hattie Miller,	20.00
Capron, Illinois,	4.00
County Line, Illinois,	3.30
Second Ch., Belvidere, Illinois,	.50
Winnest,	13.10
Cry-tal Lake,	5.00
Morrison,	6.50
Polo,	19.00
Waukeesa, Wis.	1.35
Magnolia,	5.60
Mineral Pt. "	1.00
Brickton, Ill.	5.00

\$148.55

Mrs. Dr. Fowler, Treasurer,
17 South 15th St., St. Louis.

CINCINNATI BRANCH.

Wesley-Chapel, Cincinnati, Ohio,	\$51.00
Trinity, " "	65.05
Asbury Chapel, " "	25.00
St. Paul, " "	30.00
Mt. Auburn, " "	15.00
York St. " "	40.00
Race St. (German) " "	33.28
Carr St. " "	5.00
Christie Chapel, " "	9.75
Wesleyan F. College, " "	18.80
St. Paul's, Del. " "	30.00
Wm. Street, " "	20.00
Wesley Chapel, Columbus, " "	21.95
St. Clairville, " "	22.90
Painesville, " "	12.30
Bellaire, " "	71.55
Union Circuit, " "	20.00
Lancaster, " "	24.00
Union Church Cov. Ky. " "	8.25
Lexington, " "	10.00

Total. \$533.83

Miss H. A. Smith, Treasurer, 68 Seventh St., Cin.

CORRECTION. — In the report in the July number, the sum of \$60.00 is credited to Delaware, Ohio. It should be William Street, Delaware, O.

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

Central Church, St. Louis,	\$23.50
Northfield, Minn.	6.00
Smith City, Mo.	1.00
Wassioja, Minn.	9.00
Red Wing, "	3.00
Minneapolis, "	21.80
St. Anthony, "	14.00
Kasson, "	3.00
Eyra, "	5.00
Mrs. Owen Miller, Waterloo, Iowa, for Orphanage at Bareilly	50.00

\$136.30

Mrs. W. A. Jones, Treasurer,
66 Washington St., Chicago.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin,
Mrs. E. W. Parker,
Mrs. J. F. Willing,
Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows: —

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TERMS. — 30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE. — Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance, at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1870.

No. 5.

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD."

BY MRS. PROF. MARCY.

Go where the fair bright earth
By dark-souled man is trod :
Go where the work of human hands
Is worshipped as a God.

Go, strike th' electric chord,
Whose ceaseless thrill shall run,
Till every tribe of every land
Is gathered into one.

Till Salem's King shall reign ;
Till Judah's sceptre sway ;
Till Ethiop's outstretched hands receive
The gift for which they pray.

Till all who now sit down,
In rayless, pagan night,
See suddenly above, around,
The glorious, gospel light.

Till every far-off land,
And every distant shore,
Shall heart with kindred heart unite ;
And nations be no more.

EVANSTON, ILL.

THE SMALL FEET OF CHINESE LADIES.

BY MRS. ETTIE E. BALDWIN.

WHEN we left our mission field in China, some months ago, we brought many articles illustrative of the life and customs of the Chinese people.

Among other things I had made a model of the bound foot of a Chinese lady, and I find it interests our friends more than anything else we brought. I propose to make this tiny foot a text for a few words to your readers.

We have two classes of women at Fuh Chau,

the large and small footed, or bound and unbound. The small or bound foot is the mark of a lady, and is greatly admired. I am frequently asked whether the bound foot is not limited to the higher classes. Any family, high or low, rich or poor, may have their daughter's feet bound if they choose. The question with them is simply, Can we afford it? They argue the question somewhat thus: If we bind the girl's feet, she can't work in the field, carry burdens, or help us much in any way. We must wait upon her, and she will be an expense to us as long as she is with us. But on the other hand, it will be an honor to have a small-footed child, and then, too, we may expect to get more money for her when she is married, as no one but a man of means can afford to have such a helpless wife. So the question is decided.

The binding process commences, so far as I can learn, not under four years of age, and often at five or six. It would seem as though much less pain would be caused to commence with the young babe. I suppose, however, that it would either kill a babe, or stop the growth of its limbs entirely.

When the foot is bound, the small toes are all folded under the foot, leaving only the great toe in its natural position. A strip of muslin, two or three inches wide and two or three feet long, is bound tightly about the foot and ankle, commencing at the big toe, winding it tightly around the toes folded down, about the foot and heel, drawing the heel forward toward the toes, thus shortening the foot and forcing the ankle or instep up, giving it an ugly bulge. It requires about eleven years of such binding to bring the foot to the beautiful (?) size. Any of my readers will readily see that great pain and suffering must be occasioned by this process.

A tight shoe is sufficiently torturing to an American, but just think for a moment what must

be the agony caused by this bending, breaking, and crushing of the foot, entirely changing its natural form, so that when it is brought to the shape they desire, it looks more like a pig's foot than anything else. The model that I have is dressed with an elegant little shoe two inches long. I have seen them an inch and half long. As at Fuh Chau a woman may have the natural unbound foot without being disreputable, we have such a class to work, — so the ladies can have the smallest kind of feet. North and south of Fuh Chau a woman must simulate bound feet, or lose her character as a reputable woman.

A friend of mine, who had a girls' school at Ningpo, wrote me that they were perplexed as to what course to pursue with regard to the children of their church members, as well as the scholars in the schools. If they insisted upon the unbinding of the feet, the girls could not go into the street with natural feet without being insulted. I am glad to say this is not the case in Fuh Chau. A woman may have large feet and be respectable; but she is excluded from the higher classes, and all are willing to undergo the torture for the sake of the honor of the "Golden Lilies," as the small feet are called.

When the bindings become so painful that the child screams with agony, the mother relaxes them a little, and then tightens them again. I examined carefully the foot of a lady thirty years old. She could wear a shoe two inches long, and she did not need to bandage her feet tightly, as it had attained to the desired size. I asked her if it hurt her very much. "O yes," she replied, "for many years it hurt me dreadfully. The skin of the instep broke, and it bled, and was very sore, and I screamed with it a great deal; then my mother relaxed the bindings for a little time; but now it is *dead*, I have no feeling in it at all." And dead enough it appeared to me. The flesh was shrunken away, and the skin was a blackish yellow. It was most offensive-looking, and I thanked the Lord that to me was given birth in a Christian land. At another time I will write something concerning the dress of the different classes of women.

THE TRIAL OF A HINDU WIDOW CONVERT.

BY REV. F. A. SPENCER, OF THE INDIAN MISSION.

WE have just read with deep interest an account of the conversion of a Hindu widow to

Christianity, and her subsequent trial before a court of justice instituted by her Hindu relatives to regain possession of her. The account is furnished by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Vaughan, a missionary; and we have seen it in our excellent paper, "The Christian Star," of our India Mission. Believing that the readers of "The Heathen Woman's Friend" will be interested in such an account, we gladly translate it freely for them, giving with it some passing comments.

The name of this Hindu widow is Sreemutee Gunesh Loondree. She is generally called Gunesh. About four years and a half since, the ladies of the American Zenana Mission began, at her mother's request, to go to her house, to teach her older sister, also a widow, and herself. At that time Gunesh had been a widow four years, and, according to her mother's statement, was only thirteen years old! A girl of nine years, entering the bonds of wedlock and assuming the responsibilities of married life! Together with these ladies, some Bengalee Christian women went to aid in their instruction. These widows themselves are Bengalees of high rank, as is shown from the fact that they are of the same family with the celebrated Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, who has been so highly and extensively praised by the press, because of his remarkable utterances in England. We will not say that he deserves all this laudation; but his celebrity will, doubtless, invest his kinswoman, Gunesh, with peculiar interest in our readers' minds. From the very beginning of their visits at her house, the Christian ladies and their companions spoke to them of Christ and Christianity. Their Bengalee sisters hid nothing of their object from their Hindu pupils, but told them all of their intention in teaching them, namely, that it was to lead them to believe on a loving and Almighty Saviour. Their mother was not only satisfied with this straightforward way of working, but even learned from her daughters. The two sisters gradually came to obtain some knowledge of science and the Bible. Two years ago their hearts became persuaded that idolatry is folly and sin, and the Christian religion true. When they read the Bible, they saw their duty to be baptized. But this was the difficulty — how to obey the commands of Christ.

This, let us say, is the difficulty of difficulties in India. Those living in a Christian land cannot fathom the depth of that abyss! One may believe in Christ in *heart* alone, and no great harm be

done ; but baptism, the outward profession, undoes one, in the minds of all their old relatives and friends, in this world and forever ! It is no easy matter, in some cases, for us to count the cost of following Christ in the States ; but, if this be so, what must be the incalculable cost of becoming His disciple in India ?

These widowed Hindu sisters might well quail before such a continuous storm of persecution as would at once break mercilessly on their heads ! They knew that though their mother with perfect willingness allowed them to be taught the truths of Christianity, still she and their brothers, and all their friends, would unite in striving to prevent their baptism. In such a state of affairs, there was one plan they could adopt — that they leave their mother's house. How terrible a trial of their faith was this ! The elder sister, alas ! did not endure it. But Gunesh made a firm resolution, that come what would, she would not remain without fully adopting Christianity.

Noble example sets this Hindu woman to thousands of ladies, both young and married, at home ! The elder sister, through a regard for her *physical* safety and peace, remained in idolatry ; but the younger with admirable courage renounced it, and refrained from it. The elder sister thus showed the wide gulf lying between herself and Gunesh, in a remark made to a lady : " My younger sister continually thinks only of *spiritual* things ; but along with *spiritual*, I also consider *worldly* things." She was striving to " serve two masters " — God and the world ! The desire to become outwardly, as well as inwardly, a Christian, rapidly increased in Gunesh's heart. When she saw her elder sister falter and retreat, she resolved to go alone and follow Christ. No one gave her such advice ; none showed her the way. But she *alone*, in the darkness of the night, went to the missionary's house. This happened on the 29th of last April. She desired at once to be baptized ; but the missionary, doubtless for what he deemed good reasons, replied to her, " No, not now, please wait a few days." She consented to do so. From that time her relatives tried every means to dissuade her from her purpose. From morning till night they made use, now of promises, now of threats, and then of entreaties, to this end. Several times the missionary himself said to her, in the presence of her relatives, " If it be your *choice*, remain with your friends in their religion." She, in the agony of the resolve to separate herself from them, fell

upon her mother's neck, and wept, but still always nobly replied to the missionary : " *No ! I will certainly receive baptism.*" On account of her resolution, her relatives became more angry at her. At last, on the 3d of May, her mother went to the missionary, and besought him not thereafter to let her brother come near Gunesh, for he had taken an oath that he would kill her with a knife, and would not allow her to be baptized. The question then naturally arose in the missionary's mind — Shall we baptize her ? She had made a clear confession of her faith. She had, with perfect satisfaction to him, come out from a searching examination on her certain knowledge of the truth of Christianity. He decided to baptize her, and that very evening did so, and admitted her into the Christian Church. The next morning he informed her family of what had happened. They with some other relatives, belonging to the " Brahmo Somaj," went to see her, with the determination to try and persuade her to become a member of this Somaj. This they tried to do. There was no hindrance whatever, to her willingly going with them and adopting their religion. But the noble Gunesh stood firm in her Christian faith and profession. *She would not go back to the Brahmo Somaj ;* than which Somaj her celebrated relative, Keshub Chunder Sen, is certainly no more advanced in religious belief. Her relatives then instituted a suit in the court for her possession. The details of the trial need not be given. It is enough to state that the decision was that she could remain *wherever* she chose. She was taken aside, and left alone with her mother, for three quarters of an hour, for the important decision. What issues hung upon those forty-five minutes ! What a life-time was then lived in anticipation by her ! What were the throes and struggles of heart — the conflicts of conscience and spirit with flesh and blood — during those minutes ! She was then taken back into the court. The judge thoroughly put her on her guard against a thoughtless decision on either side, saying to her, " Be careful ; having fully considered and weighed the matter, give me the answer." The noble Gunesh with a clear, loud voice, replied : " *I will go to the missionary's.*" This she did, and has remained firm in her profession.

This decision of the court is a very valuable one in favor of Christianity in India. It is, at least, a precedent established, affording a young native woman, over sixteen years of age, freedom of

choice in the adoption of religious faith. Gunesh must be a noble young woman. She has set thousands in the States an excellent example. Will not they follow it? Pray for Gunesh's steadfastness in the Christian faith.

REPRESENTATIVE INDIAN WOMEN.

BY MISS ISABELLA THOBURN.

By introducing individuals of my acquaintance here, the readers of THE FRIEND may form more accurate ideas of the habits of native women than can be obtained from general descriptions. In the following sketches I have selected subjects from different classes, the person not being chosen because of any special interest in her history, but as a representative of her class, and the one with whom I chance to be acquainted.

MALIKA.

Hearing a call at my door one morning I opened it, and saw a small, red-covered *doolie* on the veranda, the two men who had borne it vanishing around the corner of the house. From this I knew my visitor to be a *parda nashin*, which is the name given to women who never appear in the presence of men. The curtain was slightly drawn, and an eye peeped out to see if the court were clear; and then a lady stepped out and bade me a pleasant good-morning in English. Her dress was that of a Mohammedan *Begam*, or lady, and I recognized her as a person of whom Mr. Messmore had told me, — a former mission pupil. She is quite fair, her parents being natives of Cashmere, but she was born in Calcutta, where she learned English and a little more of civilization than women of her class generally attain to. On coming to Lucknow, she attended the mission school to learn Urdu, the language spoken in this section of the country.

The Mohammedan woman's dress consists of three garments; a skirt, narrow at the body, but gored to a great width at the bottom. In front it is caught up and tucked in at the waist, leaving the feet and ankles and sometimes one knee exposed. A small jacket, without sleeves, and a *chuddar*, or large veil, falling over the head and body, complete the dress.

Malika wore a dress of violet silk, trimmed at the bottom with bands of green silk and gilt braid, a jacket of white lace, and a *chuddar* of grenadine, — golden brown flowers on a violet ground. This was also bordered with gold and green bands.

But, like all women here, her jewels were the chief part of her dress. In each ear were a half-dozen rings, heavy pendants of gold, and pearl tassels in the lobes, and in the upper part of the ears, rings with a pearl or emerald in the front part of each. On one nostril was a button-like ornament, a beautiful emerald in the centre inclosed in a circle of pearls. On her neck were five strings of pearls, and below these, so long they fell to her waist, five broad gold chains united in a clasp on her shoulder. This she took off for me to examine. It weighed a pound and a quarter. Her arms and wrists were numerously banded with heavy gold, and diamond rays flashed out from the rings on her fingers. Silver ornaments decked her ankles. The women never wear gold on their feet. Her eyelids were penciled with dark lines, and her finger and toe nails dyed red with *henna*.

Some of the *zenana* women had showed me their jewels, but I had not seen them in full dress, and such a vision of "barbaric pearls and gold" was rather dazzling to my poverty-stricken Western eyes.

I have not met any other woman of her class who can talk English, and my knowledge of Hindustani being too limited for general conversation, I enjoyed talking with her very much.

Speaking of their custom of living in seclusion she condemned it, saying she would be willing for herself to break her *parda*, but that if she did, she would be an outcast from respectable society, and that for her husband's sake she must observe the customs of her people. "It is considered the highest praise when it is said of a woman that no man but her husband ever saw her shadow; but the truth is, there is just as much evil behind the *parda* as before the world." Little as I know of them, I suspect there is much more.

"But we are improving," she said. "Women have much more liberty than when I was a child."

I said that when they became Christians, they would change their habits; but she thought education would do it all, failing to see, as they all do, that Christianity gives them education. She failed again to see what Christian associations had already done for her, giving the credit to Western enlightenment. She said, "I have nothing to do with these Begams. Their talk is not fit to be heard, it is so wicked. And they have no sense. They never think of God, they only care for this life."

Speaking of class distinctions, she said, "Why

should we live so, when we are all made of one flesh, and Jesus Christ reigns over all?" But to show how little she either meant or understood her own words, I have to record that soon after, speaking of some one who had gone to Mecca, she said, "You know our Saviour is buried there. It is like Jerusalem to us."

These people all use devout expressions, which mean anything or nothing.

I showed her some stereoscopic views, with which she was greatly delighted. Pictures are revelations to the women, who see so little of the outside world. These led to a great many questions about America and American life. Its government she could not comprehend at all. A country without either king of its own or foreign rulers was new to her ideas of the management of nations.

The effect of one of the pictures showed that she was capable of appreciating somewhat the testimony Nature ever gives of her Creator. It was a view of the shore at Nahant, the surf breaking on the rocks, and the boundless ocean stretching beyond. She looked some time in silence, and then said in an awed voice, hesitating for English words, "When I look at it *intently*, it gives me great thoughts of God."

When she rose to go, her handkerchief fell with a chink. As she picked it up, she explained that she always carried pice (small copper coins) for the poor. A little boy-servant, who runs by the side of her doolie, carries the pice from her jeweled hand to the wayside beggars.

I hope to see Malika often hereafter. Will not the readers of THE FRIEND pray that, leaving her earthly treasures, she may diligently seek the Pearl of Great Price?

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

It may be a characteristic of human nature in general, at any rate I am quite sure that it is characteristic of woman's nature, to more readily acquiesce in being ignorant of the sufferings and wants of our poor humanity, in different quarters of the globe, than to be indifferent to these sufferings and wants when once well known.

We too often glide along pleasantly unconscious of the manifold phases of injustice, ignorance, and oppression, that are making millions of our race endure active sufferings of body and mind, when, by a little exertion, we might acquaint ourselves

with facts concerning them that would give our hearts and consciences no rest, until we felt that we had done what we could for their alleviation.

Prompted by this belief, I will endeavor to gather up some of the thoughts expressed by Drs. Peck and Wiley (before the William Street Woman's Missionary Society at Delaware, Ohio; a meeting held during the meeting of the Ohio Methodist Convention) to present to those who did not hear them, trusting that those who did will be patient with me.

As it was many times remarked, during the Convention, concerning contemplated reforms, so we may say of this, that "it is not a minute too early" to take active steps towards the Christianization of the women of heathen countries. And Providence seems to indicate this, by letting bits of information, personal experiences, sights that have been seen, etc., get out, and be spread everywhere in Christian lands, such as have never before been brought before the public. It is a thought that must be almost stifling to a woman's heart, that perhaps these bits of intelligence and experience have never been much reported to us, because our missionaries have actually found women in heathen countries so childish, so ignorant, so degraded, that it appeared utterly hopeless to attempt to elevate them. We know that until recently the only way they saw to do them good, was to Christianize their husbands and fathers; but when husbands and fathers are themselves such heathen as neither to believe possible nor to desire the elevation of woman, the work must be a long, tedious one, if, indeed, at all possible. But God has introduced a new element since women have commenced to work for women.

Now, the missionary himself tells us that although it would occasion a fearful mob for him, to be seen giving the Bread of Life to a famishing woman on the public highway, or that it might cost him his life to attempt to carry the message of Christ to that part of the house in which the women are inclosed — we say inclosed, for we cannot say live — a woman, a young girl, shod with a preparation of the Gospel of Peace, may gather them up from the highways or go into their most secret inclosures, and show them a direct path from their hopeless slavery to the liberty wherewith Christ makes His children free. How ravishing the first glimpse of an eternal home among those loved of God and the angels, must be to one who here has never had a home for

earth, nor a hope of heaven, who has known no love from brother, father, or husband, we, in this land, can but dimly imagine!

Can it be possible that each one of us can afford such a glance to one of these our benighted sisters, and if to one doubtless to many, by the sacrifice of one yard of ribbon, or lace or ruffling, and then neglect to do it?

I do not think there is one of us, even among the youngest, that is not made of too good timber to refuse to forego some little vanity like this, for the pleasure of bestowing such an unmeasured happiness on one suffering, hopeless, heathen woman. Do we not understand woman's inner, nobler nature well enough to know that if the matter were presented to her in this light, she would make, not once alone, but habitually, even in her youngest and most thoughtless years, this same or similar sacrifices?

These things that we call sacrifice, bring after them such a weighty reward, that, even as we get it in this world, and taking no account of the treasure that keeps multiplying in the other, we soon learn by experience that what we had counted sacrifice, becomes a blessed privilege, that we have been guiltily slow in taking.

Dr. Wiley related that he had seen Chinese women standing before the doors of Christian households, longingly looking in upon a home where a wife was loved and honored, children of both sexes cherished and caressed, while tears streamed down their cheeks, showing but too plainly that they could appreciate such a life and condition, even though their own was without hope.

Dr. Peck's narration of the noble self-offering of his beloved daughter to the mission work in India, of her testimony that she loved her home and friends, but that she loved the souls of the heathen more, and then of her gathering up and teaching more than a hundred of the little forsaken children after the Sepoy rebellion and massacre, of her six or seven years' labor, and then of her triumphant death and entrance into glory, told with great effect upon the audience, producing many an audible sob. If every tear shed under this narration could represent a new membership of the Woman's Missionary Society, there would soon be another standing in the place of that lost laborer.

With regard to this special work, there is one thought that continually presses itself upon me,

one hope that continually stands before me as a brightness. It is that the money given here, may not be obtained by asking it of either father, mother, husband, or brother, *for this special purpose*, but that it be spared from such moneys given or earned as would otherwise be laid out in a less sacred manner. Secondly, that we give it as we too seldom give other money, that is, without demanding anything in return for the gift. Let it be given, because the heart loves the Kingdom of God that is set up within it. Such giving will never become a burden nor a weariness, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ. Is there no danger that if this association begins to employ, too much, festivals and fairs and similar worldly ways of getting funds, it will, in a measure, lose its foundation idea of self-sacrifice among women for women, which must be its greatest power. Is not its surest pledge of success voluntary giving, whether by men or women, without any outside motive pressing upon us save the frequent presenting to our hearts of the heathen world waiting to be brought into possession of the knowledge of the Way of Life?

Perhaps these apprehensions are groundless, and I would not venture to speak of them, did I not fear lest that which possibly now, while the work is new, may bring in more funds to the treasury, may finally prove a hindrance to its highest future prosperity.

C. A. LACROIX.

DELAWARE, Ohio.

HOW TO PRAY FOR MISSIONARIES.

I HAVE just been reading an account of the meeting of the American Board in Pittsburgh, and am rejoiced that so much attention was given to the subject of prayer for missions, as good results must follow such a discussion. While in America, no remarks about the cause, even by cold and worldly professors, so chilled and pained me as some of the prayers, a dull routine of words, without any intelligence or feeling manifested, and nothing specific prayed for. The unmeaning formality of some prayers reminds one of the following: "O Lord, bless the missionaries, who have taken their lives in their hands, and gone to the uninhabited parts of the world to preach the gospel." This is in strong contrast with another petition, rude and broken, that has done my heart good in seasons of distress and perplexity. It was offered by an aged Indian convert. "O Lord,

bless de missionary, and *help him to set one foot afore t'oder*, and preach de gospel to every nation!" My heart would respond, "Yes, Lord,—

'Lead thou me on:
I do not ask to see the distant scene;
One step enough for me;'

only, dear Father, give me grace to place my foot, at each step, directly in the foot-print of Jesus."

Dear sisters, let your prayers mean something. When you plead for us missionaries, look within upon your own heart-life, and remember we also are struggling, through temptations and trials, to be like Christ, and serve him here acceptably.

MISS M. A. PROCTOR, in *Life and Light*.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1870.

WHICH A WOMAN TOOK.

WE sincerely pity the woman who has never made a batch of bread. She has missed an experience which, could it come but once in a life-time, would be one of the most memorable and significant of all we know. She is a stranger to one of the great historic functions of her sex. Recall the sensations of the first trial, ye who know them. On the cleared table stands the bowl heaped with snowy flour, the pitcher of milk, the cup of yeast. You stand before it curious, expectant, half reluctant. The clean hands begin the work by preparing in the centre of the flour the place for the yeast, — the ingredients are put in, and the thorough kneading "hides" the "leaven." Nicely smoothed and rounded, you replace the dough in the bowl with a pat here and there, and, setting it away, await its rising. Is there a woman among you, readers, who does not vividly remember, though long years have passed since then, the anxious eagerness, the quiet satisfaction with which you watched for the hidden leaven to show its power and do its work? Can you not feel over again to-day the triumphant content with which you surveyed the light brown loaves of your first baking?

But not simply because of her inexperience of this responsibility and pride of the bread-maker, do we pity the woman who has never mixed and kneaded and baked the world's unconsecrated sacrament of life; we pity her vastly more for the reason that she is utterly unable to be or fully to understand that beautiful type under which Christ

has set forth His view of the agency by which His Gospel is to be made to triumph in the earth. Our Lord has honored and dignified and immortalized the bread-making process by likening to it His own divine work in the world, the universal leavening of humanity with truth and holiness. He has in like manner honored and dignified woman by making her the human agent of the work. She is the one who is to take the leaven of His teaching and life, and mix and mingle it with measures of human society until the whole is leavened. "For the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

Christ did not overlook or underestimate the agency of woman in the diffusion of the Gospel. The language of His beautiful parable was not only typical, but also prophetic. He says "which a woman took," not merely because the Church as his Bride would be naturally typified only by a woman, but yet more to foreshadow the historic rôle of our sex in the actual work of disseminating His truth. And history has amply verified His prophetic hint. Women were present in the Pentecostal chamber, and shared in the Pentecostal baptism. Women were co-workers with the apostles, in all their apostolic labors. A woman preached Christ in Samaria before Philip. The first Christian sermon on the continent of Europe was preached in a woman's prayer-meeting, and the first convert was a woman (Acts xvi. 13). The apostolic salutations show how diligently women "labored in the Lord." Priscilla and Dorcas, the four prophesying daughters of Philip, Mary, and Junia, Paul's kinswoman, Tryphena and Tryphosa, Persis, and how many more, "took" the leaven in that age, and kneaded it into the world's heart and life.

Two verses before, in the parable of the mustard-seed, our Lord brings out the other factor. There He says, "which a man took;" here He says, "which a woman took." Is there no significance in this singular association of the man agency and woman agency? Does it not mean that women have a joint and equal call with men to labor in the great work of Christianizing the world? Our right is indisputable. Alas! that we should be so much readier to claim the co-equal *right* than to accept with it a *co-equal responsibility* for the world's conversion! Ah! here is our trouble. Let us assert our right to work in our own womanly ways for Christ; but

let us remember that every such assertion will only stop our mouths in the day of judgment, if it shall then appear that while claiming our "rights" we ignored their attendant obligations. Let us say to ourselves daily, we are jointly and equally responsible with our brothers for the salvation of the world. Let us take this tremendous thought with us into our closets and missionary meetings, aye, into the places where we are tempted into the sins of extravagance and vanity and time-killing. Let it echo perpetually in our ears, "Jointly responsible for this world's salvation."

Our blessed Master teaches us the same lesson in another passage. After illustrating the joy of heaven over a penitent in a manner fitted to touch the heart of man by the parable of the lost sheep and the joy of the shepherd on finding it, He remembers that woman has an equal interest in knowing the height and stimulus of this great joy; that she, too, may be inspired to labor. So from the sphere of housewifely experience He draws the corresponding picture of the piece of silver lost, and after long and anxious searching found. Then, clinching the lesson of the two, He exclaims, "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner which repenteth."

"Which a woman took." We thank Thee, O Christ, for that word. It has disenthralled, emancipated, ennobled us. The Christian mothers of eighteen centuries have taken of the gospel leaven and hid it in the hearts of their children, and Augustines and Wesleys have been the result. They have carried the leaven wherever men have carried the mustard-seed, and blooming mission-fields have been the result. But O how little has been done! How vague and indistinct has been our realization of our heavenly calling! O when shall the world's historic bread-makers drink in the meaning of Thy word, and break to earth's perishing millions the bread of life?

WHILE Keshub Chunder Sen has been visiting England in the interest of "Free Religion," the Lord Jesus has been visiting his family in India in the interest of free salvation. Whilst he was busy with British Unitarians in denying his Lord's divinity, his Lord has been practically demonstrating it by plucking a kinswoman of the lionized teacher from the very embrace of the Brahmo Somaj. Our readers will peruse Bro. Spencer's communication with great interest.

DEPARTURE OF OUR NEW MISSIONARY.

FAREWELL MEETING IN NEW YORK.

THE New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society held a meeting on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 20th of September, in the chapel of St. Paul's Church, New York, in honor of the departure of their first missionary, Miss Fannie Sparkes, for India. The chapel was crowded with ladies, and the services were exceedingly interesting. They were opened, after the introductory hymn, by the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by Mrs. Joseph A. Wright. Mrs. Maclay gave some reminiscences of missionary life in China, and made a strong appeal in behalf of its perishing millions. Mrs. Parker spoke of her work in India, which in the providence of God she was now about to resume. After the singing of the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," Mrs. McMahon, young and newly married, gave a touching account of her call to mission work, and of the response she and her husband so willingly gave to the Bishop's appeal for laborers in the foreign field. Miss Sparkes then made a few remarks, and her fine face and dignified appearance at once enlisted for her the sympathies of the congregation. As she was about to take her seat, Mrs. Olin, who presided at the meeting, presented her a basket of flowers given by the ladies of St. Paul's Church, saying that the perfume of the flowers would soon pass away, but the fragrance of their good wishes would be wafted over the ocean to her Indian home, and the incense of their prayers would continually ascend in her behalf. A collection of eighty dollars was then taken up. Mrs. Butler made the closing address, giving a thrilling account of the death of Miss Boist, the first Methodist martyr in India, and of her burial under the rose-trees in her garden. The appeal in behalf of the women of India was emphasized by the presence of a Hindustani woman, who came to this country as nurse to Mrs. Waugh's children, and who was about to return home with the missionaries, some of whom were already familiar with her language. She was dressed for the occasion in the silks and ornaments of a high caste Hindu lady; and her dusky brow was bent, and her dark eyes cast down, as she was introduced by Mrs. Butler to the congregation. She does not understand English, and she is a Mohammedan, and Mrs. Butler asked for her the earnest prayers of those present that she might find the

light she was seeking. The meeting closed with the doxology. Shortly after, the missionaries and their friends, and all who remained in the chapel, were invited to tea, which was made ready in the class-rooms by the ladies of St. Paul's. An hour was delightfully spent in social intercourse, friendships newly formed were cemented in breaking bread together, and precious memories treasured up in many hearts.

A number of friends were on the steamer the next day to bid good-by to the departing missionaries. Dr. Durbin was there, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, Dr. and Mrs. Butler. Dr. and Mrs. Lore, who on that day twenty-three years before had sailed for their mission field in South America, had come down from Auburn to be present at our farewell meeting. Mrs. Doremus, the President of the Union Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, was there, and Miss Lindsay, the President of the Lynn Auxiliary. There too were Mr. and Mrs. Judd and Mrs. Brown of the India Mission, Mrs. Bishop Janes, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, who had come to bid adieu to their sister, Miss Sparkes, and many other earnest workers in our Society. The group was a striking one as the vessel slowly left her moorings. Leaning against the rigging, the central figure was the Hindustani woman of low stature, with her dark face well set off in the frame of her white veil. Behind her stood Mr. McMahon, and on either side Mrs. McMahon and Miss Sparkes. At a little distance stood Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Mr. Buck; and so the good ship passed out of sight amidst tearful eyes, and the waving of white tokens, and the ascending of invisible prayers.

J. M. O.

THE NEWARK FAREWELL.

THE "Newark Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S." held last evening, the 19th inst., its first public meeting. It was so decided a success, and proved that there was in our midst so manifest and widespread an interest in this work opening so grandly before the women of our church, that I feel constrained to write of it to *THE FRIEND*, that our sister societies may know that New Jersey is awake to her duty upon this subject, and in earnest prayer and hearty effort joins them in sending light to those of their sex who sit in dark places.

St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church was densely crowded long before the hour of meeting.

Our local papers sate that between two and three thousand people were within the building, while many hundreds left, unable to gain admittance.

We had present with us Dr. and Mrs. Butler, Bro. Parker and wife, Bro. McMahon and wife, Bros. Buck, Gracey, and Baldwin, and Miss Fannie Sparkes, who sails for her field of labor tomorrow, under the auspices of the New York Branch of our Society. A native Mohammedan woman and two children in Chinese dress added to the interest.

The meeting was presided over by Gen. Theodore Runyon, and opened with prayer by Dr. Tiffany. Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D., in a few remarks represented the Society in behalf of his wife, who is our very efficient President. Very interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by Bros. Parker, Buck, McMahon, and Gracey of the India mission, and by Bro. S. L. Baldwin, who holds a large place in the hearts of many of our people, having gone to China from one of our Newark churches, and spent thirteen years in the mission work there; Mrs. Parker also addressed us, relating some of her personal experiences among the women of India, the discouragements she had met with, and the happy results which she had seen realized in the Christian death of some of those whom she had found ignorant of the Saviour's name. Miss Sparkes, in a very few words, expressed her love for Jesus and for souls, and her strong faith in the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," which gave her courage to go forth upon her mission. She felt so much surer of success, knowing how many hearts were going up in strong, prevailing prayer for her, from this Society, which she would represent in India. Bro. Parker sang for us a Hindu hymn, and Bro. Baldwin the Chinese doxology. The intense interest remained unbroken throughout the entire time, though several hundred were standing closely crowded. Mrs. Butler pronounced it "the largest meeting ever held by women."

We feel much encouraged at this successful opening of our "fall campaign" in the good cause. We purpose holding ladies' meetings occasionally through the winter, as we may be able to secure lady missionaries to speak. We intend to secure one day for a public meeting at the Methodist Episcopal State Convention, which occurs next week in Trenton.

A very large meeting was held on the Den-ville Camp ground, presided over by Mrs. B.

Weed, and addressed very earnestly on woman's work in the Church, by Mrs. Dr. Crane, who called the meeting. Mrs. Dr. Butler followed in her usual felicitous manner, giving personal experience and making strong appeals to the hearts and consciences of her hearers. \$40 were collected in annual subscriptions and donations, and 50 new subscribers for THE FRIEND, representing twenty-five different localities.

MRS. R. R. MEREDITH.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 20, 1870.

A CAMP-MEETING BENEDICTION.

At a meeting of the friends of our India missions convened upon the Camp Ground of Owego district, Wyoming Conference, upon the occasion of Miss Sparkes departure, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:—

I. *Resolved*, That from our acquaintance with Miss Fannie J. Sparkes we desire unitedly to express to the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church," our high appreciation of the worth and fitness, of the personal and Christian character of our sister for the work they are doing in India.

II. *Resolved*, That we assure our dear sister of our Christian sympathies in her trials, dangers, and labors of love on her voyage, and in that distant heathen land, and in her efforts to bring the lamp of life to the benighted of "India's coral strand," and we pledge to her our prayers for her safety and eminent success in them all.

III. *Resolved*, That we now make a testimonial offering to our beloved sister for the purpose of opening her way financially to the great work to which she has given her life.

IV. *Resolved*, That we fully appreciate the great sacrifice that the parents and relatives of Sister Sparkes have made in yielding her up to this important work, and we earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father will abundantly reward them for the separation so peculiarly affecting their domestic relations.

V. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Corresponding Secretary of the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church, for publication.

H. R. CLARKE, P. E.

SPENCER, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1870.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MRS. M. S. WHEELER, A SISTER OF MISS SPARKES.

We have just returned from a visit home, in Binghampton, whither we went to bid farewell to our own loved sister, Fannie J. Sparkes, one of the missionaries who sailed Sept. 21, for India.

It was not our privilege to accompany her to New York, so we parted at home. What a trial it was! and yet how gloriously the grace of God sustained both her and us. Dear girl! we can hardly realize that we shall see her face no more. She said when she looked at home and friends

for the last time, it seemed as though she would sink, but she thought of the beautiful verse she heard them sing on the Camp-ground the week before, commencing "I am trusting, Lord, in Thee," and immediately the tempest was calmed, and all was peace within.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

We are happy to state that the missionary party have reported a safe arrival in England. They sailed thence for Bombay October 6th. Let the prayers of our readers continue to follow these precious envoys of the Master.

MISS H. G. BRITTAN, of the Woman's Union Mission Society, and well known to some of our readers, sailed from New York a few days ago, to return to her work in India. Accompanying her were four young lady missionaries, who go out under the auspices of the same Society.

The following lines, prompted by some of Miss Brittan's public utterances, though a little faulty in measure, are too good in sentiment not to be here inserted. They are taken from the *Christian at Work*.

A QUESTION FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

[Lines suggested by Miss Brittan's touching stories of the Zenana women of India.]

BY M. W. G.

"They can't believe it! They can't believe it!

That Jesus died for such as we;

They can't believe that our souls are precious, —
More than a thousand worlds can be.

"They can't believe that our souls are starving,

For want of food the Gospel gives;

They can't believe that our souls are dying,
Although our Saviour lives.

"If they did, they would come, I know they would,

They would *fly* to tell us the story of love;

That Jesus, our Saviour, who died to redeem us,
Is living and pleading for us above."

Such words as these, O Christian woman,

Come to us over the billowy sea;

They fall from the lips of a Hindu woman,

Whose soul has been washed in the Fountain, so free.

Do we believe it? The question comes home

To us who love Christ's cause on earth;

Do we believe that the heathen women

Have souls like ours, of priceless worth?

Souls that have longings the same as our own,

Longings for knowledge, for truth, for God;

Longings for peace, for joy, for love,

The boundless love of Christ the Lord.

Who is to lead these benighted women
To the eternal Source of Life and Light?
Who is to raise them from deep degradation,
And teach them to know and to do the right?

Who but ourselves, O Christian women,
Should take up this work? Come, let us awake!
Freely to us have blessings been given;
Freely to them let us give, for Christ's sake.

A few faithful workers in the Lord's vineyard
Are bearing the burden and the heat of the day;
Can we at home do nothing to help them?
Cannot we all both work and pray?

Who is willing to do more than this, —
To give herself to the work of the Lord?
The field is the world, the harvest is waiting,
And priceless, measureless is the reward.

REPORT FROM THE VINEYARD.

It affords me pleasure to state that the subject in which we are mutually interested, was not neglected in our gathering at the Vineyard.

The interest in our missionary operations among the heathen women in India, which was awakened last year by the efforts of Mrs. Butler and others, was renewed this year mainly by the efforts of Mrs. Rev. J. H. Twombly, who kindly yielded to invitation to address the ladies on Hindu life.

At her suggestion, a missionary committee was appointed consisting of ladies from the various localities represented by the Vineyard summer residents, who should take the responsibility of acting for our Society in that place.

Last year a sufficient sum was raised to support two Bible-readers, called Martha's Vineyard helpers, and this year the required sum, \$60, was again raised, as well as the following subscriptions: \$100 from Mr. J. D. Flint, of Fall River, who very generously offered the sum unsolicited, remarking that until the women of India are converted, little can be expected as a result of missionary labor in that country; \$20 collected by Miss Bella Twombly, to constitute Mrs. Mary D. James a life member of the Society; \$9.30 for THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND; 13.50 for orphan girls.

Mrs. Twombly was appointed Chairman of the Committee.

It is hoped that the measures taken this year, will lead to greater results in the future. It will certainly render more effectual any efforts put forth at the Vineyard in behalf of the Society to hear directly from the Vineyard helpers, and this we hope to do through this organization.

MARY C. LEWIS, Sec. Vineyard Com.

Children's Corner.

THE GLEANERS.

BY MRS. JOEL S. BINGHAM.

We are a little gleaner band,
We cannot bind the sheaves;
But we can follow those who reap
And gather what each leaves.

We are not strong; but Jesus loves
The weakest of His fold,
And, in our feeble efforts, proves
His tenderness untold.

We are not rich; but we can give,
As we are passing on,
A cup of water in His name
To some poor, fainting one.

We are not wise; but Christ our Lord
Revealed to babes His will;
And we are sure, from His dear Word,
He loves the children still.

We know that with our gathered grain,
Briers and leaves are seen;
Yet, since we tried, He smiles the same,
And takes our offering.

Dear children, still hosannas sing,¹
As Christ doth conquering come;
Casting your treasures, as He brings
The heathen nations home.

Life and Light.

¹ "And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David, they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea: have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" — MATT. xxi. 15, 16.

BURIED ALIVE.

ABOUT six and half years since, a little baby-girl was found buried alive near Bareilly, India!

We may say *buried*, for there was only its mouth left uncovered by the clay. No one knew who committed this fearful crime, but it was supposed the mother had, as infanticide is so awfully prevalent; the degraded, ignorant mothers being taught that the murder of their infants is an accepted sacrifice to the goddess KALI. The little one, weak and emaciated, was brought to Mrs. Thomas, at the Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly; and there the tender sympathy of the missionary lady led her to adopt every plan that could be devised, to try to sustain the life of the child.

A nurse was provided, but the babe was too weak to draw nourishment, and too weak to drink cows' milk, or any food that could be prepared. In this emergency it was proposed to try a she-goat. One was procured, and the baby was nursed by it with success.

This little girl, Frances Coryell by name, is supported by a kind lady in Ithaca, New York.

We have some excellent photographs of this little orphan; and it is proposed to send one as a gift to every little girl who will give or collect

five dollars for the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." Now, dear girls, how many of you will send me five dollars for this Society, to be devoted to the Orphanage, where this interesting child is being trained up to be a Christian girl, before Christmas?

I shall have great pleasure in sending you the photograph immediately on receipt of the money. I will also enroll your names as LIFE MEMBERS of the "Juvenile Missionary Society" of the New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Papas or mammas will forward the money for you, giving the correct name and address.

Yours truly, **MRS. DR. BUTLER, Cor. Sec.**
PASSAIC, N. J., Oct. 13th.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2227 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters:—VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Bristol, R. I. 17 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary A. Usher, Cor. Sec.
New London, Ct. 45 members, 18 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, Cor. Sec.
Chelsea, Mt. Bellingham. 35 members, 50 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. R. W. Knowles, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. WILLIAM F. WARREN, Cor. Sec.

NORTHWESTERN BRANCH.

SOCIETIES ORGANIZED IN MICHIGAN BY MISS S. A. RULISON.
South Albion. 26 members.

Litchfield. 18 members, 7 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Rev. J. E. McAlester, Cor. Sec.
Mosherville. 14 members, 7 sub. H. W. F.

Pope's Church, Town of Springport. 22 members, 4 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Nettie A. Pope, Cor. Sec.
Centreville. 34 members, 4 sub. H. W. F.

Eckford. 13 members.
Mrs. Geo. Keech, Cor. Sec.
Albion. 25 members, 14 sub. H. W. F.

Tekonsha. 13 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. A. Daugherty, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. Mason Howard, Cor. Sec.

SOCIETIES ORGANIZED IN WISCONSIN BY MRS. M. A. MARSHALL.
North Prairie. 26 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.

Bay View. 43 members, 27 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Celia Lobdell, Cor. Sec.

Lyons. 15 members, 5 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Baulah Brinton, Cor. Sec.
Miss Abbie Wadleigh, Cor. Sec.

Dartford. 40 members, 27 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Hattie E. Carman, Cor. Sec.
Ripon. 40 members, 27 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Crookes, Cor. Sec.
Union Grove. 17 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Miss L. A. Salisbury, Cor. Sec.

RECEIPTS OMITTED IN TREASURER'S REPORT.

"A Friend," Rockford, Ill.	\$10.00
Union Sociable " "	7.25
Rock Island, Ill. (for an orphan)	50.00
Alden, " "	8.30
Lodi, " "	5.00
Mrs. A. N. Martin, Rockford, Ill. (for an orphan)	25.00
Court St., Rockford, " "	28.50
Mrs. Rev. L. Springer, Central Conference, Ill.	2.00
Mrs. M. E. Falkner, " "	5.00
Kenosha, Wisconsin	7.10
Bay View, " "	10.00
Dartford, " "	23.50
Ripon, " "	6.00
Union Grove, " "	1.00
Lafayette Av., Detroit, Mich.	35.50

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

Egota, Minnesota. 22 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. A. Barkaloo, Cor. Sec.
Jefferson, Iowa. 14 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. R. Willing, Cor. Sec.
Jefferson City Missouri. 24 members, 19 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Lizzie Parker, Cor. Sec.
Sedalia, Missouri. 44 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. F. A. Sampson, Cor. Sec.
Rolla, Missouri. 25 members.
Mrs. J. P. Merchant, Cor. Sec.
Springfield, Missouri. 31 members, 18 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Sophia Boyd, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. LUCY E. PRESCOTT, Cor. Sec.

REPORT OF AUXILIARIES.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Wilmington, Delaware. 63 members, 50 sub. H. W. F.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. 63 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
Windham, Pennsylvania. 18 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
Mansfield, Pennsylvania. 13 members, 9 sub. H. W. F.
Wellsboro, Pennsylvania. 18 members.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania. 30 members, 19 sub. H. W. F.
Williamsport, Pennsylvania. 16 sub. H. W. F.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Not yet reported. Mrs. Bishop Kingsley, Vice-President.

Altoona, Pennsylvania. Not yet reported.
Germantown, Pennsylvania. Not yet reported.
Mariners' Bethel, M. E. Church. 50 members.
St. George's M. E. Church. 6 members.
Mrs. DR. WM. C. EASTLACK, Cor. Sec.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin,	Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Mrs. E. W. Parker,	Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. J. F. Willing,	Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in THE FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows:—

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TERMS.—30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.—Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance, at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1870.

No. 6.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

HARK! What touching sounds of sorrow
Come to us across the sea!
What appeals from suffering woman
Sunk in sin and misery!

Eighty millions of our sisters —
In the gloom of heathen night —
Cry imploringly from India,
For the glorious gospel light.

China too, — behold her millions —
Looking, longing for the dawn
Of a brighter dispensation, —
Of their blest redemption morn.

Think of their most cruel thralldom!
Bound to vile idolatry;
Doomed to vassalage of Satan:
O, that we might set them free!

Sisters, — Christians, we can free them!
Ours it is to break their bands!
God is calling us to save them;
Gives the work into our hands!

TRENTON, N. J.

LETTER FROM MISS SPARKES.

To the many hearts who welcome to their homes each month the HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND, and who are following with their prayers the little band of missionaries whom ocean waves are fast speeding on towards India, we think perhaps a few lines of tidings may not prove unacceptable.

The steamer *Minnesota* started promptly from New York at three P. M., on the 21st of September, bound for Liverpool. The many friends who had come on board to see how pleasant were our accommodations and to exchange a good-by, lin-

gered with their God-speed and blessings, until the bell warned them to leave us. We might name many who have worthily endeared themselves to all lovers of the mission cause, among the scores who stood on the pier watching us out of sight; and as we thought of the warm, loving, though almost stranger hearts among them, and of the delightful friendly intercourse we had enjoyed during our short stay in New York, we could but think, as often before, how little the world knows of the true and beautiful sympathy of Christian hearts.

The sunset view, just after we had seen the last line of dear home-land receding from us, was very lovely. As we watched the bright and beautifully varied clouds in the west, seeming to cast a halo of light on the waters below, then turned our eyes eastward to the dark clouds and far-reaching, angry waves, we could but wonder just for a moment if the hour were typical of our lives; if we were indeed leaving all of brightness and beauty behind us, until even that faded in gloom. Two bright beacon lights from Sandy Hook soon greeted us cheerily; and when one by one a few bright stars appeared in the heavens, we felt that we could sympathize with the little child who thought them God's eyes, for they reminded us that our Father's watchful eye was upon us, and His tender, loving care ever about us. We thought, too, of the praying circle who had gathered in our home church, and in others that afternoon, praying for us, and with peaceful, trustful hearts we descended to our state-rooms.

Our voyage from New York to Liverpool was quietly pleasant; those whose experience should make them good judges in the matter, tell us it has been a remarkable one; a very quiet sea and pleasant weather most of the time. Saturday evening, the 24th, those who were able to enjoy

it, witnessed a rare and brilliantly beautiful display of Aurora Borealis. The light was said to form a large number of perfect crowns around a bright spot in the zenith, before irradiating in different directions. The chief beauty of the scene was the unusual blending of rose-color with the light. Sea-sickness prevented us from being one of the happy number who enjoyed the scene.

Scarcely a day passed but the monotony of ocean waves near us was broken by the passage of steamers and sailing vessels, nearly all of which were westward bound. One little fishing vessel under full sail in particular we remember. It passed us while we were between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. The piercingly keen winds that reached us from that point, bore it rapidly onward, swaying it in every direction, until it almost seemed so frail a thing could not longer contend with the waves. There were about twenty cabin passengers on board, beside our little missionary band of six: The Ayah, or Hindustani nurse who accompanied Mrs. Waugh and children home from India, is returning with us. We have shared our state-room with her thus far; and if we may regard her as a fair specimen of India women, we think we shall never have to pray for grace to love them. She is about four feet high and quite gracefully proportioned; her large, black eyes and dark skin are purely African, but her long, straight, black hair and well-shaped nose and mouth tell of a different nationality. We cannot persuade her to occupy a berth, as she prefers the Indian mode of sleeping on a mat or blanket. She is quite cheerful and pleasant, and, despite her lonely situation, seems to enjoy the voyage. She says she is happy, because she is going to see her children. We can only converse with her when Mrs. Parker is with us to act as interpreter. We were quite amused, the second morning after starting, with her impromptu attempts to teach us her language. Happening to think of a short Hindustani sentence in the form of a question, we put it to her. She answered, and then, with a bright smile, pointing to or taking up nearly every article in the room, gave their Hindustani names in rapid succession. Whether she expected us to remember them or not, I cannot tell; the object part of the instruction we certainly did remember, but nothing more.

At five A. M., Sunday, October 2d, our eyes and hearts were gladdened with the sight of land, as the hilly margin of "fair Emerald" appeared

in the distance. The morning being unusually clear and pleasant, the beauty of the prospect more than repaid the loss of a morning nap. We stopped at Queenstown about seven the same morning, just long enough for the necessary exchange of freight and passengers, then hastened on our way. Encouraged by the captain, in view of the delightful weather, we entertained a faint hope of being able to attend church Sabbath evening in Liverpool, but landed instead early Monday morning. Through the kindness of Mrs. Kelly, sister of Mrs. Dr. Butler, we were able to secure pleasant rooms for all our party at the Lawrence Hotel, Clayton Square, where we were met and welcomed by Brother Craven, who with Mrs. Craven make a pleasant addition to our number. The most enjoyable part of our hotel accommodations is a cozy private parlor, where we can sit and converse, enjoy our meals, attend morning and evening devotions, or, in fact, do as any other family circle would, free from the interruption of strangers.

Our stay in Liverpool is so much shorter than we had expected, our shopping arrangements have taken all our time, to the almost entire exclusion of sight-seeing. The sailing of the steamer on which our passage was engaged, being delayed, we are to sail to-morrow morning, October 6th, on the steamer *North Tyne*, for Bombay. Thirty-two days is the fixed time in which we hope to make the passage from Liverpool to Bombay. Our company are to be the only passengers, and we shall have the cabin and matters in general pretty much to ourselves. We are all greatly pleased with the arrangements.

FANNIE J. SPARKES.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 5th, 1870.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN BIBLE READER.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. L. R. HOSKINS.

1. I WENT to-day to the house of a Hindu woman, and began to sing a hymn; while I was singing, an old woman wept freely. I read the fourth chapter of Matthew, and explained its meaning, then I asked the women, "Do you understand any of it?" One replied, "Yes, for a little while it is in my mind, but when I am going hither and thither about my work, I shall forget it." Another said, "Where may we hear these priceless words?" and another, "We are very thankful that you have come here and

caused us to hear the good tidings of the Gospel." When I arose to go to my house, they said, "Teach us a little more;" so I read several verses from the sixth chapter of Luke, and explained it to them.

2. Went to a Hindu's house, and read and explained the tenth chapter of Matthew. Saw a woman throwing water over a stone image, and asked her, "Why do you throw water upon this?" She replied, "From serving this god I shall get absolution from sin, just as your people obey Christ and do His service." I said, "You will some day die, then where will you go?" She replied, "To Pshagwan" (the Supreme Being). I said, "There is for you and for me *one* Saviour if you will believe on Him. He has said that He is ready to save all who come unto God by Him." After this I sang a hymn, which pleased them so much that they exclaimed, "Come and teach us the words of your religion, then we shall all understand it."

3. Went to another house, where I read and explained the fifteenth chapter of Matthew from the thirty-fourth verse to the end. One of the women with much earnestness inquired, "What! from seven loaves, four thousand people were fed, and they had enough?" "Yes," I replied, "this miracle was through the power of Jesus Christ." Another said, "From the time the English came, food has been dear, and we have had many troubles. Sometimes we have not had food enough to fill our stomachs, and when we have sought for work we have not been able to get it. If Christ is so good, why does He not help us?"

I replied, "Because of your hard hearts. See, Jesus said, 'Behold the fowls of the air? they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them!' O you faithless ones, will He not give to you? Repent of your unbelief and pray to God through Christ, and He will give you both for your bodies and your souls." After some further conversation, and singing a hymn, I took leave.

4. Went to the house of a Hindu, where I found four women seated. I sang, then read and explained the fifth chapter of Matthew. Two of the women said, "We will not hear you;" but the others said, "We will listen; this is no evil word, but the word of knowledge;" and they listened gladly to all I said.

Returning from that place, I saw six women sitting under a tree. I sat down with them, and

read and explained a chapter to them. One of the women asked, "What good will result from the Christian religion?" I said, "If from your heart you accept the Christian religion, you will speedily find some benefit in it." One old woman was much pleased with what she heard, and said, "Sisters, this is all for the heart, and this one has come to make Christians of us. If your hearts turn that way, then obey what you hear."

MRS. FRANCES J. WILEY.

FRANCES J. MARTIN was born in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, on the seventeenth of January, 1823, and was the youngest daughter of Joseph and Sarah Martin. When Frances was but a few months old, her father died very suddenly, and she with three sisters and three brothers, all yet young, were left dependent upon a widowed mother's care. It was a pious household, and this lonely mother was an inheritor of the precious promises of the book of God,—promises which were faithfully fulfilled. God blessed their home, and they dwelt in peace and prosperity under the roof of the old homestead.

Mrs. Martin was a devout Christian, and an exemplary mother. She succeeded in rearing a family of rare excellence, and forming in her children characters strong and valuable.

In 1832, Frances with her mother entered the family of her brother, with whom she lived six years, receiving such an education as was furnished by the country school. At the age of fifteen she was placed by her brother at school in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and while there, in the winter of 1841, she sought and found religion at the altar of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. B. Hagany. She immediately became a member of that church, and continued a growing, active, zealous, and devout Christian until she laid down her martyr life in China.

In October, 1846, Miss Martin was married to Dr. Wiley, whose early desires and training had been directed toward the Gospel ministry, but who had been diverted from this work by a sudden disease of the throat, and was then engaged in the practice of medicine in Western Pennsylvania. A few years after this, an urgent call came from Fuh Chau for a reinforcement of the young mission established there. The Corresponding Secretary addressed a letter to Dr. Wiley, asking if

he would be willing to entertain the question of becoming a missionary physician in China.

It came like the voice of Providence. The letter was laid before his young wife. She was then a mother, was in her own home, a home which her genial spirit and frugal hands had made happy and in which she had begun to think of spending her days in ease and happiness; she was surrounded by a large circle of friends, and the world was bright and promising; yet she calmly received from her husband's hands the letter that pointed to a heathen land and a missionary life.

She read it, thought over it, prayed over it, reached her conclusion concerning it, and returned it with the answer, "Where thou goest, I will go, and thy God shall be my God."

This was an exemplification of her noble spirit, and of her Christian faith, which in the trying positions of her subsequent missionary life, was followed by many similar instances. In the present instance, duty, Christian principle, pious inclination, and present opportunity pointed to China; she heard the Master's voice, and followed.

On the ninth of July, 1851, she reached Fuh Chau, and entered at once upon the duties of a missionary. Her heart was deeply interested in the work of caring for the spiritual interests of the heathen around her; and her faithfulness in this part of her labor can only be fully known and rewarded in that bright land to which she has gone. To her Chinese woman she was devotedly attached, and ever faithful, often and earnestly conversing with her about the great interests of her immortal soul.

She was called to pass through many trying scenes, but her patience and fortitude never failed. When told that she must soon die, she exclaimed, "O how much better to die here than to return to America!" She said, "Tell my friends at home that I die in great peace, that the Saviour is very precious; that though I have endured many trials and afflictions in China, I have never regretted coming to this heathen land; that if I possessed another life, I would willingly devote it to the same work." During the whole of her sickness she was ever cheerful, praising God for enabling her to die so sweetly. She sank gradually till November 3, 1853, when she fell asleep in Jesus.

L. S. P.

NOTES FROM LUCKNOW.

BY REV. J. H. MESSMORE.

THERE are nearly one hundred million women and girls in India, and although the great world has hitherto surged onward forgetful of these creatures, there is now every likelihood that they will be brought out of seclusion and the great binocular of the 19th century turned full upon them. Ordinarily the position would be an embarrassing one to the objects of so much attention, but, fortunately or otherwise, these hundred million daughters of Eve are utterly unconscious of the attention they are receiving, and if by any means it were possible to make them comprehend to what extent America is talking, working, giving, and praying for them, they would lift their jeweled arms in fearful amazement and ask. "Why! what is the matter?" And if some of the heart-rending descriptions of the heathen woman's condition, so common in America, were read, say to the women of Lucknow, they would ask in undisguised pity and concern, "Where do these poor creatures live, and can nothing be done for them?" If the readers of this paper were to see a cart-load of Indian women and children, gayly dressed, singing and laughing as they slowly jogged on to some festive gathering, they would certainly conclude that externally at least these people are not to be classed among unfortunates, demanding their pity.

They are more gayly dressed than the men who accompany them. There is no sign of discontent on their countenances; speak to them of ill-treatment, and they will not understand you, while their entire appearance and conduct show that their enjoyment of life is fully up to the level of their male relatives. There are of course in every country grades of wealth and poverty, and India being a very densely populated country, the average of wealth for each person is very low; but allowing for the absolute difference of the two countries, the average Hindu woman of Oudh is abreast of her American sisters in possession of the substantial comforts of physical life.

The idea that woman in India is like a galley-slave, and never even smiles, is only worthy of association with that other strange dream, that in India, the land of the orange, rose, and myrtle, the fragrance of flowers never perfumes the air.

I have lived nearly ten years on the bank of a beautiful Indian river, and have seen thousands and tens of thousands of Hindu women passing and repassing, as the observance of social and re-

ligious duties necessitated a visit to the stream. My school-house is situated on the principal street leading to the river, and the attention of the school is constantly diverted by the crowds of well-dressed, respectable women, singing in chorus as they pass, it may be a song of rejoicing at the birth of a child, or the more solemn strains commemorative of the purification after the death and incineration of a relative.

But because these women are contented and happy, because they are unconscious of want, shall our sympathy be withheld, and our efforts restrained? By no means. Their very contentedness suggests additional reasons for effort; only let us from the first have it clearly understood that the particular need of these people is a *spiritual* need, and that our efforts should be for the most part circumscribed by this idea. Let it be understood, both in India and America, that our aim is to elevate these women to a higher plane of moral and spiritual life, and that beyond this we have little desire of effecting any change in their mode of life.

Their civilization is older than ours; it harmonizes with the character of the people and with the climactic and other peculiarities of the land in which they live. Their food is better than ours, and prepared at less than one fourth the expense. A Hindu woman dresses herself more neatly and modestly with a single piece of cloth costing one dollar than an American lady can for fifty. Styles of life differing from our own are not necessarily to be condemned; we have no more right to make our peculiar ideas of comfort the standard for others than we have to dogmatize in other things. An American missionary remarked, on landing in Calcutta, that she thought the work ought to be commenced then and there by getting the people to wear more clothes. Another lady was much shocked to find so many of the people sleeping on the bare ground. She did not realize that the cool dry earth was a more comfortable bed for June in Lucknow than the best patent mattress. Our conscious superiority over the Orientals is so great that we often deem their acceptance of our *traditions* a necessary part of their conversion to Christianity. It is hard to feel that people growing in grace can possibly prefer the ground to a bed, and, rejecting knife-and-fork civilization, use only the hands that God has given them. Yet there are converted men, ordained Methodist preachers in this mission, who sit on the floor and eat with their fingers; preachers' wives who dress

their little children by rubbing them all over with oil and turning them out to dry in the sun; respected mothers in Israel who have never had shoe, stocking, or bonnet; who use blue clay for dentifrice and a twig of a tree for a tooth-brush; who spin, and sew, and weave, and knit, and cook sitting on a smooth clay floor, which they have washed with manure, and which, by the way, is much cleaner than the sanded floors of our grandmothers.

The reason of this writing is to awaken thought on this one topic, that the introduction of Western civilization is one thing, the progress of Christianity is another, and that in India, as elsewhere, the latter cause has been injured and greatly prejudiced in the eyes of the world by the attempt to link it with the former. Moral aprons and theological pocket-hankerchiefs have been a stumbling-block to many earnest practical people who have wished to aid in the conversion of the heathen. A class of Hindu girls in civilized European dress, reciting to a lady missionary, forms a very pretty picture for a Sunday-school book; but the original is a thing to be deprecated, for the simple reason that its reduplication to any great extent is a physical impossibility, and those who labor for a realization of the same are doomed to bitter disappointment. Let educated Christian women from America be sent by scores to India; let them sit down with these lowly women in their thatched mud hovels and teach them the religion of Christ, with all its elevating tendencies; but when this work is done, let them leave these women where they found them; else, by removing the plants, the garden becomes desolate, while the plants themselves pine and wither fruitless in their new situation.

LUCKNOW, Aug. 3, 1870.

THE FIRST REVIVAL IN THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

BY MRS. M. A. THOMAS.

WHEN God so graciously poured out His Spirit upon these dear girls, we had no special indication that any were more serious than usual; on the contrary, it had been a season of peculiar trial and discouragement, and so frequent were the evidences of envyings, strifes, and evil-speaking, even among those from whom we hoped and expected most, that we almost felt our labor was lost, and were disheartened to the last degree. We felt intensely, and prayed most earnestly and constantly for an outpouring of the Spirit, and for the conversion of our girls.

One evening, Mr. T. came in from his class-meeting, and, during some conversation about the girls, remarked, "I think for once all the members of my class were *honest*;" and appealed to Pigari for confirmation. He said he had asked all those who felt assured in their hearts at that time that their sins were forgiven, and they were accepted of God, to arise, and not one had arisen; and he had spent the remainder of the time in talking to them of the danger of living in such a state, and besought them earnestly to make it their first business to know assuredly whether they were the Lord's or not. We felt that this leading was of the Lord; and before retiring, we talked with Pigari more particularly about her state, as she had long been a member of the church. Said she, "I did not know what to say, neither did the girls. I have thought a great many times that the Lord had forgiven me, and I've been happy, too, on this account; and I know that there are many things that once I used to do that I could not do now, because I know they are sinful, and I fear to do them. In many things I am changed; but, if I should say *to-day* that my sins are forgiven, and *to-morrow* should fall into sin, I should be thought a *hypocrite*. I know I do many things that are wrong, but I do *try to do right*." This was her testimony, poor child, as she stood anxious and distressed near the door of our sleeping-room; after this she went into her own little room and knelt in prayer for a long time. That it was earnest prayer, I knew by her sobs. We silently and with all our heart joined in it.

The next day there was an unusual spirit of seriousness manifest in the school, and Mamma Peggy told me that many of the girls had been telling her what the Sahib had said to them in class-meeting, and asked, "How can we know our sins forgiven? What is the witness of the Spirit?" Some of them, like Pigari, said, "We have thought our sins forgiven sometimes, but then we have been angry since then, and have done many wicked acts. We do not wish to be thought hypocrites; therefore we *dare* not say our sins are forgiven."

On Thursday evening, in the prayer-meeting, the Spirit of God was manifest; the prayers offered were full of penitence and earnest petitions for pardon through Jesus, and for the witness of the Holy Spirit. We felt sure that they were the utterances of hearts moved by the Holy Spirit.

After meeting, as we were taking tea, we heard some one outside weeping violently, and soon Peggy and Cornelia came in, bringing Libbie, who appeared to be in great distress. On inquiring the cause, Peggy said she could get no satisfactory answer, only that her heart was greatly distressed because she was such a sinner; she had been weeping and praying ever since meeting, and would not be comforted; they had talked with her and prayed for her, but nothing availed, "and so," said she, "I brought her to you." We tried to talk with her, but her agony of mind seemed so great that we could not get her attention as we desired, so we took her into our own room alone. When once there, we asked her what she desired. She said so earnestly, "O, pray for me quickly, my dear Mem Sahib, or I shall be *lost*." We knelt at once, glad indeed for the privilege (now first granted in India) of praying for a soul in earnest for its salvation. She tried to pray for herself, too, with many sobs and broken utterances. Mr. T. also came in and prayed with her, and thankful were we to have the privilege of pointing a sin-sick soul to Christ the great Physician. After we had talked and prayed with her, she seemed somewhat comforted, and told us that after she had prayed in the prayer-meeting, it seemed as though every sin she had ever committed was arrayed before her, and she thought she should go "straight to hell" if she died.

The next day (Friday) we found there was so much seriousness among the girls that we thought best to meet those who desired it, for conversation and prayer in the evening. Several spoke of their "heaviness of heart" on account of their sins, and of their desire to know their sins forgiven. Said Caroline Weed, a good girl whose sincerity we had never doubted, "Once I knew my sins forgiven, and I was very happy for a long time; but then I grew careless, and the precious grace and gift of God I carelessly squandered; and when I sought for the peace and security I once had, I found it not, it was gone from my heart. Now I wish to find it again, and will seek with all my heart until God gives it again to me." After a little plain talk about our needs and God's requirements in coming to Him for pardon, we knelt to pray. Several had prayed with sobbings and broken accents; presently Julia began to pray, with trembling voice and many tears. Never shall we forget that prayer, and the scene that followed. She quite omitted the usual formula,

and began to say, "O Lord! how long shall we pray 'Forgive us our sins,' and yet find no comfort? How long shall we say we will serve Thee, and yet go on in sin? No! no! *now* will we say, 'I will arise and go unto my Father, and will say, Father, I have sinned.'" At this the whole company of girls, who were weeping and praying before, but subduedly, broke forth into a wail of sorrow, and, without a single exception, were simultaneously weeping, praying, and crying for mercy. Such a scene we never expected to witness here, and never saw elsewhere.

It was quite in vain to attempt to do anything but go from one to another, and encourage them to look to Jesus. One of them we found beating her head upon the floor; and as we raised her up, she began to beat her breast with both hands (as those people often do when in great grief or excitement) in a manner most painful to witness. We tried to soothe her, but in vain. Her cry was, "O! how bad I am," "Let me go, don't hinder me, I *will* go to Jesus." Many profess to have found peace at this meeting. For several weeks after this, almost every evening, several girls would come together by turns to the bungalow for conversation on religious experience and instruction. We found these meetings very profitable, and were able to draw out their thoughts and views in a way that was quite impossible in the public prayer-meetings or even in class-meeting.

One evening Sarah Odell came with several other girls. She said she was sure she was willing to forsake all for Christ, but that she had not found that peace and assurance of pardon that others claimed. We told her not to doubt, but to trust in Jesus; He surely would receive her. After this we went into prayer-meeting. Several had prayed and spoken, and we asked Sarah, who is naturally timid and easily embarrassed, to speak. She rose and said, "When I went to speak with Mem Sahib before meeting this evening, my heart was full of doubt and fear; but now it is all gone, and I *know* that Jesus receives even me." We have the written testimony of fifteen girls belonging to Mr. T.'s class, and the verbal testimony of some thirty others. To say that all are quite satisfactory would be assuming too much, but the exceptions are very few; so we thank God and take courage, hoping to see even "greater things than these."

BARNHILL, August, 1867.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1876.

THE FRESNEL LIGHT.

ON a little island in Lake Erie live an old man and woman, who have care of a Fresnel light. It is a small, common lamp, but it has a reflection that cost two thousand dollars. It gathers up the rays, and throws them out twenty miles over the water. Men sail by it on stormy nights.

We have, in our city, an old lady who keeps a more wonderful light than this. It throws its beams, not twenty miles over the lake, but quite across the great ocean, and around the world. She has worked for the Master many years. She has given three sons to the Methodist ministry. The husband by whose side she wrought, and in whose love she rested, has gone on before. She sits alone, in the twilight, waiting for the chariot; but she keeps her light burning. From what is left of the little farm, she supports an orphan in India.

Think of it. The light from her little home will lead a pagan girl out of her dungeon up to Jesus. Years after this blessed woman has gone to God, in India a dark-eyed Christian mother, wearing her name, will teach her children the story of the Cross,—her home bright with Christ's love, and all the place about her radiant with His presence.

O that all over this land these lamps might be lighted, that they who sit in the region and shadow of death might find the Christ!

J. F. W.

CONSECRATEDNESS.

IN the hope that many hearts may be affected and some led to the same devoted life, we present what we call a soul-stirring utterance, describing the purpose of soul of a live missionary,—the thrilling testimony of a young lady on the eve of departure for India as a missionary of our Society to the heathen women of India. "At a camp-meeting love-feast, after Bro. and Sister Judd had spoken of the work in India, Dr. Clarke called on Miss S. She arose and said, 'It ought not to be a cross for me to speak for Jesus in such a place as this. This is a sacred spot to me—God is here. It seems to me every leaf that moves is stirred by the breath of God.

I have enjoyed this camp-meeting—every moment of it has seemed precious to me, and yet my heart has been saddened with the thought that it is my last one here. One week from this morning, I expect to say farewell to home and friends, and seek a new and far-off home. God has seen fit to call me to labor among the heathen women of India; and, unworthy as I feel the offering of myself for this work to be, I should be ungrateful for all my Heavenly Father has done for me, if I could not cheerfully make the sacrifice. From the time when, a little girl, I first sought the Saviour, I have felt the missionary work to be a glorious work, and longed to be counted worthy to engage in it, yet never thought I should be called to it, until nearly a year ago. God had been blessing me, and leading me in an unusual manner, and I had prayed that if He had any work for me to do, He would lead me in the path of duty. When Bro. Judd asked me if I would go to India, and I learned he had been praying that God would lead me in that path, O, how my heart trembled and shrank! I thought, could it be possible that God had a work in India for me to do? Could I make the sacrifice for Jesus? I felt that I could not in my own strength. O how I realized my own unworthiness and unfitness for so great a work! I was finally led to trust, though tremblingly, my all in the hands of Jesus, and earnestly prayed that I might not be mistaken; that if it were my duty to go, God would open my way for me without my interference. I felt that if I were *only sure* that I was in the path of duty, I could safely trust the rest. I cannot tell now how step by step the way was opened for me; but I was so convinced that my Father's hand was leading me, I dared not refuse to follow. How gently the dear Saviour has led me ever since! O, what strength and comfort He has been to my heart! I will trust in Him as long as I live. I wonder now that I could have been unwilling for a moment to give up all for Christ who died for me. I ought to feel it a privilege to engage in this work, and I believe I do. I long to tell the story of the cross to those who have never heard it before. I feel very grateful to those friends who have helped me in making this decision; and you, Dr. Clarke, I can *never* thank enough. If my Heavenly Father permits me to gather any stars for my crown, I shall feel like asking Him to give them to you. You will have enough of your own, but

I shall feel as if mine belonged to you. I believe I have fully counted the cost of the step I am taking, and expect trials and loneliness. I realize my own weakness, but God is my strength, Christ is all in all to me. In Him my soul is satisfied. It seems to me I never loved my friends as I love them now. Home was never so dear to me; even the face of a stranger seems lovely to me now; for I wonder, as I look, if our next meeting will be around our Father's throne. I intend, with God's grace assisting me, to live very near to Him, to labor faithfully for my Master. O, how I shall need your prayers, not only now, but in the future! I would not lose the winning of one precious soul to Christ, which it might be mine through grace to win; and, if I could be sure that the prayers of all these Christian friends would ever follow me, how it would help me! I cannot tell you how much some of you have already endeared yourselves to my heart by your prayers.' "

The interest and prayerful sympathy excited by these remarks will never be forgotten by the throng of listeners, whose tears fell fast, as our missionary spoke. In giving this to the women of our churches, we trust we are breaking no confidence. Our aim is to show other young ladies what a noble thing it is to be consecrated to Christ, and how holy and delightful are the feelings of a true missionary soul, in the prospect of this life of consecration.

Ten minutes before our missionary left her home, she said to her sister, "If anything happens to me, if I go down with the ship to the bottom of the sea, tell my mother it will be all right, Gabriel will find me there! it is as near heaven *there* as anywhere. If I don't live long in India, it will be all right."

C. B.

MITE BOXES.

SOME of our mite boxes, overflowing with the pennies of the little ones, and the occasional contributions of their friends, have been returned to us.

The two-cent collection will work wonders if fully carried out. We trust that no family will hereafter be without one. The little monitor stands before us, reminding us of our duty to the heathen, and we are no poorer for the mites that we cast into it. The Episcopal Missions have done wonders by this means. The large sum of \$114,500 has been raised by them, during the last

year. Thought and consideration often produce greater results than large means. The little penny will soon become thousands, if every member of our association becomes interested in this unostentatious way of contributing to a cause which is so dear to our hearts.

L. A. HOLDICH.

PUBLIC MEETING IN NEW YORK.

THE ladies of the New York Branch of the W. F. M. S. held their first public meeting in St. Paul's Church, New York, on the evening of Friday, November 11th. A large congregation was assembled. Bishop Janes presided; and after a voluntary by the choir, the meeting was opened by prayer by the Rev. Dr. Holdich, Secretary of the American Bible Society. An original hymn, written for the W. F. M. S., was then sung by the choir and congregation. The first address was made by the Rev. W. H. Olin, D. D., of the Wyoming Conference. He said that he felt honored that from his congregation a missionary had gone to India. He spoke of the sterling qualities which fitted Miss Sparkes for mission work, of her obedience to the call to a life of missionary labor, and her deliberate consecration to it. He wished that such a spirit might be more widely diffused, and that the time might come when it would be no longer esteemed so great a sacrifice to work for Christ's sake in heathen lands, but that in families of wealth and position the call might be recognized, and the jewels of the household freely given up.

The Rev. Dr. Trimble, of Ohio, followed in a very telling speech, describing the interest he felt in the Society, the service he had rendered in forming auxiliaries, enlisting all the female membership of the Church, and that so far from diminishing the receipts of the parent Missionary Society, the missionary collections had been increased. If every woman could be persuaded to give two cents a week, there would be an income of six or seven hundred thousand dollars, a sum greater than the entire receipts of the Missionary Society. Two thirds of the members of the Church are women; there are seven hundred thousand of them, and what can we not hope for, if they recognize their responsibility, and move to the front in the great enterprise of winning the world to Christ? The last two verses of the Missionary Hymn were then sung.

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;"

and Bishop Janes then stated that the Rev. Dr. Butler had been invited to speak, but that he thought the ladies had provided too abundant a feast, and that he preferred leaving to Bishop Simpson the balance of the evening.

[The writer of this report gives an excellent condensation of the Bishop's speech; but as there seems to be so little which can afford to be omitted, we reserve the whole address for our next number. — Ed.]

Bishop Janes, at the close of Bishop Simpson's address, congratulated the ladies of the Society on the success of their first public meeting, and then, after the doxology and benediction, the large audience quietly departed. J. M. O.

Our recently formed organization in the First Church, Boston, begins well. One lady, Mrs. Atkinson, for many years a faithful member of the church, will, with a little assistance, support a Bible reader, and several others are not content to contribute merely the sum necessary to membership in the Society. Their first Treasurer's report amounted to \$68.00.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

THIS month we bring into our Reading Circle a goodly octavo of six hundred and eighty-one pages, entitled "The Oldest and the Newest Empire; or, China and the United States." It is from the pen of Rev. William Speer, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, formerly missionary in China, and to the Chinese in California. All reporters from mission fields receive a warm welcome in our circles; this one shall not be an exception. He may indeed tell us comparatively little about our American missions, or about the horrors of Chinese heathenism, — no matter. In Maclay and Nevius we have lately had a good supply of information on those heads, — let us hear what this new-comer has to say.

First he spreads out before us a portfolio of not less than forty full-page pictures, illustrating different phases of Chinese life, all of them very graphic. After studying them a little while, we fancy we could take a walk through the heart of Peking, with very much of a home-like feeling. These engravings are of much value in correcting

false impressions, and communicating true conceptions of the Chinese and their manners.

The general character of the work is historic. Yet it is not so much a history of China as an empire, as the history of its relations with the rest of the world, particularly with our own country. It covers the immense period from "The Patriarchal Age" to the Treaty by Mr. Burlingame. Whoever wishes to understand "The Chinese Question" now agitating the public mind, cannot do better than to peruse this volume.

References to woman in China, are of course not frequent; yet, on the whole, no little light is thrown upon her social position and wants. Of their susceptibility to missionary effort, the author says:—

"Some of the best fruit of missionary labor in China has been among the women. Several missionary ladies have informed me that the estimate of female character in China by some of our earlier missionaries was a mistaken one; that the more they had become acquainted with the women removed from intercourse with foreigners, the more they found that was interesting and pleasant in them, and the more that was hopeful in respect to the influence of the gospel upon them, and upon their families and kindred."

Our space does not admit of further extracts at present; we may give them another month.

Children's Corner.

A VISIT TO POODOO.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Somebody who loves you, asks me whether I have anything to tell the little folks? Yes, I have, and from my very heart I will talk with you, for there is nothing in this wide, weary world so beautiful to me as a little child! So come here, with your sweet faces full of expectation, whilst I tell you about a little island in the China Sea, called Poodoo. It is so small I do not believe you will find it marked on your map, although it is situated about nine miles from Ningpo; and as for Ningpo, you can easily find that. Now Poodoo is called the *Sacred Isle*, because there are no houses there, except huge, dimly lighted temples, filled with strange idols; made of wood and stone and metal; and no people live there but priests, who are continually "chin-chinning," or praying to these idols: they have dark, dingy rooms and winding halls, all opening into the one great room of worship, where the gods are placed on elevated stands and altars, before which are vases, with incense ever burning.

They never allow any blood spilled on this island,—that is, no beast or bird is ever slain; and no woman is permitted to live there, for the priests are all bachelors. So that is why they call Poodoo, 'sacred! What would you think, dear little boys, if you were compelled to live there without mother or sister, surrounded by these frightful images, and your little brown, or golden, or flaxen hair all shaved off, with only solemn, pale, dirty men to speak to you?

Our Heavenly Father has made this sea-washed island very beautiful, for it is covered with magnificent trees and verdure, with hills and valleys, and lovely vines, and bright flowers, and streams of water, and a "lotus pond," where that wonderful "lotus-flower" is in bloom; so once I visited this place with my husband (whom I shall introduce to you as "the Doctor," for some time I hope to tell you other little true stories, and then, as "the Doctor" loves little children dearly, he may have something to say too, and you will always know him after this introduction)—now, where was I? O, "the Doctor," and our two pretty sons, and a great tall Spanish gentleman, who had been in the wars, and liked to carry a pistol, and a corpulent English lawyer, and a meek little missionary lady, with her good husband, who was studying the Chinese language in order to tell these poor heathen about the One true God and the blessed Jesus who died to redeem all mankind,—these all met together in one of the finest temples in Poodoo, and a whole regiment of Chinese servant-men were with us, beside a China woman who helped take care of "little Willie." The priests were very polite, and were willing to have us live with them a little while, as we paid them money. So they allotted us rooms, one of which was quite grand. The floor was of stone, and the high pillars were of carved teak-wood, and the walls covered with paintings representing Chinamen caught by the hair, by horrid-looking creatures, half-man, half-demon, and serpents coiling, and clouds daubed around with frightful faces peeping out of the dense folds: these paintings were figurative of torment. There were other wild pictures we could not understand. Then a long table, ingeniously carved, stood in the centre of the room, which was to be our dining-table. The melodeon we brought with us fitted in one corner, whilst our easy-chairs gave it quite a home-like appearance. The first evening a string was placed near the ceiling on which was suspended about six

Chinese lanterns; then two large lamps were lighted, whilst our servants spread a magnificent supper. An old priest kindly brought in a bronze vase, in which was a lotus-flower in full bloom, to decorate our table. Now, children, I wish you could have seen that hall in a heathen temple, thus illuminated and furnished, and I wish, too, you could have seen the group standing around the melodeon, whilst "the Doctor" played, and we all chanted solemnly the evening hymn —

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

The priests and the little temple-boys crowded round the door with dirty hands and faces and open mouths, listening to the sacred melody. How solemn and beautiful was the echo of our evening hymn! It seemed to me, the "innumerable cloud of witnesses" were hovering there with heavenly benisons! and so it was every twilight hour for two weeks! But there were later hours in the night, and earlier hours of the day, when the sun shone in the glorious garden surrounding our temple-home, when we were standing in the inner courts, where the incense burned before the senseless idols, and the music to which we listened was made by priests beating gongs, little boys shaking bells or drumming on parchment or hollow blocks of wood, and the singing was only a harsh melancholy jargon. To and fro moved the priests in different vestments, frequently soiled and ragged, with their shaved heads bowed, making curious motions with their fingers and arms, kneeling and bowing and muttering; — some of them pallid and terrified in their expression, others indifferent and weary-looking. O, if they only believed in the loving Jesus, what a change there would be! what peace and intelligence and joy would beam in their faces when worshipping Him! After being in the close, damp, incense-laden rooms, how glad we were to come out into the fresh air again! The avenues leading to the different temples were very beautiful, and had grand archways built of stone, with curious carved figures of misshaped lions and other animals upon them. It must have cost a great many years of labor to build these, but they are now old and crumbling away. There were circular bridges over the ponds, then flights of stone steps, then long pavements laid with granite in unique designs, then again close avenues lined with old trees, thick with foliage, and hedges of

flowering vines and shrubs, until a court-yard suddenly appeared, bordered with pots filled with rare Eastern plants; these were the temple gardens, and by the time you reached them, you were pretty well shut up with the inmates, for the passages leading there had been so long gradually bringing one to the quiet temple, whose open doors revealed the usual phalanx of idols. Some of the priests arose as we visited them, and offered us tea to drink, which they were also partaking, squatting around sipping it whilst very hot, from their tiny cups. In the temples there was sometimes a railing around a favorite god, and within sat a priest in a long yellow robe with an open book, chanting by the hour in low, monotonous tones, his face pale and emaciated from fasting and weariness, never ceasing his task until relieved by another; thus perpetually supplicating these hideous figures. Some of the little boys were scarce ten years old, but had been consecrated by their parents to the worship of the gods and presented to the ignorant priests, who even teach them to pray to the *Spirit of Evil*, so that he may not be angry. Some of them torture themselves, thinking they will thus propitiate the spirits of cruelty. We saw one man whose fingers and arm were stiffened and paralyzed because he had for many months held it in one painful position; he felt very proud of it, as a proof of his piety!

In some temples there would be a very large bell, in the top of which was a tuft of hair taken from the head of a woman who had died; and beside the bell was an iron rod to strike it. Every time anybody kindly knocked that bell, they believed the poor woman's soul was raised for a moment out of a sea of blood, in which she was placed for punishment. My little son beat the bell very earnestly when he heard the story, until we told him it was not true; yet when we repassed it, he hit it again, as though maybe he could help the poor dead woman! Such is the power of superstition; it takes such strong hold of the human mind. Life is very wonderful, but we have light and wisdom and hope in Jesus.

I am making this story too long, children, and must not forget to tell you about a secret spring of fresh cold water we found in a cave, of which we were not allowed to drink, until we threw a cupful over a little idol, that guarded the entrance; nor have I time to tell you of our baths in the sea, and toilet rooms behind the great rocks; nor of our rides up and down the hills in our

sedan chairs, carried on the shoulders of the "coolies;" but I may just say these devoted priests robbed us of silver and clothing, and one day we heard that some "pirates" were coming, so that I was glad when we packed up and got into our sailing boat to return to Ningpo and thence take the steamer for Shanghai. Don't you think they need missionaries in Poodoo? and don't you want to help send some good people there to teach them about the loving-Saviour? I expect every little boy and girl who reads my story to have a missionary spirit; that is, I expect you to pray for the heathen, to save pennies to buy them Bibles, and send teachers to them, and, perhaps, some of you will go to them when you grow up, and with your hearts full of God's love, that makes you feel so happy, you cannot keep it a secret; you will tell them all about it, and they will break down the old idols and open the temple doors for you to preach to them. God bless you, children.

A. V. R. E.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2227 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

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Somerville. 45 members, 33 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. S. A. Ashlev, Cor. Sec.
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NEW YORK BRANCH NOTICES.

The New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has prepared Mite Boxes which are intended to receive the small contributions of families interested in that Society.

The boxes will be furnished at ten cents each, which is less than cost.

Each box will be numbered and registered, and can be procured on application to Mr. John Stevens, at the Methodist Episcopal Bookstore, No. 805 Broadway.

Boxes put up in packages of ten will be sent to the Corresponding Secretaries of Auxiliary Societies, or other ladies who will undertake to distribute them. Each Secretary or other lady will keep a list of the number of boxes delivered by her, with the name of the person holding it, and record the amount sent in each. The boxes may be opened by cutting around three sides of a small square in the centre of the bottom of the box, and again closed with a piece of white paper pasted over it as before.

The contents of the boxes are to be sent to Mrs. J. A. Wright, Treas. of N. Y. Branch of the W. F. M. S., 424 Lexington Avenue, or to Mr. John Stevens, 805 Broadway, on or before the 10th of March, June, September and December.

By order of Committee,

L. A. HOLDICH.

The Corresponding Secretaries and Treasurers of the Auxiliaries of this Branch are respectfully requested to report to the Corresponding Secretary, and remit funds to the Treasurer in New York by the first week in December.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Committee of the New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will be held in the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York, on the third Thursday in December, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

A full attendance of friends is hoped for.

C. BUTLER, Cor. Sec.

Beautifully executed photographs of Miss Fannie Sparkes, our Missionary to India, can be had on application to Mrs. Butler, Passaic, New Jersey. Price, including postage, 30 cents.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin,	Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Mrs. E. W. Parker,	Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. J. F. Willing,	Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in THE FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows:—

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TERMS.—30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.—Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance, at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxiii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1871.

No. 7.

LETTER FROM MRS. PARKER.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, Oct. 17th.

As I look back across the waters to the dear home land, and think of all the loved ones there, my heart is cheered with the thought that I have, beside those in the home circle, many sisters whose hearts are in deep sympathy with the work to which the winds and the waves are hastening me on. Some of these sisters I have seen face to face, and have had sweet converse with them during the past two years; others I only know through their words and work for Jesus. To all I would send a salutation of Christian love. I am now midway between you and our heathen sisters in India. While I approach them, I look back to you; and remembering the many pledges given that I should be remembered in your prayers, I feel strong to go forward because I am sure that God will hear you, and go with me, and bless my efforts in carrying the light of truth to many a dark home. Thus we will work together for Jesus, though between us "oceans roll and mountains rise."

Miss Sparkes has given you some account of our voyage from New York to Liverpool. Wednesday evening, Oct 5th, we came on board the *North Tyne*, a new merchant steamer bound for Bombay through the Suez Canal, and were soon again on our long journey eastward. We are very pleasantly accommodated on the steamer, and feel that a kind Father's care has given us this pleasant little home to enjoy, while we are moving on to our destination. There are but two passengers besides our company of eight, so that we have one cabin and the aft deck almost entirely to ourselves. We have family worship and social meetings during the week in our cabin, and on Sundays a service on deck conducted by one of our company, attended by all

on board who are not on duty. We have quiet opportunities for reading, writing, and studying. The new missionaries are busily engaged studying the Hindustani language. All are well and happy, and hopeful with regard to their future work.

We have had very pleasant weather and quiet sailing, with the exception of three days in the Bay of Biscay, where the waves rolled high, causing our ocean home to reel to and fro like a drunken man. We passed quite near the coasts of Spain and Portugal, so that we could often see the villages scattered among the mountains. The morning that we passed the celebrated rock of Gibraltar, we were all on deck before sunrise, and our eyes were feasted while we beheld the beautiful panorama of Nature spread out before us as we entered the Mediterranean Sea. Such scenes of beauty cannot be described, but the impression left upon the mind is such as would lead from Nature up to Nature's God.

SUEZ, Oct. 25th.

We reached the island of Malta, the midway station between Europe and the East, on the evening of the 17th. We passed near St. Paul's Bay, and looked with great interest on the place where the great missionary Paul was shipwrecked while a prisoner on his way from Jerusalem to Rome. We had a few hours the next day, while our steamer was taking in coal, to go on shore for sight-seeing. The natives of the island are mostly Roman Catholics, and they have some magnificent places of worship; but their religion appears to have so completely lost its power that they did not seem in any way like Christians. We were deeply impressed with the fact that the women, though not like the heathen, are not like women in truly Christian lands.

As we approached Port Said, at the entrance

of the Suez Canal, we felt that we were nearer Jerusalem and nearer Calvary than we had ever been before, and we longed to turn aside for a time to visit those places so near to us, and so dear to every Christian heart. It is our consolation, however, that in our time God's Jerusalem is everywhere, and our Calvary is near whenever we are spiritually near to an everywhere present Saviour. We thought too of our beloved Bishop Kingsley as we passed the waters over which he sailed but a few months ago on his way to the Holy Land, to him the vestibule of one yet holier.

Sunday morning, the 23d, we entered Port Said, and had here our first glimpse of Oriental people and their customs. We lay at anchor a few hours quite near the shore, so that we had a favorable opportunity for seeing the people, who had evidently been drawn together by the canal work from all nations, though the greater number were Arabs. The Stars and Stripes were floating over the residence of the American Consul just opposite where we lay, and we looked with pleasure upon the dear old flag, representing here liberties, institutions, and homes so different from those symbolized by most of the flags about it.

DRESS OF CHINESE WOMEN.

BY MRS. E. E. BALDWIN.

IN my last I gave you some account of the binding of Chinese ladies' feet. In this, I propose to tell you something of their dress.

A Chinese lady, that is a small or bound-footed woman, may wear the most elegant clothing. Her outer garment is called a *sang*; it is a loose garment buttoned up the right side, and extending below the knee. It is often made of handsome silk or satin, sometimes very elegantly embroidered. She also wears a scarlet under-skirt, coming below the *sang* down to the scarlet pantalettes; and both skirt and pantalettes are handsomely embroidered in many-colored silks and gold. The prevailing colors for the upper garments at Foo Chow are black, dark-blue, purple, and sometimes drab; while the under-skirt and pantalettes are scarlet. In winter, the outer garment is sometimes lined with fur, but the fur is always worn as lining, not outside. In summer, the Chinese lady very generally wears white muslin or silk gowns, bound and trimmed with black muslin or satin. Her sleeves are rather full, and

when she calls upon you, she keeps her hands clasped meekly before her, excepting when she examines your clothing, which she does without any hesitation.

I wish that I could describe the style of the Chinese lady's hair. It is very elaborate, and is certainly far more becoming than the present style of American ladies. The hair is so thoroughly oiled that it is very glossy, and keeps its place. It would be useless to attempt a full description of it, but it is brought low down on the neck, though not touching the neck, and then spread into a sort of fan or wing shape, and held in place by gold clasps and pins. A very elegant band ornamented with gold and pearls, is often worn on the head just above the forehead. Flowers are universally worn; they may be either natural or artificial. They are fastened to long pins and put into the back hair, extending out several inches from each side of the head.

A full-dressed Chinese lady would be something for any one of my readers to see. What with her wide-spreading hair, adorned with gold, precious stones, and flowers; her heavy gold earrings, with jade-stone pendants; the heavily embroidered *sang* of satin, over which, and around the neck, hangs a long string of perfumed beads; the gayly embroidered red under-skirt and pantalettes; the tiny feet, in *two-inch* scarlet satin shoes; the small-formed hands, two or three fingers of which have the *very finish* of aristocracy, that is, nails an inch or two long, in silver or gold sheaths; the gold or jade bracelets on the wrists; the cheeks and lips painted red, face powdered, eye-brows shaven straight, — altogether, the lady before us is very gorgeous in her get-up, and not unhandsome, if I except the poor little feet so wofully misshapen. Such is a lady in China adorned with silk, satin, and jewels, but generally unable to read a word, secluded from the world, married to a man she never saw until bound to him for life unless he choose to set her aside, shut up in small, cheerless rooms, having none of the comforts of our homes. She is the slave of her husband and *his immediate* relatives. Surely she is an object for our pity and sympathy.

Now a few words as to the large, or unbound-footed woman. At Foo Chow we have a working class that have unbound feet. This class has much more liberty than the lady class. They carry burdens through the streets, plough, plant, reap, and row the boats; in fact, do all sorts of

hard work, such work as falls to the stronger sex in our more favored land. Their dress is of the plainest kind, although they dress their hair very elaborately, adorning it with large silver ornaments and gay flowers. They wear silver earrings, six, seven, and even eight inches in circumference. Their dress is always of black or blue muslin, never of silk or satin, never of gayer color, excepting one day in her life, her wedding-day, when she may put on the *joyful* color, scarlet. She may not put on white as an outside garment, even in summer. Her *sang*, or upper garment, has the same shape as that of the lady. Her pantalettes are also of blue or black dyed muslin, and generally do not come below the knee. She wears no stockings, not even the coldest day in winter, and the greater part of the time no shoes. She is, like her *lady* sister, ignorant and superstitious. She is often the "beast of burden" in the family. She, too, is the slave of her husband and his family. He may whip her or starve her. He often lounges at home smoking tobacco, or, worse still, opium, while he sends her forth to plough, dig, or carry burdens for him. If he so choose, he may even *rent* her out to *another* man, or sell her entirely away.

There is also a third class of women, the "unfortunates" of China. When we see an unbound-footed woman dressed in the gay costume of a small-footed woman, we know at once that she is either a concubine in some wealthy family, or a woman of disreputable character.

And this leads me to refer to an article that appeared in the *Northwestern Advocate* some time ago. I think it appeared editorially, and should have been answered at the time, as it was calculated to make a wrong impression upon its readers. It reflected very strongly, not to say severely, upon the Methodist missionaries in China for not adopting the dress and other *harmless* customs of the people among whom we lived, in order to bring ourselves nearer to them. The writer of said article evidently knew very little of the customs that regulate dress among the Chinese, or he would never have suggested what he did. My description of the dress of Chinese women, and the laws that regulate that dress, I think will plainly prove to my readers the impossibility of American ladies adopting their dress. The question would be, "Which dress shall we adopt? the small-footed woman's dress, with our large feet, and be greeted on the street as disreputable women? or the large-footed woman's dress, dropping shoes and stockings, and wearing our pantalettes up to our knees?" Then as to the gentlemen, the question is not beset with so many difficulties for them, as their character is not involved. Yet there are serious difficulties in their case: "How shall we attach a long *black* cue to light, brown, or auburn hair? What shall we do with the blue or gray eyes, and the fair complexion? Then too, shall we drop our good custom of husband and wife appearing together on the street and in public?" for the moment we appear *as* Chinese among Chinese, our husbands may not appear with us in public. If these words should fall under the notice of the writer of the article in the *Northwestern*, perhaps he may be able to suggest some method for reconciling the difficulties in question, that we have not been wise enough to discover.

OUR PEOPLE DIE WELL.

BY REV. J. D. BROWN, INDIA CONFERENCE.

IN a recent number of *The Christian Star*, a vernacular paper, published by our Indian Mission, I find under the head of obituaries the following: "Died, on the 19th of June, Hannah, wife of Rev. W. S. Plumer." Then follows a brief account of her triumphant exit from this world of sin and sorrow. Believing a short sketch of this good woman, written by one who has known her for years, may prove interesting and beneficial to the readers of THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND, I will mention an incident connected with her conversion, and translate her obituary from the paper which lies before me. Brother Plumer, a native of India, has been for many years a humble follower of Jesus, and a faithful preacher of his Gospel, and is one of the little band of Methodist preachers upon whom our lamented Bishop Kingsley laid his hands, during his last ordination services. I cannot say just when his wife became *nominally* a Christian. Like women generally in the East, and I fear in the West too, she was very fond of jewelry up to the time when the great change took place which sealed her a child of God, an heir of heaven. Her husband, who had some knowledge of English, had long been wishing for money to purchase "Clarke's Commentaries," from which he felt he could derive so much help in preaching. On the very day on which his wife received

Christ as her satisfying portion, she took off her jewelry, and, handing it to her husband, said: "Here, husband, take this and buy the books you need. I do not want it any longer." Here was an example well worthy of imitation by many of her Methodist sisters in Christian America. We say baptism is an outward sign of an inward work: may we not just as truly say jewelry is an outward sign of an inward *want*? When Sister Plumer's soul was filled with the love of God, this want existed no longer; and she gladly put her jewels to a good use; nor do I think she regretted this act when she came to die.

After many years of faithful service as the wife and true helpmeet of one of our first native preachers, sickness warned her that life's journey was nearly ended. "But," says the writer, another native Christian woman, "on last Tuesday, although she was suffering severely from fever, according to her custom, she gathered the native Christian women together, and spent half an hour in prayer and singing, and in giving them some religious instruction. At the conclusion of the religious services, her mind began to wander; but as long as sense remained, she could not refrain from talking of the love of Jesus. She considered this her chief joy.

'Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!'

Accordingly, having called a few friends around her, she gave them this parting advice: 'Remember Him who has bought you.' After this, she sang in her own language two verses of her favorite hymn, commencing, —

'Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above.'

Having sung these verses through, she said to the Christian women standing around her, 'Sisters, receive my farewell. I am happy in the Lord. I am not afraid to die.' She then clasped her little daughter to her breast, and bade her farewell. Her last words which could be distinguished were these, spoken to her daughter: 'I am being separated from you; but do not mourn for me. Be obedient to your father, and try every way to make him happy.' We could no longer understand her words; but as we stood around her dying bed, we thought of the verse she loved so well to sing: —

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.'

Yes, thank God, we can say of our native Christians in India who are one by one passing over the river, as the great founder of Methodism said of the early Methodists: "Our people die well."

REPRESENTATIVE INDIAN WOMEN.

BY MISS ISABELLA THOBURN.

MAHAMI.

I WENT to-day to visit a high caste Hindu lady whose husband is a member of the Brahmo Somaj. Only two months ago, we were asked to discontinue our visits to this house, its master being president of the meeting where it was decided to exclude missionaries and missionary teaching from the zenanas. Whether he has seen and repented his inconsistency, I do not know; but I think it chiefly owing to the influence of our former teacher, whom they have employed independently, that I received an invitation from the women to visit them "as a friend."

Mahami is very handsome, and entertained me with graceful dignity, sitting on the floor while I occupied the only chair in the room, and that one, I suspect, had been brought from the baboo's apartments for my use.

The younger members of her family gathered around her, — a younger sister, whose two children hid shyly behind her; a daughter, a girl of eleven; a niece of the same age, whose jewel-laden person and scarlet-stained forehead signified her wifehood; another niece, a few years older, had a baby girl in her arms with pretty curling hair (very rare here), and large eyes that scarcely needed the pencillings on their lashes to deepen their shadows. Human nature in its babyhood is the same everywhere; and this little brown beauty played bo-peep with me, just as a white baby would on the other side of the world.

Conversation with the women is necessarily limited. They only talk of the little world within the range of their observation. They never think. When we were dismissed from the zenana work, I asked the teacher what the women thought of it? "O," she said, "they have no opinions." When I question Mahami, her answer to each

"why?" is, "It is our custom," or "It is not our custom."

After examining my dress, she said, "You must think us immodest to wear so little clothing, but it is our custom."

I said no, I liked their dress; but when they go out as I do, they must put on more. The high-caste Hindu women only wear one garment. This, which is four yards long and one and a half yards wide, they arrange over their person, leaving the feet and ankles, and the right arm and shoulder bare. Sometimes a short jacket is added but never a skirt. Mahami brought her best dress for my inspection. It consisted of a chud-dar of crimson silk, embroidered in gold thread, a little purple satin jacket, and a heap of glittering jewels. "When do you wear them?" I asked. "When I go out." "But when do you go out?" "When there is a wedding or death among my friends."

She then went to order me some refreshments. First came the pawn, then a glass of warm sweetened milk and a plate of sweetmeats and almonds. As I ate she introduced the never-failing question, and which she had asked on each of my former visits, "Why are you not married?" The women all ask this, and I have given them all the answer the case admits of without satisfying their ideas of duty and propriety. A single life is quite incomprehensible to them. I warn all ladies coming here that they must be prepared to give a strict account of themselves. I find it convenient, and more satisfactory than any other answer I can give, to say, "It is our custom to permit some ladies to live unmarried."

Mahami has been married twenty years, and is now only twenty-eight. Her daughter is quite an old maid at eleven; but her Brahmo father, who holds "progressive ideas," will not let her be married so young. He is permitting his wife to read the book of Proverbs. Perhaps he does not know it is part of the Bible, as he publicly refused to allow that to be introduced into his family.

When I rose to take leave, I asked them to visit me, to which Mahami replied, "It is not our custom."

I promised that if she would come, no one should see her but me; and I said, "You have changed your custom in not marrying your daughter; why not change another?"

But the question was quite too profound for her, and she did not attempt to reply.

And so I left them sitting placidly among their customs, centuries old, and went out through their world, a little quadrangle used as laundry and kitchen, and passed on to the outer court, where the baboos sat smoking in a shady garden. This Brahmo never brings his wife out here among his flowers. Passing through another wall, I was out into the narrow street, and there the coolie women, with great burdens on their heads, but talking and laughing cheerfully at their work, seemed to me more enviable than Mahami in her prison of easy idleness.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP SIMPSON AT THE PUBLIC MEETING OF THE NEW YORK BRANCH W. F. M. S.

I AM here to-night at the request of some of the ladies who are managers of this Association, to speak to you, Christian men and women, in behalf of the work of this Society, and of its claims upon the Christian public. It aims to select suitable women, and to send them to work in the missionary field, in harmony with, and under control of the parent Missionary Society of the Church. It seeks no independent field, it aims at no rival organization, but is supplemental in its character, and undertakes to do what the parent Missionary Society has heretofore declined to do. There are but two questions that come up to my mind this evening: "Is this work a proper work for women, and is the organization into which they enter now a proper organization?" And first, as to the work itself, it seems to me that words need not be multiplied. India is shrouded in darkness, China in degradation. For half a century the Christian churches have been sending missionaries to prepare the way. The Scriptures have been translated, books and tracts have appeared in the different languages, mission stations have been established, and now the field is ripe for labor.

But with all this preparation, men are unable to reach one half of the population. Woman is excluded from public assemblies. She must sit in her own house. Strangers may not see her, and unless a woman's footstep enters within the halls in which she dwells, she will not be permitted to hear of Christ, and of salvation. But woman may carry her the Scriptures, speak to her in language of sympathy, and turn her dying eyes toward the Lamb of God. There is a work which woman may do, and which men may not do; and the time seems to have fully come when woman, responding to the call of her sisters, shall arise and go to take the prisoners by the hand, and to turn the eyes of the blind to the light that shines around the Babe of Bethlehem.

But in looking at this work, it seems to me I can trace providential indications. Has it not been the fact that missionary labor has always commenced with individual hearts, while the Church has grown slowly into the missionary idea? Never were missions established by great councils, or by communities or associations of men; but God touched some heart and gave an earnest desire to go, and the individual demonstrated the possibility of going before the Church came to the aid of the enterprise. I think this has been the history of the Church in all ages, —

certainly it has been so in our missions. In this work the first movement was the conviction in the hearts of individual ladies that something ought to be done for the women of India and China, and yet every missionary society in the world refused to give any aid. Woman must not go. It was dangerous for her — it was Utopian to think of it. And our grave societies turned aside. But woman, moved by the Spirit of God, fought her way to success, and then the tidings came back to waken the Church. I don't wonder that the Church was unwilling at first to send out women. Large bodies move slowly, and there is a wonderful amount of conservatism even in good and wise men.

But I think you may see how God has been preparing the way for this woman's missionary movement, if you but look at the struggles through which woman has come up everywhere in Christian lands.

See how slowly she has ascended the pathway of elevation, and how reluctant man has been to take her by the hand. We have hardly recovered from the impression that a literary woman is unfit for household duties, and well do I remember when it was seriously questioned whether it was right to have female colleges in this country, and whether it was proper for young ladies to read essays and take part in debates at the commencement of such institutions. "It is not feminine," said some; "it will destroy the tender modesty of the young ladies." But the advocates of woman's education pressed forward, and now no one doubts the propriety of such exercise, and no one fancies that a woman is less qualified to lead in society, or to guide her family, because she is cultured. The idea that a woman could hold separate property was but lately a terrible heresy, but that right has been secured, and the world has moved on as quietly and successfully as ever before. Mrs. Fry, despite our outcries and protests, went into prisons, and labored till she and her collaborators were hailed as angels of mercy. It is not long since we heard with astonishment of young women going to the battle-field, and the name of Florence Nightingale rang all through Europe. But when our war came, mothers and sisters and daughters pressed to the front to visit the hospitals and kneel beside the dying, and in all the records of that war there is not an instance of insult offered to women going upon such errands of mercy. Woman has been steadily winning her way, and in every instance she has been doing it in opposition to conservative views. Schools have been thrown open, and old colleges, venerable with age, have swung wide their doors to young women who are competing with their brothers in some of the highest walks of literature and art. God is intending, evidently, that woman shall do something in this age more than in the past. And now, when woman is thus prepared, when she has shown her power and influence in the prison and on the battle-field, I am not surprised that the call comes for Christian women to go and try to elevate their sisters who are down-trodden and degraded.

Men can hardly see that woman is capable of planning great things. What does woman know? They admit she has taste; she can trim a bonnet, or choose a shawl, or arrange furniture; and they confine her to this sphere, and then turn around and taunt her with thinking or nothing but ornament and show. Well, I am glad that her mind is an ornament and beauty. A terrible world we should have if it were not. God has given men force and energy of a certain sort; and He has given woman the love of the beautiful, and it takes two human beings to make really one character. A house is sad without either

half, and it is perfect only when both are present. And this Missionary Society is but another illustration of the old declaration, "It is not good for man to be alone." When the Church rises to her highest grandeur and glory, my own conviction is that we shall not have a Missionary Society sending out chiefly men and their wives, and Woman's Missionary Society, sending out only unmarried women; but I think these two societies will be in some way sweetly united, and then will move on together toward the conversion of the world. But until that time comes there is a demand for just such an organization as this. I think I see in this Society an answer to the great question, "What shall women do?" For more than a score of years I have believed that the full reformation of society would not come without the ballot for woman. But woman steps out of her sphere when she contends against institutions that give woman her only protection, and society its purity and glory. While there are associations that say the Bible is unnecessary, and that seek to loosen the marriage tie, here is a Society where Christian women come together for the purpose of converting their heathen sisters to the Gospel of Christ, and where they find a glorious outlet for their sympathy, their means, and their efforts.

If this Society touches the hearts of the degraded in India, would not the same plan work here? Where are the women educated in the Church here to relieve the sick and sorrowing? I believe we are less efficient in this country to-day than we ought to be, because we do not enough consider the temporal wants of the poor. Poor foreigners come to our shore, and meet with taunts and reproaches, when the Christian Church should take them by the hand, and lay a brother's arm around them, and try to do them good, temporally and spiritually. The lanes and the alleys, the garrets and the cellars of this land are to have their inmates reached in the same way the heathen in India are reached.

I expect to see a great uprising of the Church grow out of this movement, but I say to my sisters in this Society: Be not anxious for great results at first. Move slowly and carefully. Growth is the law of nature, not sudden development. Be diligent. Improve your opportunities. Be patient, knowing that the Master leads you onward. You are not asking for public collections, or for large contributions, but you are passing quietly around among your sisters in their homes, and arranging for a small contribution of two cents a week from every one. In this way you can raise the amount of money the Church never raised before for missionary purposes. And you will not only indoctrinate the mind of childhood with missionary zeal, but we shall find that these women, working patiently, quietly, and kindly in their households, will so stir the hearts of their husbands and sons, that those who hold the purse-strings will pour out, as never before, their hundreds and thousands on the altar of God.

A FEW days since, at one of the hospitals in Shanghai, a man was brought in who was found on the street with a child, whose arm, he said, had been cut badly by pirates at sea, and he desired some money to aid him. The surgeon was sent for immediately to examine the case. He looked at the wound, and it seemed to be a severe gash, all covered with blood, the flesh standing on each side. When the doctor attempted to touch the bindings, the man would scream, and try to prevent anything of the sort.

But the doctor, finding he could do nothing with his little patient, brought chloroform to bear upon the man without his knowledge, and soon he was in a stupor. He was then laid upon his back. The doctor commenced an examination of the arm of the child, when, to his great astonishment, the whole came off *en masse*; and upon further investigation, he found it was dough, made of flour and then fastened on the arm, and shaped in the form of a severe cut, and smeared with the blood of a hog. The doctor carried off the wound as a trophy, and left the man still under the influence of chloroform. I am convinced I have seen just such cases often in Shanghai, but have never made an examination, as the sight was sufficient to drive one away.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1871.

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

ROMANIE'S New Year's wish to his people was, "God grant that this may be a year famous for believing."

Eighteen hundred seventy was "famous" for the grand on-moving of Evangelism. Political earthquakes were the order, across the sea. Each seems to have helped the right. In our own land the contest has raged no less fiercely, not with mitrailleur and needle-gun, but with word and pen, pulpit and press. America has been a battleground as certainly as France. We believe God's cause has been the gainer, as not before for many a long year. Vital godliness, "Scriptural holiness," has taken the aggressive, grandly and victoriously. Good people regard this woman's missionary movement a millennial sign.

A year ago our Society was struggling for foothold and recognition. How wonderfully has God helped them! The parent Society has given them full endorsement. The Bishops have uttered strong, stirring words for us. The conferences and conventions have passed commendatory resolutions. Church papers have bidden us God-speed, echoing our appeals, and noting our successes. The men of the Church have rejoiced that the women are seeking something better than the frivolities of fashion and the enslavements of society. The women have responded nobly to our call, with time and talk, money and prayer. For all this, we devoutly thank God.

We have three missionaries in the field, beside our schools, orphanages, and Bible-readers. Our bills are met as soon as due. We have money in our treasuries.

When the parent Society was fifteen years old,

its receipts were only \$18,000 a year. So greatly has God prospered the Church, that its "gleaners" bring to the garner \$20,000, this second year of their work. 12,000 copies of our paper go into the homes of the people. We number our auxiliaries by hundreds, our members by thousands.

Our reading circles are increasing missionary intelligence and zeal.

Said an old minister, "I've watched the thing for fifty years, and you may depend upon it, a missionary revival is always followed by a coming up to God's work, and an outpouring of the Spirit." What may we not hope from this new movement?

"There remaineth very much land to be possessed." In many wealthy churches, we have not a single member or subscriber for our paper. In some strong conferences, we can count our auxiliaries upon the fingers of one hand. In some of the richest, we have literally none. Foreign fields, "white to the harvest," are open to women. Young ladies, nobly qualified, are waiting to be "sent." Cannot *all* the women of the Church be aroused to take hold of this work? The Corresponding Secretaries are heavily taxed. We cannot afford paid agents. What shall we do? Let every woman who cares for this cause, take its interests upon her heart. Each can get subscribers for the FRIEND. Each can influence some one. Some may move hundreds, or even thousands. No one knows her power, till she tries to use it. Fine things are said about women as letter-writers. Let us use this ability for this work. Let us talk for it. Better, a thousand times, discuss plans for raising missionary money, than to waste words on paltry fashions, in the dissipation of small talk, or the venom of uncharitableness.

Above all, let every woman work at home. If you have no auxiliary society in your church, get one up, — or pray one down. Have one at work, as soon as possible. Don't wait for some one to take the burden of coming to organize it. Write the Corresponding Secretary of your Branch. She will gladly send you the information you need. Set about it earnestly, judiciously, and prayerfully, and you can but succeed.

Croakers say, "The women will lose their interest, and forget to pay their dues. You will have your missionaries on your hands. The little rills will dry up, and leave your treasuries empty." No, no, that can't be. Christ has laid

this work on the hearts of the women of the Church, and they mean to do it, *for Him*. Some of them may need an exhortation now and then. People do in every good cause.

Let every woman hold sacred her pledge to "give two cents a week" to this work. Let her meet it, at any personal sacrifice. I would go without butter on my bread, or sugar in my coffee, rather than fail to pay this debt.

But we have small fears about the poor women, who have to earn the "dollar a year," or save it by giving up a luxury. If the women, with full purses, would remember that they are the Lord's stewardests; if they would give us the cost of their pleasure trips and parties, their diamonds and velvets, we could flood heathendom with Bibles.

We are so thoughtless. We don't mean to deck ourselves with the price of souls—blood money. If we understood the case,—that the choice lay between a new shawl and the support of a Bible-reader,—elegant furs and a life of culture for an Indian woman,—we would wear the old things, and give the money. But we don't think,—God pity us!—and the reckoning time so near! Scores of us will be summoned to the bar before next New Year's day. O, that each may purpose, with Christ's help to make 1871 the noblest year of her life. O, that each may consecrate *all her strength* to God's work,—asking Him to make the best possible investment of it,—trusting Him to supplement her puny powers with His infinite ability.

J. F. W.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

At the public meetings held in Philadelphia, Nov. 7th, the names of ninety were taken for membership, and three life-members—the missionary spirit was aroused among our Christian women, and auxiliaries have since been formed in several of our churches. The earnest desire to "work for Jesus" seems to have come with renewed power among us.

"Heaven shines clearer,
And rest seems nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
At each step of the way!"

A. V. R. E.

PUBLIC MEETING IN BOSTON.

In connection with the regular quarterly meeting of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, held in Wesleyan Association Hall, Wednesday, December 7th, an

evening meeting was held in Tremont Temple. The large hall was well filled, over two thousand being present.

The exercises were opened by an organ voluntary and singing, the music for the evening being under the direction of Harley Newcomb. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Twombly. Dr. William R. Clark, the presiding officer, then made a few remarks, introducing the Society and its work to the audience, after which he presented, as the first speaker, Rev. Dr. G. S. Hare.

Dr. Hare spoke of the already wonderful success of the Society,—of the commission, "Go ye into all the world," as applying to the whole Church, and not to men exclusively. God intended that woman should have a share, and that a large one, in the world's redemption. The zeal with which the Society was started was the impulse which Christianity awakens in every human heart. Woman was just as certainly ordained of God as man, and should go forward and fulfill her mission.

The next speaker was Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia, who said that the Bible was woman's charter of equality to all the privileges of Christianity. Whenever false religions prevail, woman is inevitably degraded. The plan for her relief is the great question of moment. The women of America must work for them, must bring them into the light of education and Christianity. This work would develop the true dignity of Christian womanhood. Women should heed the indications of Providence. Many respond, but others are not ready,—they are overloaded with thoughts of fashion and folly. They wear crosses about their necks, but refuse to bear the real cross of self-denial. She urged them to put aside their uselessness, and rise to take their noble work at the hands of the Master.

Rev. S. L. Baldwin, of the China Mission, then addressed the meeting. He spoke of the imperative, immediate demand for woman's help. Christian women only can save their heathen sisters. Chinese women are worth saving, and will become a power for great good. They make faithful Christians. He then spoke of the abuses of women in China, earnestly exhorting American women to do their part in bringing them to the Saviour. God's blessing would not fail to rest upon them.

Ling Cha Cha was then introduced, and spoke in Chinese, Mr. Baldwin acting as interpreter. He accompanied Mr. Baldwin to this country, and was converted in California. He expressed his pleasure at being present at the meeting, and seeing so many Christian people, and that he was permitted to come from Foo Chow and thank them for sending missionaries to China. He referred to the quarterly meeting of ladies, which he attended in the afternoon, and the delight with which he saw them come together in such numbers and pray and talk about the means for helping heathen women. They should thank God for giving them such exalted positions, and they should pray for the women of China and India that they also might be brought to love the Saviour.

Mr. Baldwin then favored the audience by singing the Chinese version of "There'll be no more sorrow there." The singing of a hymn, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. Patten, closed the exercises.

The perfect success of the meeting, both with respect to attendance and interest, was at once exceedingly gratifying and stimulating.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. DR. MACLAY, FOOCHEW, China, Sept. 15th, 1870.

"To the Corresponding Secretary :

"DEAR SISTER, — I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter, dated June 30th, 1870. Allow me most heartily to congratulate you, and the ladies with whom you are associated, on the organization of the 'Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church,' and the favorable auspices under which it enters upon its sublime mission.

"Your Society is unquestionably right in the object toward which it proposes to direct its efforts; and, as far as I can judge, it is right in the means employed to attain it.

"You are aware that the Misses Woolston have been connected with this Mission since 1859. They established and conducted for nine years our first and only boarding-school for girls. During the absence of the Misses W. in America, Mrs. Sites has charge of the school. We have no day-schools for girls, but hope soon to establish some to be taught by Chinese women who are members of our Church. In this work we shall need the funds you may send us.

"I have much pleasure in forwarding you the action of our Mission, with regard to the subject of your letter. Trusting that your Society may surpass its highest expectation of success in the Master's service, I am, etc., etc.,

"R. A. MACLAY."

Extract from the Minutes of the Foochow Mission of the M. E. Church.

"A letter was read to the Mission, from Mrs. Dr. Butler, Secretary of the New-York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, setting forth the character and object of the Society, and stating that the Society had appropriated \$300 in gold to our Missions in China; whereupon it was unanimously Resolved —

"1st. That we highly approve of the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, believing, as we do, that it will perform a most important work, which no other agency could so well accomplish; and trusting that, instead of conflicting with any other agencies of our Church in this department, it will by its zeal 'provoke them only to love and good works.'

"2d. That we hail the organization of this Society as a cheering indication that American Methodism is rising to the grand conception of her duty and ability with regard to Foreign Missions; and that she is enthroning the cause in her holiest affections.

"3d. That we will most heartily cooperate with the Society in its efforts to pour the light of the Blessed Gospel on the darkened understandings of the women of China, — 'to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

"4th. That these resolutions be entered on the Records of this Mission, and a copy be forwarded to Mrs. Butler, Secretary of the N. Y. Branch of the Society.

"NATHAN SITES, Secretary.

"Oct. 4th, 1870."

Children's Corner.

AUNT BELLA TO THE CHILDREN.

"TELL Aunt Bella to write something for the children." So says Horace in his mother's letter, and other boys and girls send me the same message, — boys and girls to whom I was telling stories a year ago in Ohio. To some of them I am a "really aunt," as a black-eyed boy who is my "really nephew" used to say; but many of them are only friends who honor me with so much confidence as to call me Aunt Bella.

And now, dear little people, if the editors will give me room, I will write some letters to you, and to all the children whose mothers take the FRIEND. And in my first letter I will tell you of some things I have seen this morning.

I got on my horse, a good fellow whose name is Jack, and rode off to visit a school. When I stopped at the door, I heard a great noise within, — such a noise as your teachers would put a stop to in a minute; and, entering, I saw a circle of some twenty women and girls, all sitting on the floor and spelling at the top of their voices. They sprang up, and, putting their right hands to their foreheads, said, "Salam, Missitaba!" Then sitting down again, they began spelling out as before, keeping time to their voices by swinging their bodies to and fro over their books, which lay on the floor. One by one they came up to show me how much they had learned since my last visit. It is a new school, and none of them can read yet; but they are getting on very nicely, and know many of the easy words in their little first Readers. A woman came in to tell me that she could not let her little girl come, as she had promised. She said she was afraid the teacher would give her some of her food, and so make her a Christian. We would like to have them all Christians, but we could never make them so in that way, could we?

I left the school, and was about to mount on Jack again, when an old woman came up to me, leading a little girl about eight years old, who, she said, was her grandchild. The little girl's mother had died, leaving her with no friends but the old woman, who was too poor to keep her, and so, what do you think she wanted to do with her? Sell her! She asked five dollars for her, — not much to give for a little soul. I would have been glad to pay the five dollars and send the child to

the nice home in the orphanage, but her grandmother said no, she must go with her; whoever took the girl must take her too, or give her money enough to live on alone. But we have no home for old people and no room for them in the Orphanage, and so I had to leave them begging in the streets.

On my way home I passed many other beggars, some blind, some lame, some old and feeble, some little children. At one place on a little bridge there were ten. In another sat a woman and five children, all holding out their hands and calling to me for pice. I rode on home and thought by the way of the happy country where there is work and food and clothing in abundance for all the needy, and where there are schools and churches to save all the children from ignorance and sin. And so, dear children, I thought of you, and sat down and wrote you this letter.

Yours truly,

ISABELLA THOBURN.

LUCKNOW, Sept. 1st, 1870.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlake, 2221 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Fall River, Mass. 28 members, 40 sub. H. W. F.
 Peabody, Mass. 50 members, 53 sub. H. W. F.
 Charlestown, Union Ch. 25 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
 Woburn, Mass. 24 members.
 Stafford Springs, Conn. 50 members, 82 sub. H. W. F.
 Boston, Bromfield St. 50 members, 65 sub. H. W. F.
 Ipswich, Mass. 15 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
 Bangor, Maine. 30 members.

Life Members.—Mrs. Laura Bidwell, Tremont St. Ch.; Mrs. Stevens, Mother Munroe, Bromfield St. Ch.; Miss Martha Cole, Grace Ch.; Mrs. B. D. Twombly, Mrs. Wm. Atkinson, Hanover St. Ch.; Mrs. Charles Butler, Charlestown, Union Ch.; Mrs. Joseph Smith, Mrs. T. B. Smith, Mrs. Geo. P. Cox, Malden Aux'y; Mrs. Anna King, St. Paul's Ch., Lynn Aux'y; Mrs. Hannah Twomey, South St. Ch., Lynn Aux'y; Mrs. Ann Newhall, Boston St. Ch.,

Lynn Aux'y; Mrs. Eliza Alley, Common St. Ch., Lynn Aux'y; Mrs. Hannah Baker, Somerville, Webster Avenue Ch.; Mrs. Mary D. James, Martha's Vineyard; Mrs. Margaret Howell, Trinity Ch. Charlestown.
 Mrs. Wm. F. WARREN, Cor. Sec.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

Brooklyn, Long Island. Organized September, 1869. This society records one Honorary Manager, Mrs. Rev. W. Studley, made such by the ladies of Washington Ave. Church. 5 life members: Mrs. James H. Taft, Mrs. G. C. Halstead, Mrs. Rev. C. E. Harris, Mrs. Henniker, and Miss Bevin. 200 annual members, 150 subscribers to H. W. F. Amt. remitted to New York Treasurer, \$455.58.

December, 1870. Mrs. J. E. Segre Sec.
 Brooklyn East District. Organized June 18th, 1869. 14 life member, 103 annual members. Amount of money remitted to New York Treasurer, \$308.00. There is a large list of subscribers to H. W. F.
 M. Amesley, Sec.

Passaic, N. J. Organized August, 1869. 6 life members, namely Mrs. J. Hall, Mrs. J. Watson, Mrs. J. M. Howe, Mrs. J. Conklin and Miss S. A. Jenkins, and one yearly subscriber, Mrs. Stewart, \$20.00. 31 members, 20 subscribers to H. W. F. Amt. remitted Treas. \$207.89.
 S. A. Jenkins, Sec.

Albany, N. Y. Organized November, 1869. 2 life members, 210 members. 51 subscribers to H. W. F. Amt. of money raised, \$367.00.
 Mrs. T. H. Mitchell, Sec.

Troy, N. Y. Organized November, 1869. 1 life member, Mrs. Hillman. 80 members, 150 subscribers to H. W. F. Amt. of money raised \$177.00.
 Mrs. Griffin, Pres.

Newburgh, N. Y. Organized Oct. 13, 1870. 1 life member, 85 members, 17 subscribers to H. W. F. Mrs. E. M. Weed, Sec.

Cold Spring, N. Y. Organized October 17, 1870. 1 life member, Miss Susan Warner. 20 members, 9 subscribers to H. W. F.
 Mrs. E. Nelson, Sec.

Sing Sing, N. Y. Organized October, 1869. 2 life members Mrs. Margaret Barnes and Mrs. Baker. 32 members. 40 subscribers to H. W. F.
 Mrs. Jane Curtis, Sec.

Paterson, N. J. Organized February, 1870. 62 members.
 Miss Kate Stagg, Sec.

Hillside, N. Y. Organized July 12, 1870. 17 members, 12 subscribers to H. W. F.
 Miss A. Asher, Sec.

Trenton, N. J. Organized September, 1870. 2 life members, 78 members.
 Mrs. James, Sec.

Montezuma, N. Y. Organized September, 1870. 15 members, 17 subscribers to H. W. F.
 Miss C. Gilmore, Sec.

New Brunswick, N. J. Organized December 6th, 1870. 20 members, 12 subscribers to H. W. F.
 Miss E. Stout, Sec.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF ORPHANS SUPPORTED BY N. Y. BRANCH.

Emma Baker, Patroness, Miss E. Baker, Sing Sing.
 Lione Greene, Miss Dr. Greene, Castile.
 Margaret Birnes, Sing Sing, Auxiliary.
 Naomi De Newark, Newark, N. J. Aux.
 Nellie Soule, Miss Soule, N. Y.
 December, 1870. C. BUTLER, Cor. Sec.

NORTHWESTERN BRANCH.

Garden Prairie, Ill. 23 members.
 Young America, Ill. 25 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
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 Mareng, Iowa. 15 members, 9 sub. H. W. F.
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 Wilton, Iowa. 14 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
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 Mt. Pleasant, Ashbury Chapel. 85 members.
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RECEIPTS OF THE W. F. M. S.

FROM SEPT. 1ST TO DEC. 1ST, 1870.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Boston, Tremont St. Ch.	\$36.00
" Bromfield "	82.25
" Grace Ch.	31.00
" Hanover St. Ch.	68.00
South Boston, Dorchester St. Ch.	7.00
Roxbury, Winthrop St. Ch.	7.00
East Boston, Girl's Missionary Union	10.00
East Boston, Saratoga St. Ch.	3.00
Charlestown, Trinity "	27.00
" Union Ch.	40.00
Cambridgeport, Harvard St. Ch.	18.00
East Cambridge	8.00
Chelsea, Walnut St. Ch.	31.00
" Mt. Bellingham Ch.	20.00
Medford Auxiliary	10.00
Malden "	45.00
Swampscott "	14.00
Lynn "	84.80
" " at National Camp-meeting, Hamilton	12.80
" " members	16.00
" proceeds of a concert	126.37
Somerville, Webster Ave. Ch.	46.00
Dorchester, Mrs. Abigail Pollock	1.00
Woburn Auxiliary	4.00
Haverhill "	55.00
North Bridgewater	30.00
" Mrs. Thayer	5.00
Providence Auxiliary	138.00
Fall River, 1st Ch., Miss Susie Baldwin	5.00
" " Miss Mary Baldwin	4.00
" " Rev. Mrs. W. P. Hyde	5.00
Somerset, R. I., Rev. Edward L. Hyde	1.00
Bristol, R. I., State St. Ch.	8.50
Portland, Maine	48.50
Martha's Vineyard, through their Treasurer, Mrs. B. D. Twombly	93.50
Wilbraham Auxiliary	13.80
Saxonville, Mrs. S. C. Fiske	5.00
Leominster, A Friend	20.00
Middletown, Conn.	30.00
New London, "	27.80
Ellington, Conn.	1.00
Concord, N. H.	10.00
East Saugus Auxiliary	12.00
Ipswich, Mass.	15.00
Vermont Auxiliary	4.00
Gloucester, Mass., Mrs. M. P. Herrick	1.00
Boston, Mrs. A. D. Gullet	1.00
Mrs. Abraham Hill	1.00
Stoneham Auxiliary	10.00
Boston, Grace Ch.	2.00

\$1,296.02

Mrs. THOMAS A. RICH, Treasurer, 706 Tremont St., Boston

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Carlisle	\$16.07
St. George's Church, Phila.	34.00
Union Church	50.00
Smyrna	6.00
Germantown	30.00
Trinity Church, Phila.	8.00
Ebenezer "	3.00
Green St. "	6.00
Cohocksink "	5.00
Fifth St. "	3.00
Mansfield, Pa.	6.50
Lancaster, "	5.00
4 Life Members	80.00
Mrs. Riehle	5.00

\$257.57

Mrs. A. W. RAND, Treasurer, 1829 Wallace St., Phila.

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

St. Paul, Minn.	\$35.00
Faribault, "	7.80
Marion, "	5.00
Rochester, "	8.40
Monticello, "	2.50
Winona, "	66.75
Hastings, "	10.00
Northfield, "	8.25
Anoka, "	7.40
Dundas, "	3.50
Castle Rock, "	10.00
St. Peter, "	8.10
Mt. Vernon, Iowa	9.00
T. Snell, Esq., donation	5.00
Cash	.95
Through Miss Leonard	15.70
Jefferson City, Mo.	11.75
Union Church, St. Louis	57.00

\$257.10

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CINCINNATI BRANCH.

East Cleveland, Ohio,	\$100.00
Trinity, Cin.	67.07
Wesley, "	11.25
Mt. Auburn, "	15.00
Wm. St., Del.	60.00
Zoar, "	6.00
Bellaire, "	10.25
Berea, "	40.00
Mt. Vernon, "	8.00
Barnsville, "	12.00
Toledo, "	50.00
Catlettsburg, Ky.	15.61
Union Church, Cov., Ky.	10.00
Wheeling, Va.	35.00

\$440.18

Miss H. A. Smith, Treasurer, 68 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati.

* In last Report Goar should read Zoar.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

All remittances should be made by check wherever possible. Names of donors or other matters which auxiliary societies desire published should be sent direct to Miss Holdich, the Secretary. Collectors of mite-boxes will please enclose the amount in legal tender, in an envelope with name of collector, amount, and society marked therein.

1870.		
Sept. 8.	By Balance on hand as reported,	\$2,439 16
	Geneva Aux. Soc., Mrs. H. G. Moore, tr.,	33 00
	Cazenovia Soc., Mrs. D. E. Haskell,	22 01
	Mrs. S. G. Copeland, Lima, N. Y., to name a child Fanny Miner,	30 00
	Canandaigua Aux., Miss Jane Couch,	31 80
15.	Mrs. Butler, add'l from Sing Sing,	63
	Rochester Soc., Mrs. Henry Tracy, tr.,	15 85
	do. to make Annie Carter life member,	20 00
	Auburn camp-meeting, by Mrs. Fox,	23 00
	Balance Sterling Camp-meeting,	2 09
	Self-denying money, Drew Seminary,	50 00
	30th St. Church, N. Y., by Miss Barling,	10 83
	Newark, N. J., by Mrs. Lord,	60 00
	Washington Square, N. Y., by Mrs. Raynan,	25 00
	Brooklyn, N. Y., by Mrs. Halsted,	11 80
	Mrs. Sarah Osborn, subscription,	1 00
	do. donation,	2 00
	Mrs. Osborn,	2 90
	Mrs. Robinson, acc., Mrs. Montgomery,	1 00
	Duane St., N. Y., Mrs. B. F. Clark,	3 50
	18th Street, Mrs. Reinhardt,	12 00
	Missionary boxes, do.,	5 50
	do. Mrs. Atwood,	4 80
	do. Mrs. Holstein,	3 38
16.	Syracuse Soc., Miss Clara Andrews,	50 00
	Syracuse Camp-meeting,	23 06
	Utica, Mrs. S. S. Gregg,	21 00
23.	Weedsport, Mrs. O. W. Barritt,	12 35
	Cash received for over charge purchase gold on Sept. 15th,	1 80
Oct. 19.	Weedsport, N. Y., Mrs. O. W. Barritt,	47 48
20.	Central Church, N. Y., Mrs. Lazear, tr.	10 40
	Harry's Missionary Box,	3 50
	Miss Lilla Smith,	5 00
	Bedford St. N. Y., Mrs. Lovejoy,	10 00
	17th St., N. Y., Mrs. Lyons,	1 00
	do. Mrs. Lyons's Class,	2 25
	Miss Lizzie Horn,	1 00
	Duane Street, N. Y., Mrs. Clark,	10 00

Oct. 20.	By Paterson, N. J., Mrs. S. Willett, tr.,	\$10 00
	Pen Yan Soc., Mrs. Latimer,	16 50
	Candor, N. Y., Mrs. Judd,	8 25
	Hillside Aux. Soc., Mrs. Barringer,	21 60
	St. Paul's Church, Farewell Missionary m't.,	79 40
Nov. 8.	Montezuma Soc., Miss Emma Pidge,	14 50
	Auburn Soc., Mrs. F. Nelson, acc. of funds to support Bible Reader to be named,	20 00
	Mrs. Mary H. Thomas,	40 00
	Castile, Soc., Mrs. W. Warren, tr., to support orphan named Loine Green,	33 66
17.	Newark, N. J., Mrs. W. G. Lord,	50 00
	St. Paul's, N. Y., Mrs. Lane,	17 00
	Elizabeth, N. J., Mrs. Carlton, tr.,	23 50
	18th Street, N. Y., Mrs. Reinhardt,	5 00
	Washington Av. Ch., Brooklyn, Mrs. Halsted,	150 00
	B. F. Clark's class, Missionary Box,	3 13
	Allen Street, Mrs. Foote,	15 00
	Rev. Mr. Hawley, acc. Mrs. Nuner Clark,	10 00
	Mrs. Halsted, Brooklyn, acc. Miss Nellie Foss,	6 00
	Summersfield Ch., Mrs. Chace,	4 50
	De Kalb Av. Ch., Miss Beaver,	10 00
Dec. 6.	Cazenovia Soc'y, Mrs. D. E. Haskell,	10 00
	Auburn, Wall St. Ch., Mrs. E. C. Denio,	6 35
13.	Auburn, Mrs. A. Walsworth,	1 00
	Auburn, Mrs. Thos. Nelson,	17 26
	Canandaigua, Mrs. Jane Couch,	24 00
	Cold Spring, Mrs. Jane Wright, \$20 to make Miss Susan Warner, and \$20 to make Mrs. Ferguson life members.	41 88
	Trenton, N. J., Mrs. Mary D. James,	105 77
	Pen Yan, Mrs. J. Latimer,	16 00
	Rhinebeck, Miss P. A. Curtis,	53 98
	Newburgh, Mrs. J. M. Stoutenburgh,	50 00
	Ithaca, by Mrs. E. S. Deforest,	25 00
	Syracuse, by Miss Clara Andrews,	73 00
	Sing Sing, by Mrs. M. E. McCord, to educate an orphan, Margaret Baroes,	40 00
	Passaic Soc'y, by Mrs. Butler, for Mrs. Doolittle, tr.,	61 95

\$4,073 16

TO DISBURSEMENTS.

1870.		
Sept. 15.	To Miss Sparks's expenses, Binghamton,	30 00
	" " expenses to Bareilly, \$862.50; gold @ 114, and \$50 from the Drew Seminary for a child (@ 114 pr. gold),	1,044 81
	" Mrs. Butler, postage, stationery, etc.,	6 38
	" do. trav'g exps. Dewville Wesley Grove,	12 20
Oct. 28.	" Remitt'ce acc. of Miss Trask, \$50 and P. O. order,	50 25
	" Mrs. C. Butler, bill sundry expenses,	44 29
27.	" Dr. Harris, for sundry payments:—	
	quartermaster for Bareilly,	\$417.00 gold
	addl. grant to India,	54.00 "
	to educate a boy,	30.00 "
		501.00
	Prem. @ 1.12 pr. ct.,	60.12
Nov. 17.	" Mrs. C. Butler, postage and stationery,	561 12
	do. travelling expenses,	3 03
	" D. Terry, express charges, Miss Sparks's organ,	7 41
	" Secretary, Miss Holdich, bill stationery, etc.,	5 00
	" Miss M. H. Crane, bill postages, travelling expenses, etc.,	5 74
	" Remitt'ce to Rev. C. M. Hurd, pr. acc. Miss Trask, \$50 and P. O. order,	7 50
Dec. 13.	" Treasurer's bill for postages, stationery, and sundry expenses,	50 25
		20 00

\$1,847 98

Balance in hands of Treasurer,
E. and O. E.

2,225 18

Dec. 13, 1870. Mrs. J. A. Wright, Treasurer.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Mrs. E. W. Parker, Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. J. F. Willing, Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Riverside Press; Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lixii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1871.

No. 8.

THE MASTER HATH NEED OF THE REAPERS.¹

BY MRS. ANNIE HOWE THOMSON.

THE Master hath need of the reapers,
And, mourner, He calleth to thee:
Come out from the valley of sorrow,
Look up to the hill-tops and see
How the fields with the harvest are whitening,
How golden and full is the grain.
O, what are *thy* wants to the summons?
And what are *thy* griefs and thy pain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, He calleth to thee:
Come out from the mansions of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may be.
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling
With the mists, and the dews, and the rain;
O, what is the world and its follies
To the *mould* and the *rust* of the grain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, He calleth to thee:
O, what are thy dreams of ambition
To the joys that hereafter shall be?
There are tokens of storms that are coming,
And summer is fast on the wane;
Then *alas!* for the hopes of the harvest,
And *alas!* for the beautiful grain.

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And He calleth for thee and for me:
O haste while the winds of the morning
Are blooming so freshly and free;
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Reëcho o'er hill-top and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

[*Chr. Advocate.*]

¹ Written by Mrs. Bishop-Thomson just before she was called to the bedside of her dying husband.

SUEZ CANAL.

BY MRS. E. W. PARKER.

THIS is one of the great achievements of art in modern times, the honor of which belongs to the French nation. It opens up a way across the isthmus between Asia and Africa, by which steamships may pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and thus go on their way around the world. Formerly all the commerce between the West and the far East was carried on by sailing vessels going round the Cape of Good Hope, while by this new route the time required for such a voyage is reduced at least two thirds, and made on the whole not much more expensive. The canal is nearly one hundred miles in length, varying in width from two to four hundred feet, and is about twenty-four feet in depth. The country on either side is sandy and barren; and often as far as the eye can reach there is not a tree, shrub, or blade of grass to be seen. There is one large town on the banks of a lake through which the canal passes, and there are one or two buildings at a few other points.

The canal was opened about one year ago, and now steamers from all nations are constantly passing through it. Our company of missionaries is the first to any of the missions of our Church to pass through; and while others speculate with regard to commercial advantages gained by it, we are hopeful that it will prove successful in aiding the spread of Christ's kingdom in all the world.

As we left the canal and entered the Red Sea, we thought how different is this work of art, performed by man at such labor and expense, from the wonderful display of God's power manifested here in ancient times, when He led the children of Israel across this sea on dry land.

We looked with much interest upon the Sinai

range of mountains, and wondered as we remembered all God's dealings with His people from these ancient times down to the present, and felt our trust in Him strengthened as we passed on our way to tell of His wonderful works, and His dealings with the children of men, to those still in darkness.

We had a very comfortable passage through the Red Sea, not suffering so much from the heat as we had expected. We had fine weather through our entire trip, and often felt that God was answering prayers that were going up from the home land in our behalf. It was with grateful hearts that we landed here yesterday morning, after a journey of only fifty-one days from New York, including all delays at different stopping-places. After having made two voyages round the Cape, one requiring five months' time, it seems almost like magic to think of reaching our mission in India from New York in less than two months' time.

We found letters of welcome here from our mission friends, whom we expect to join in a few days, and with whom we shall again commence in earnest the work we love so well.

BOMBAY, November 12th, 1870.

WOMAN A STRONG SUPPORT OF IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

BY REV. T. J. SCOTT.

IN the prosecution of my work as a missionary, I have again and again been deeply impressed with the strong support rendered to idolatry by the women of India. More superstitious, more zealous, more devoted than the men, they are in many instances the main support of idolatry, and the chief stay of the household gods. Less accessible than the men, the light reaches them more slowly; and often when the father, the husband, the brother, and the son would neglect the idol, having learned to think it "nothing in the world," the female members of the family are found stirring them up to make the accustomed offering. It is an indisputable fact, that in very many places the enlightenment of science and the light of the gospel have weakened the faith of the men in the "gods many and lords many" that have for ages reigned unquestioned over the imaginations and thoughts of this people. Naturally enough they begin to neglect the shrines of the village gods, or no longer carry their offerings to the temple

of the wicked, filthy *maha deo* (great god); at such times the women will be found rallying them back to the ancestral worship, threatening, scolding, and persuading with the proverbial facility of their sex. Any sickness or death or calamity that may have happened in the family is charged to the neglect of the traditional worship. The gods have become angry over their neglected altars, but may be appeased by the return to the accustomed worship. Libations and potations, gifts and burnt offerings, must be made, or ruin swift and inexorable will rush down upon the doomed family. And to my personal knowledge, again and again, these persuasions prevail. "The subjection of women" is truer in heathen lands than elsewhere, most certainly, but in *this* matter they very often rule the households. An instance or two will illustrate this point. A year or two ago, I visited a certain village a number of times in my itinerations. On one occasion a leading man in the village, having listened attentively to my exhortation to "turn away from idols to serve the living and true God," in a confidential way replied that the men of the village often felt but little interest in idol-worship, and began to neglect it as mere folly; but their wives would charge the death of children and failure in the crops on their neglect, and worry them into making the accustomed offerings again. He remarked that in this way the neglected worship would be again revived. How often have I seen this zeal and devotion of the sex testified to, by troops of village women, particularly in times of sickness, threading their way through the alleys and out to the village shrine with vessels of water on their heads, libations for the divinity, singing and chanting as they went. The faith of the women is no more persistent in its attachment to the ancestral worship than that of the men, when they become equally enlightened. Nay, with equal enlightenment their hearts are more readily won to Jesus of Nazareth and the beautiful and blessed truths taught by Him. Illustrations of this fact are not wanting. In a village where we have a native preacher located, a good work has been done among the women by the helper's wife. She visits from house to house, and has taught the women much of Christian truth. Now the result is, that they are in advance of the men in readiness to accept Christianity. They often remark to the helper's wife, how much better this religion is in its teachings and practices than their own; and some of them

say that they wish their husbands would become Christians. When the men are fully ready here, how much more easily will this village be evangelized than the one mentioned above!

What the country greatly needs, then, as an aid to the progress of the Gospel, is some form of missionary agency that can reach the women. Zenana visitors and Bible readers, such as the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society" proposes to furnish, is likely to do much in supplying this aid.

NYNEE TAL, India, September, 1870.

A MORNING'S WORK IN MORADABAD.

BY MRS. E. WHEELER.

ON returning from my usual morning visit to the people of our compound, or yard, I was wondering whether a few items in regard to the wants and condition of the native Christians here, might not interest the readers of the *HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND*.

My chief object this morning was to visit Priscilla, the wife of one of our most efficient native preachers, Andryas.

She has been a great sufferer for about eight months, from swelled feet, which are now almost devoid of shape.

Her home is in Káshipore, a large native town twenty-nine miles out from Moradabad; but as she could get no medical aid there, she was brought to this place.

She is very patient, and believes that her affliction has been a great benefit to her soul; and I noticed that her countenance wore a look of peace that I had never seen there before.

Her little babe, not six months old, claimed all her attention. She told me it was crying for milk. I soon supplied that, also bread and tea for herself, for which she seemed very grateful.

Soon an old woman appeared who told me she had been suffering all night. A dose of "Pain Killer" quieted her. A few steps further brought me to a family sick with the fever. All were in a helpless condition, — father, mother, and four children. The youngest child, a mere babe, was crying most piteously from hunger. After supplying their wants, I returned to the Bungalow, and found several persons, some of them from the neighboring villages. Some of them had vials for medicine for sick children, others wanted quinine.

A short time afterwards others came, some for

one thing, some for another, — all believing I knew just what they needed. I have had some very sick patients, and have been very successful in treating them; but it is necessary to either administer the medicine or see that it is done, or it may be neglected.

O how I would rejoice if their spiritual wants could be attended to as easily as the temporal ones! I hope soon to be able to talk to them more freely than I do now. There is so much to be done, and I am not able to do half that demands my attention. We need medical missionaries in every station, but there is a great work for those who do not understand medicine.

Our hearts take new courage in the thought of soon welcoming the new missionaries, not all new to this work, but only better prepared to take an active part immediately.

We are very much interested in the operations of our new society, and believe it will do great things for the cause of missions in India. We ask your earnest prayers for the success of our work here. Receive our prayers and best wishes for the prosperity of your society.

MORADABAD, Oct. 30, 1870.

MRS. MARILLA T. PIERCE.

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Hampton, Washington Co., N. Y., on the 17th of June, 1833. She was the daughter of Rev. N. R. Peck, now of the California Conference, and was adopted by Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., and wife, when an infant. She was naturally quiet, thoughtful, and sedate, but could be easily moved to laughter or to tears. Much to our surprise, she indicated an early aversion to her book, and would frequently burst into violent weeping at the sight of it. She could only be induced to give any attention to it by great kindness or firm authority. She had a strong will. This we had no desire to weaken, but felt it to be an indispensable duty to subject it to rightful authority. The endeavor was most painful and protracted, but at length entirely successful. She remained sensitive and persistent, but became increasingly amiable; and after her conversion, which was at the age of nine, when kneeling by the side of her mother in quiet, fervent prayer in the parlor, the peculiar positive force of deep love and good sense for which she was afterward so

much distinguished, became evidently controlling in her disposition and bearing. Her dread of the book all disappeared as soon as words and sentences began to mean anything that she could understand; and then the great danger was in her absorbing interest and extravagant application.

At the age of twelve she visited her own parents, and remained awhile at school. While here a strange providence brought upon her and us a great calamity. She was thrown from a sleigh, and received injuries, including the breaking of three ribs, from which she never fully recovered. Our beloved child came back to us a pale and stooping invalid. But her soul was still itself. She was prompt to accept all the directions of her mother which aimed at the restoration of her health, and submissively restrained her passionate love of study, as she was allowed carefully to increase her application with her slowly returning strength.

She was a model of childhood piety; regular in her private devotions, deeply in sympathy with the earnest Christian life of her mother at home, and regular in her attendance at prayer and class meetings. We distinctly remember yet the tender simplicity and sensible discriminations of her child-words, in testimony and prayer, in these meetings.

She removed with us to Carlisle, Penn., where she attended the excellent select school of the Misses Paine. At about the age of sixteen, she passed a fearful crisis of lung disease, resulting from the contraction of her chest, by her broken ribs. We despaired of her life; but returning after two days' absence, we found her in a state of subdued ecstasy and holy triumph. She had passed through a crisis in a protracted struggle for perfect love, and met us with the thrilling announcement, "The Lord has wholly saved me, and I shall be restored to health, and yet do something for His glory." From that time her strength slowly returned; and as, in the judgment of her physician, she required a change of climate, we sent her for a while to her father's, and then to Cazenovia, to pursue her studies, where her teachers and fellow-students were impressed with the ease of her acquisitions, and the high moral value of her Christian character.

At the age of eighteen she was married to Ralph Pierce, the valedictorian of his class. They at once entered upon the work of academic teaching, to which they were especially adapted.

Some four years had elapsed when they were called to enter our new mission field in India. To make their preparations, they came to us in Green Street, New York. Here, though not strong in health, she manifested great judgment and fortitude. She said, "I could not leave you if it were not for the grace of God." I had been entrusted by the missionary secretary with a most painful and delicate duty. I was to inform her that in view of her feeble health, if she went, she could not return, on account of declining strength; and she had answered, "I am prepared for this. I know I go to India to labor as long as I can and then to die there, and I have settled the question. *I am willing to go.*" Just before her departure, in a love-feast, she said, "I love my native land; I love my father and mother; but I love the perishing heathen in India more."

Her husband had been ordained; her precious little babe, Persis Marilla, had been baptized; and the interesting farewell service in Bromfield Street Church, Boston, and the beautiful ship *Niobe*, were over. We bade our beloved farewell, and stood on the wharf until her tearful countenance, her noble brow, her darling babe, and the tall form of her husband, with waving signal, faded out of sight, and said, "They are gone." With struggling grief and tender joy we had placed our precious offering upon the missionary altar, and said, "Thy will, O God, be done."

Her voyage was a scene of constant personal suffering and moral heroism. So we learned from the captain of the ship. He said, "I never saw such a woman. She suffered most intensely but was constantly at the service of every other sufferer on the ship. She sketched with her pencil every remarkable feature of island and ocean scenery. She studied the science of navigation, and could take the reckoning of ship as well as any man on board." She landed in the midst of the Sepoy rebellion, and, travelling with other missionaries, before the danger was passed, she went feebly, but fearlessly, to every post of duty.

Her success in mastering the language of the mission field was remarkable. In a time incredibly short she could read to Mohammedan and heathen women, and converse and pray in Hindostani and Urdú, and with no failure of courage she endured the wasting effects of the climate, and the long journeys over wretched roads, in hard vehicles, or on the shoulders of men, all without a murmur.

She took a leading part in founding the female orphanage, with the prosperous history and future promise of which the Church is so familiar. She had more than one hundred and forty of these helpless ones in her immediate charge when her weary head quietly pressed the pillow of death.

For nearly six years, under a burning Asiatic sun, and amid the malarious fever of a foreign land, or far up the Hymalayas, in endeavoring to restore her wasting energies, she battled with the ills and endured the sacrifices of a missionary life. She read, and wrote, and wept, and smiled, and prayed, until her Master said, "It is enough." "It was," said Dr. Butler, "worth a voyage to India to witness such a death—surpassing in holy triumph anything I ever saw in my life." She committed her weeping orphans, her precious babes, and her husband to God, and with many words of inspired confidence and wisdom, she bade adieu to earth, saying, "I feel like a bird sailing through the air."

I said to Bishop Janes, "Her career as a missionary was short." He replied, "Yes, but exceedingly brilliant." Long, very long will be tenderly cherished the memory of "dear Marilla," on the mission fields of India.

IN PERILS OFT.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. GRACEY.

It will do no harm to copy from the private correspondence of one of our missionary sisters, parts of a letter written but a few years ago. It is just enough to show one of those episodes in the lives of the dear ones who have given themselves to work far hence among the Gentiles.

The writer of the letter was one of the first who went to our India Mission. She labored there for a number of years; but health failing, she returned to her native land, and very soon passed away to her heavenly rest.

We might furnish chapters of like character from the diaries and correspondence of those still living, but this will serve as an illustration. Surely after reading this, we at home should catch something more of the spirit of sacrifice, and give heartier sympathy and more fervent prayers for those in the regions beyond.

Let us keep the record at least. The letter shows how fearful it is to be compelled to travel in India during the rainy season. The journey to which the writer refers, should have been com-

pleted in twelve hours, but she, with her three small children, and nurse, were exposed to its fury for about forty hours.

She goes on to say, "About an hour after we left your house, it commenced raining. The prospect looked gloomy, and I had a mind to turn back to you, but I concluded that with plenty of light we would get along; but the wind and rain soon extinguished our torch, and we were left to go some distance in the dark. It was dismal. Baby did not like the dark, and began to cry, but soon cried herself to sleep, and continued so most of the night. We moved slowly, much of the time in total darkness, and in the morning found we had gotten but little over a quarter of the distance. The rain still pouring, and the wind blowing furiously, the *bearers* (palankeen men) said they could go no farther; so we stopped under the thatch of a shop for a half-hour. The water was rising so rapidly that our *palankeens* began to fill, so go on we *must*. We went a few yards, and found the water waist deep; in fact, the country looked like one boisterous lake. We retraced our steps, and went into a cow stable, built a little fire, got a native bed, placed the children upon it, and I began to dry some of their clothes. Baby was wet through, and seemed ill, but did not cry. I could scarcely arouse her, she was so stupid and feverish. O! you can tell how my heart pained me. I could not at times hold up my head, having had a sick headache all night, and then the terrible smoke from the native fuel almost killed me. But I was thinking more of my children than myself. To add to our troubles, our house or shelter did not seem safe. Houses were falling all around us, and the thought of being crushed was terrible. We could not get a messenger to send a line to my husband. At last the village watchman came and brought the children something to eat. By this time the water had fallen some, so go on we must, for we feared every moment the shelter would fall upon us. We went through ponds of water; twice I was dropped and wet to my shoulders, and so was H—.

Night found us at a little village, not knowing where to go, but sure we could not travel. Providentially a *Raja* (King) lived there, and while we were searching for the watchman, the *Raja's* secretary heard of us, and came and offered us a hearty welcome to the *Raja's* stables, but said I could not get there in my palankeen, as the water was so deep. He sent another conveyance, and

I nerved myself for the worst. We reached that welcome shelter in safety and thanksgiving to God. I was too ill to eat, but not to work. I dried some of our clothes. I took off my own clothing, wrapped myself in a damp blanket, and tried to get something dried by our little fire. I had a nap that greatly relieved my head, but awoke stiff and weak; still that was nothing. The children, wearied out with hunger, were calling for bread, but we could get nothing but tea. The water now began to subside a little, and we started. As we went out of the village, the crash was fearful of houses falling in every direction, and it was very dark. We got along pretty well, considering we got dipped into the water several times during the remainder of our journey. Some seven miles from Lucknow we met one of our servants coming with some bread, which was very acceptable to the children. As we neared the city, we met Mr. —, with one or two friends, coming on horseback to search for us. How glad we were to see their faces you may imagine. I could hold out no longer; my strength and courage seemed to leave me; and I could only give vent to my pent-up feelings and thanksgiving in a flood of tears, which all seemed to understand. I have abundant reason to thank God for His mercies to us!

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1871.

WHY THE HEATHEN WORSHIP.

No question or remark perhaps tends more to call the heathen to reflection, than to ask them why they worship, and perform their various rites. It is generally supposed that the heathen man feels a burden of sin, and bows down to his idol, bathes in his sacred river, or goes on his long pilgrimage in order that his sins may be lessened. It is true that the man without the knowledge of Christ knows that he is a sinner, and feels a fear of meeting his deity, and especially of meeting the *Great Spirit* on account of this sin. But his worship is not performed with any hope of making his sins any less, nor does he expect to receive any perceptible spiritual benefit in this life, whatever religious ceremonies he may perform. The great masses, in fact, have very little idea why they bow down to idols. They feel condemnation in their hearts, and are led to follow the crowd, and do what others do.

A missionary on the banks of the Ganges, where hundreds of thousands were gathered to make offerings to the goddesses of the river, and to bathe in her sacred waters, often asked these questions:—

"What benefit do you derive from all this trouble and all these ceremonies?"

The first answer usually was, "We do not know. Our fathers came here to worship, our people still come, and we do as others do." Some, however, would say, "We bathe to wash away sin."

"To wash away sin? Have you succeeded in washing any away?"

To this the old answer comes, "We do not know; we suppose we have of course."

"But," the missionary asks again, "do you expect to leave any of your sins here? will you be better men when you go home than when you came? will you tell fewer lies, or cheat and steal less, or will you go home as you came? And in your house will you have purer hearts and lead holier lives than before you gave offerings to this great goddess, and bathed in her cleansing waters?"

The men would smile at such a strange idea as being changed by their religious service, and would usually reply candidly, "No, we do not expect to be any different from what we used to be."

"Do you get any rest of soul or real happiness by what you do and what you offer?"

"No, all the happiness we get is the fun of coming here and seeing the people and the sights."

"Then if your ceremonies make you no better and no happier, if really no sins are washed away from you, of what benefit are they? Surely if they influenced your hearts, you would feel that influence."

Some would answer, "We really know no benefit, except the fun and sight-seeing." Others would say, "It is profitable to us for another world; all this work for our deities will be so much to our credit in settling our account." Others still would reply, "The deity is pleased with these things, and will not be so severe on us who do them; and our families and crops are benefited by it." The all-sufficient answer with the masses however, is, "What do we know about these things? our fathers did it and it becomes their children to follow their footsteps."

Such conversations give us an insight into the practical religious ideas of the heathen, especially of those in India. They have no idea of a spiritual religion that can go down into their hearts and uproot sin, the source of their burdens and cares. They will make offerings to please the deity when supposed to be angry; will pay their usual dues of worship, rites and money even, lest their crops fail, their children be sick, or some other calamity befall them through the jealousy of a neglected deity; will perform works of merit, hoping to place their judge under obligation to them, and thus secure advantage in the day of settling; but the idea of asking their gods, great or small, for purity, love, freedom from sins or for any present spiritual blessing does not seem to enter their minds. Hence it is not to be supposed that a man will be less a liar or thief because he is especially religious. He may be religious indeed because he wishes to secure the assistance of the deity in his wicked schemes. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man knows and admits that the course he pursues, and the course in which he hopes to enlist his deity, is wrong and sinful. The gods of the heathen have like passions with themselves in all things.

When we can prove to them that the Ganges does not wash away sin, how good it is to tell them of a "fountain filled with blood" that can cleanse wholly! How fully does the religion of Jesus meet this great spiritual lack of the heathen world! Jesus, the *light*, poured out His blood for them. What now are you and I doing that this light may shine, and this blood be applied, to these darkened, sinful souls?

E. W. P.

MORE THAN THEY ALL?

MANY incidents have come to our knowledge illustrative of the readiness of the poorest of our Christian sisters to toil and sacrifice for Christ, in support of the work which we have undertaken. If these can do so much, what ought not wealthier members to do? The following is communicated to our Milwaukee contemporary, *The Index*, by Mrs. Bulah Brinton, under the title —

CONSECRATED PENNIES.

On one occasion, as I was going around to collect the quarterly dues for the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, I came to the house of one of the members, who had promised to give two cents a week. I hesitated about calling. I knew that the woman had just had a long, expensive fit

of sickness, that had used up their small income. I thought it not at all likely that she had saved the money under such circumstances, and it might make her feel badly to be asked for it. Then I thought I would call and tell her what I was doing.

She was down on the floor scrubbing, with such an appearance of languor and weariness that I really pitied her; but as soon as I spoke of my business, her pale face brightened up; and she started off joyfully to the bedroom to get her pocket-book. She began counting out the coppers; and thinking she hadn't enough, I said, "It is no matter if it is not all paid now." She looked up with such a happy smile, and said, "O, I've got it somewhere. We have to use all the money I get for milk; it costs us so much to live. But sometimes people send in for an extra pint, or a little sour milk. And all the pennies I get that way I lay by for this. I give it to Jesus." As I watched her counting out her pennies, she was transfigured before my eyes. She was no longer a pale, weary, care-worn woman, but the friend and loved companion of Jesus Christ. She was His companion in suffering and sacrifice; so also she shared His crown of glory.

I no longer saw the low cottage, the bare, unpainted floor, but a home made sacred and glorified by the same Presence that glorified the home of Mary and Martha. Was it superstition that made those coppers seem so sacred to me, that I disliked to put them in with the rest? Or was it because I knew that I held in my hand the fruits of a higher, nobler sacrifice, a more self-denying love than any of us had laid on the altar of the Woman's Mission? I felt it was not simply a few cents she was giving. O no! It was a woman's heart throbbing with love, and sympathy, and pity, for her sisters that knew not her precious Saviour. Surely money sanctified by such a spirit, and vitalized by such a giver's prayers, must accomplish that "whereunto it is sent."

"I am so glad," she said, "that the women have got up such a society, so that I can do something. I have always thought so much about it, and felt as though I wanted to do something; but you know I can't talk like you, and I didn't know what to do."

Can't talk! Why, God bless you, my sister, you needn't talk. Mary didn't talk as she sat at the feet of Jesus. It was Martha that had done the talking, but Jesus understood her. And so He understands you. The world is perishing for want of earnest, self-denying workers. Not but that talkers are needed; and if God has called one to talk, she should take up the cross, and bear it joyfully for His sake. But if you are called to silent work, and self-denying efforts, rejoice in it. What talk could have expressed such passionate devotion, such deep, unfeigned love, as the silent woman expressed, when she fell at the feet of her Lord, and washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

Which showed the greater love, the man that feasted and talked with Him, or the woman who said nothing at His feet? What woman, however eloquent, could have said anything that would have revealed a deeper interest, a more ardent love for the mission work, than was shown by the one who denied herself and child every little luxury, that she might give every extra cent to the cause. And it is the glory of the Woman's Mission, that it has place and work for every such humble worker. It has opened a channel through which the pennies of the poor can flow into the treasury of the Lord. Not simply what happens to be on hand once a year. It takes the savings of each week. Not the dol-

lars only, but the cents can here be consecrated to Christ. If ever I lifted my heart in devout thankfulness to God, it was when I sat and watched that woman counting her pennies, her pale face beautiful with the joy of self-sacrificing love.

Surely the women have learned the great secret of nature. Not by grand heroic efforts at stated times, but by steady, continuous use of small means, does she accomplish her grandest results.

The following is from the report of the Corresponding Secretary of the Winona, Minn., Auxiliary: —

"We were encouraged very much the other day, in calling on one of the members of this Society, whom we found engaged in tying heavy bed comforters. Expressing pleasure at a call which obliged her to rest for a little, she informed us, that, knowing her husband's unwillingness to contribute to the missionary cause, she had taken several comforters from the store to make, and had finished nearly enough to enable her to pay her subscription of one dollar to the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, and one dollar to the General Missionary Society. We felt that He who was pleased to accept the widow's mite, would approve and bless this offering of self-denial also."

We cannot forbear adding one more example, to these already given, — furnished from the records of a society of different denomination, but like object. We simply ask, *how many* of us know what *self-denial* means?

"A poor woman in a country town opened a little shop. Her husband's earnings supported the family, and she was to do whatever she pleased with the profits of her store-keeping. At the close of one year, she had gained seventy-five dollars. What did she do with it? She took it to her minister, and gave the whole of it as an anonymous contribution to the Missionary Society."

MRS. PARKER writes from Lucknow, Nov. 21, 1870, as follows: "At Cawnpore we were welcomed by Mrs. Thomas, who had come down from Bareilly to meet us. We were soon joined by Mr. and Miss Thoburn, Mr. Waugh and Mr. Messmore, making us a company of thirteen American missionaries. You can imagine, perhaps, how we spent the evening. The day missionaries return to the loved mission, and meet again the brethren and sisters with whom they have labored together in love, can come but once in a life-time; as it came to us that day. God has been good to us all, and we would acknowledge His goodness."

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR Society in the Northwest has been deeply afflicted in the loss of one of its best and bravest workers. It has pleased God to take to himself

Mrs. Dr. Reece, of Abingdon, Ill. She was our Branch Vice-President, in charge of Central Illinois Conference.

At its last session, she addressed the Conference, presenting the claims of the Society. Her general deportment and noble utterances carried all hearts. Resolutions were passed, commending the Society, and welcoming her to the charges as its representative. In her former position, as Preceptress of Hedding Female College, she had won the confidence and esteem of the ministers. As our ranks are thinned by the garnering angels, let us draw more closely about the Master.

J. F. W.

Died, Nov. 19th, 1870, in Shahjehanpore, India, Lulu, the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, of our India Mission.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. JOHNSON.

"SHAHJEHANPORE, India, Aug. 11th, 1870.

"THE two girls' schools in the city are in a prosperous state. They are equal as to the number of scholars, as well as general proficiency. The usual number in each school is about twenty-five. The girls of the Dilaurgunge school learn tatting and needle-work, but there are a greater number in the Hoosainapoor school who can read well. One remarkable feature in the former school is, that they no longer object to a visit from my husband, Dr. Johnson, but even invite him to come. He was called some time ago to see one of the oldest girls in the school, a full-grown young lady of the highest Brahmin caste. He found her afflicted with an abscess on her face, which he successfully treated. She has since made several visits to our house, coming a distance of two miles, accompanied by her father or brother; and sat and conversed with my husband and myself, with uncovered face! She delights in reading the New Testament, and I trust that the good seed of the word will spring up in her heart, and in many others, and bring forth fruit unto everlasting life."

"I have been invited several times to visit some of the highest Brahmin families in the city, and urged to start a school in one of their houses, for the education of their wives and daughters. Five native gentleman of these families came to us, and offered to render some financial assistance for these schools, but, to the present time, we have not the money to meet the expense of the schools.

There are other very interesting openings for schools. What we lack is money; and this we hope your Society may be able to supply.

"PANAHPORE, (City of Refuge).

"This is a Christian village, where a number of very poor Christian families, who were rendered destitute by their adhesion to Christianity, have been, through the exertions of the missionaries, located, and small pieces of ground given them to cultivate. It is hoped that here may grow up a truly Christian community, a light in a dark place, an oasis in the moral desert of Hinduism, where there shall be many trees of righteousness, of the Lord's right hand planting. This Christian village school is different from the other schools. In it the mothers, daughters, and little boys are all taught together. There are about thirty women and girls in the school. These need assistance that is not required in other places — *i. e.* in the matter of support and clothes — for a few years, until their land is cleared and brought under cultivation, when they can become self-sustaining. At present they have nothing, and cannot attend school without some such help. Here I beg to ask the Society to add \$18 per month to \$12, already granted. This will call down many blessings upon the givers, and the prayers of more than thirty Christian families."

NOTE. I had the pleasure of laying this case before the ladies of our Brooklyn Auxiliary, assembled in Washington Avenue Church, Brooklyn, the very day I received the letter, and of witnessing the noble response to this appeal, when the ladies unanimously voted to sustain this school in the "City of Refuge" of our India Mission.

C. B., Corresponding Secretary.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. SCOTT, DATED
BAREILLY, AUG. 10, 1870.

"Mrs. Thomas forwarded a letter to me, that she had received from you, giving us cheering information concerning the aid for our girls' schools, that your Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had granted for Bareilly. Accept my sincere thanks for what was allotted to my part of the Bareilly work, namely, the three girls' schools in the city; also a school for native Christian children, that was closed for a time last year, but which I have taken up again since March, — in all, four schools. I had to come to the mountains in May, with my dear little daughter Allie, to try to save her life. We will return again to Bareilly the 1st of October, D. V.; when I hope to find all four of my schools as prosperous as when I left them. At present 'Cornelia,' one of the orphan girls (who has been married to James Jordan, one

of the orphan boys), has charge of them. She writes me encouraging accounts of their progress. I have also the promise of another Hindu school; in fact, I have been requested to take it by several Hindu gentleman, and also by two or three native ladies, who had been attended by Miss Swain, — the latter sending their application through Miss Swain, the former coming to our house, to make the request themselves. But I had no funds then to start new schools, so had to put them off with a promise that if I received aid from 'home,' I would certainly start it this year." "Pray for us, that the hand of affliction may be stayed, and that our poor, weak efforts to convert the heathen may be crowned with success. The grave of my precious child binds me to India." "If my little daughter's health should require me to take her to America soon, I shall return to India, if God wills, to spend the rest of my days in this work."

C. B.

WORK IN INDIA.

I am allowed to copy the following items of interest from a private letter from Miss Gordon.

M. ANNESLEY.

"SEALKOTE, India.

"One of the orphan girls, about thirteen years old, was lying with consumption when I received yours. Her name was Annie. She died the 13th of November, trusting without a doubt in 'Jesus her Beloved Shepherd;' not afraid of Satan because Jesus was by her. Her death made a serious impression on the other girls; they seem to have no doubt that Annie is saved, and only wish they may die like her.

"The past year was unusual for sickness, both in the family and in the girls' orphanage. Sick-beds had to be attended by day and night from January to November, but in the goodness of God all have recovered except Annie.

"Here we are, a little band with cities to conquer; but through Christ strengthening us we can do all things.

"You very kindly inquired about our orphan girls, their names, etc., and if they can assist in reading the Bible or teaching in the zenanas? In the present state of morals in native society, we could not send out girls to read or teach, but we take them with us as helpers. During a part of the cold season, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Gordon, and I took our morning walks to the two nearest villages, one or two of the girls accompanying each party; and we spent the mornings reading to the women as we found opportunity.

"Although we are personally received with great respect, yet these women are not very eager to hear the Gospel. At first they take for granted that they cannot understand us, because we are English, — we are learned, and they are unlearned. To assure both them and ourselves that we can understand each other, we have a little common conversation.

"After answering their questions as to what relation we

have to each other; how many brothers, sisters, etc. we have; how we spend our time; do we work, spin, or only read? — then we say, that we have come to tell them the good news of the Saviour, and ask them to listen. And they do listen for awhile; but just when we think they are most attentive, we are interrupted with questions like these: 'Why do you not wear ear-rings, nose-jewels?' etc., etc. Examining the bottom of our skirts, they say, 'How many cases do you wear? of what is the dress made, and where made?'

"The girls wear the hair braided tight around the forehead until they are married. The married women comb it smooth on the forehead, traidding it in small strands behind, which cover the back of the head like a net; and all is covered with the chuddah. They dress their hair about once in a fortnight. No one can do it for herself; either her neighbor must do it, or the village barber's wife. If we read in the Old Testament, the Mohammedan women are familiar with the names of the patriarchs and prophets, and say they have knowledge also as we have.

"Some of them have said they did not wish to hear the name of Jesus, but afterward listened attentively. They are very fond of hearing the Psalms of David chanted, and frequently, when we are with them, ask us to sing, which we promise to do, if they will first hear us read: on such occasions they often keep quiet for some time.

"After I began this letter I had a few days' illness. Mrs. Gordon and the children are gone to the hills; and since they left, one of our dear girls has been called away by our Heavenly Master. She was one of the six who went out with us to read to the women, — she was out with me the last time. She was taken with bilious fever, and died in seventeen days. Her name was Martha; she was delirious, and we had not the satisfaction of conversing with her about death; but we have every reason to believe that she loved Jesus, and nothing can separate us from His love. She was humble, and did not think too highly of herself, and was kind to all her schoolmates, — loved her neighbor as herself. Her great joy was that she had one brother who was a Christian. She was large, strong, and healthy, and would often say to one who was more slender, that "she was as the flower of the grass, which the wind bloweth away."

Children's Corner.

MY DREAM.

BY MRS. L. R. HOSKINS.

I DREAMED a dream in childhood;
I saw around me stand
A group of dark-browed children
Of India's far-off land.
I talked to them of Jesus,
Of His all-perfect love,
Told them He ever sees us
From His bright home above: —
How once for their salvation
He came a little child,
And in the chosen nation
Sojourned, the Undeiled,

Till, ended all His mission,
He sought again the sky;
Where angels and archangels
To Him "Hosanna" cry.
And I besought them kindly
To listen to the word,
To flee the power of Satan,
And serve the risen Lord.
That dream was true prevision:
In India's clime I dwell,
And to these pagan children
Of the Redeemer tell.
Some listen to the story,
Accept the truth I bring;
Some slight the Lord of glory,
And to their idols cling.
But yet my heart is hoping
That day is drawing near
When these dark minds around me
Of Christ will gladly hear.
Then let, dear Christian children,
Your earnest prayers ascend
That soon these sin-blind millions
To Christ the knee may bend.

WHAT THE CHILDREN CAN DO.

SOME time since, when a collection was to be made in a Sabbath-school, it was proposed that each child who gave should enclose his money in a slip of paper, telling in what manner it had been earned; and having been much interested in reading these little scrolls ourselves, we thought that it would be as pleasant to others to see some of the many ways in which the little folks can make a few pennies for themselves, so as to have something to give to Missions without calling upon their parents. And there may be children waiting until they get larger before they make any efforts of the kind, who, we hope, will read the following, and learn to do likewise.

On one of these papers we find, "Ten cents for reading to mother; on another, "I earned this money by whitewashing our spaing house;" on a third, "Ten cents for making bread and keeping house;" on a fourth, "I earned this taking care of sister Maud;" on a fifth "For keeping mother's room in order;" a sixth has, "Twenty cents for improvement in music;" a seventh, "Ten cents for not crying when I fell down steps;" an eighth, "For carrying a telegram to the office;" a ninth had "Made twenty

cents by doing what she was told without asking why;" a tenth had been "Keeping mother's yard in order;" an eleventh had "Earned five cents by waiting on grandma;" and so on for a great many more; abundantly proving that there are some among us who do not despise the day of small things. — *The Missionary.*

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows: — I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass. — II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J. — III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2227 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. — IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio. — V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill. — VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo. — The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans. — VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston. — IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco.

Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

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FROM JUNE 11, 1870, TO DEC. 15, 1870.

[Owing to the illness of the Treasurer, the following report came too late for publication in the January number.—ED.]

Chicago, Ill., Trinity	\$11.50
Beloit, Wis.	15.00
Marengo, Ill.	9.00
Rockford, "	25.00
Elgin, "	17.00
Fayette, Iowa	1.55
Fort Atkinson, Wis.	9.00
Chicago, Ill., Grace	33.25
" " Grant Place	14.00
Whitewater, Wis.	34.00
Delevan, "	6.00
Park's Corners, Ill.	7.00
Milwaukee, Wis., Spring St.	35.60
Rock Island, Ill.	21.70
Abingdon, "	20.00
Ringwood, "	5.00
Detroit, Mich.	11.00
Macomb, Ill.	5.35
Aurora, "	21.00
Detroit, Mich.	7.50
Mendota, Ill.	5.00
Roscoe, "	15.00
Detroit, Mich.	1.00
" "	7.00
Milwaukee, Wis., Spring St.	9.00
Cherry Valley, Ill.	17.20
Milwaukee, Wis., Summerfield	20.00
By Mrs. J. F. Willing	175.00
Parma, Mich.	12.00
Rockton, Ill.	14.00
Janesville, Wis.	23.55
Rock Island, Ill.	13.40
North Adams, Mich.	2.40
Kingston, Ill.	6.00
Clinton, Wis.	5.50
Michigan City, Ind.	6.00
Three Rivers, Mich.	9.40
Chesaning, "	2.88
Ottawa, Ill.	27.50
Light House, Ill.	25.35
Manchester, "	5.10
Flora, "	5.00
Battle Creek, Mich.	5.50
Garden Prairie, Ill.	5.50
Macomb, "	2.00
Belvidere, "	6.93
Morrison, "	3.30
Olivet, Mich.	4.50
Vassar, "	11.35
Ginnell, Iowa, for "Girls' Orphanage," India	45.65
Waukesha, Wis.	20.00
Mt. Morris, Ill.	6.00
Springport, Mich.	5.00
Evanston, Ill.	70.00
Detroit, Mich.	3.60
Sandwich, Ill.	14.25
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul	20.00
Big Foot, Ill.	7.50
Harvard, "	8.50
Ringwood, "	10.90
Franklin Grove, Ill.	29.08
Rockford, "	6.00
Broadhead, Wis.	16.00
Fort Atkinson, "	16.00
Waukegan, Ill.	14.50
Creston, "	22.00
Rockford, " Third Street	18.50
Marengo, "	11.50
South Saginaw, Mich.	6.40
Abingdon, Ill.	5.00
Richmond, "	11.45
Chicago, " Park Avenue	26.00
Abingdon, "	14.50
Magnolia, Wis.	23.79
Footville, "	6.00
Chicago, Ill., Grant Place	22.00
Calon, Mich.	3.40
Eckford, "	5.00
Detroit, " Simpson	9.50
Fort Atkinson, Wis.	9.75
Light House, Ill.	20.00
Janesville, Wis.	22.00
Chesaning, Mich.	8.12
Parma, "	10.21

Milwaukee, Wis., Summerfield ch.	\$55.00
Elgin, Ill.	20.00
Bloomington, Ill.	40.76
Jackson, Mich.	20.50
Mt. Morris, Ill.	11.90
Harvard, "	3.00
Tekonsha, Mich.	6.62
Otero, Wis.	7.32
Michigan City, Ind.	12.00
Appleton, Wis.	50.00
Manchester, Ill.	8.30
Dartford, Wis.	15.25
Milwaukee, " Spring St.	14.50
South Bend, Ind.	19.37
Indianapolis, " Trinity	8.00
Chicago, Ill., Trinity	13.50
Detroit, Mich.	4.00
Olivet, "	5.00
Penfield, "	5.00
Homer, "	6.00
North Marshall, Mich.	6.00
North Prairie, Wis.	4.50
Three Rivers, Mich.	6.17
Sandwich, Ill.	10.00
Marengo, "	12.00
Sturgis, Mich.	15.00
Marshall, "	15.00
Mrs. A. M. Martin (for an orphan)	25.00
Court St., Rockford, Ill.	28.50
Mrs. Rev. L. Springer, Centre Rockford, Ill.	2.00
" M. E. Falkner, "	5.00
A. Smith, Oak Park, Ill. (for an orphan)	25.00
New Milford, "	10.00
Newark, "	3.00
Kingston, "	5.50
St. John's, Chicago, "	4.00
Park's Corners, "	5.50
Waukegan, "	15.00
Court St., Rockford, "	21.00
Dundee, "	5.43
Elgin, "	6.00
Cherry Valley, "	6.00
Young America, "	2.00
Mrs. M. J. Savits, Collingville, Ill.	1.00
Miss H. Bridgman, Dundee,	1.00
Bay View, Wis.	20.00
" A Minister's Wife, " Wis.	5.00
Asbury, Milwaukee, "	16.75
Rev. Benj. Barrett, West Granville, Wis. (for an orphan)	40.00
Racine, Wis.	15.00
Kenosha, "	16.00
Bay View, Milwaukee, Wis.	41.00
Spring St., "	45.00
Summerfield, " "	32.00

\$2,085.28

Mrs. C. H. FOWLER, Treasurer.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Mrs. E. W. Parker, Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. J. F. Willing, Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows:—

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TERMS.—30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.—Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxiii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1871.

No. 9.

WHAT HAVE WE GLEANED THIS YEAR?

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

WHAT have we gleaned this year
In the great harvest field?
What gathered, ear by ear,
From hidden nooks concealed?

Scanning the fertile soil,
Where others reaped before,
What hath our patient toil
Now added to the store?

Behold, a loaded wain,
That had been left to waste!
It hath not been in vain
That we those steps have traced!

Lord, let our gleanings be
Increased an hundred-fold,
Till weary earth shall see
Once more the age of gold!

WES. FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, O.

INDIAN WOMEN.

BY MISS ISABELLA THOBURN.

IDDIA.

IF I write of those we oftenest see and try to help, it cannot be of honored, happy women like Malika and Mahami, but of the weak, unfortunate, and helpless classes, of which there are many everywhere; but here they seem sometimes to be the multitude, while those who have fair prospects and easy comfort are the exceptions.

To a school recently opened there came the first day a girl scarcely eighteen, carrying a three months' old baby in her arms, and most anxious to learn to read. She was a gentle-looking girl, with an appealing, winning smile and modest demeanor. She wanted to learn English, but we persuaded her to read her own language first; and, beginning with the alphabet, she set diligently at work.

This is the story she tells of herself; a story very sadly common here. A year and a half ago she was living with her husband, when a richer man, in English dress and with a dash of white in his face, came bribing the child-wife with sweetmeats and jewels, and soft words and fair promises, until he stole her off to his mother's house. The mother is a Roman Catholic of Indian and Portuguese descent, who practices medicine among *zenana* women. This her youngest son, is idle and wild; and when his money fails, and his mother and brothers refuse to help him, he threatens to dismiss Iddia. If her own husband forgave her, — and such sins, being common, are easily forgiven here, — he could not take her back, for she has broken caste, and for the same reason she cannot go to her father. Ignorant and helpless she lives day by day by sufferance, her choice being between this present life and that of a castaway in a great homeless, pitiless city. "And if they send me away, they will keep my baby," she says; hugging closer the child in her arms.

I will tell you something of her home. When I visited her, I found her in the lower story of a large old house, her room furnished in the native manner, with cot for bed and chair, and niches in the walls for articles of ornament and household service. She did not seat me here, but took me to the other side of the house, where sat an old woman in English dress, but with a purely native face. She could not speak English, but presently her oldest son, a manly, honest-looking person, joined her, and did the talking for the family. He asked about my work, and said I might get access to the *zenanas* by accompanying his mother in her visits to the sick; but she demurred, saying no one would wish to see me if I went as a missionary. I fancied the unwillingness was as much on her part as with the *Begams*. She was very kind,

however; and sending Iddia for a plate of sweet limes, she prepared them for me, holding out one by one until she was satisfied that I had refreshed myself with the cooling juices.

The eldest son's wife was the family favorite. She came out on an upper veranda, where were couches, easy-chairs, and other comforts; and, though she bowed assentingly when her husband called, she would not join us. "It is because she is ashamed," apologized her husband, "ashamed of not being educated." By "education" he meant an ability to speak English. And yet the woman was fairer than her visitor, having light hair and blue eyes. Her husband was not darker than a Southern European. He said of his wife, with some pride, "Her grandfather was Colonel Somebody of the East India service;" but he did not add, as doubtless he might, that her grandmother was some poor girl like Iddia.

Iddia stood all the time in the background, expecting no attention, but smiling contentedly under her chuddar when I looked towards her.

At another visit I learned the reason of her desire to learn. The old woman told me that Iddia thought if she learned to read and became a Christian, her son would marry her, and her home would be secure. By becoming a Christian, both women meant being baptized, seeming to regard that ceremony as an admission into respectable society. The mother told me she was "born a Christian," by which she meant she was born of baptized parents.

Iddia is doing well at school, and is listening daily to Priscilla, one of our Bible-readers. "She told me," said Priscilla, "that she could not pray; she did not know how; she was afraid; 'and yet,' she said, 'what can I do if I cannot go to God, for I have no one else?'" I told her to tell God all about herself just as she tells us, which seemed to make her very happy."

I think she begins to understand that though the outward baptism may give her an earthly home, for the sake of the heavenly she needs the baptism of repentance and of the Holy Ghost.

The first Sabbath-school for the Chinese in California was opened in San Francisco by a few ladies in July, 1866. There are now sixteen such schools in the State, numbering 200 teachers and 600 pupils.

WOMAN'S OPPOSITION TO THE GOSPEL IN INDIA.

BY REV. T. J. SCOTT.

IN a former communication, we wrote of women in India simply as supporters of idolatry. In this, attention is asked to their peculiar opposition to the progress of the gospel.

The opportunity of women in India for hearing and learning anything of Christianity is much more limited than that of men. The custom of keeping them forever concealed within the walls of their own homes, among the higher classes, and the fact that they are not allowed to stand or sit and hear in a promiscuous street or village assembly, leaves them but little opportunity, comparatively, to hear the gospel. The consequence is, that, as a rule, they know but little of Christianity *directly* from its teachers. What they do hear is often some caricature, with repulsive stories of what the missionaries do with those who become Christians. Many women in India, as well as China, believe that children are kidnapped and carried out of the country to be never more heard of, consequently they have generally a repulsion to the gospel that must be overcome; otherwise they are its most zealous enemies, because most ignorant.

Where the husband or son becomes favorably inclined toward Christianity, the most powerful dissuasion he meets comes most likely from the wife or the mother. Children are taught by the mother to shun the missionary as a pestilence. Often when on itinerating tours with the native preachers, as we enter a village, groups of children are seen scampering in every direction. Often have I heard them say, as they would drop their sport when we had come suddenly on them round the turn of some village alley, "Run quick, quick; here they come who tell about Jesus." The native preachers have told me that in their homes the mothers teach the children to keep carefully away from us when we come to the village. Children, with the curiosity of their age, often come with the crowd of villagers to see and hear when we stand up to preach or sit down to teach in what would be the village square at home. At such times I have seen a mother come up quickly and nervously pull away her little boy or girl, as if rescuing the child from some imminent danger.

An instance or two will make more apparent this opposition of women to the gospel. Several years ago, in my first field in India, I made the ac-

quaintance of a well-to-do farmer, and after some months he showed a disposition to accept Christianity and take baptism. This news reached his wives, — there were two of them ; and then what conjugal commotion ! One of them avowed that she was done with him forever ; the other would rid herself of him and the world together by taking poison or a leap into a well. This last threat has much force in India, for there is nothing more common than for a vexed spouse under real or fancied injury to put an end to the affair and herself together, and all to retaliate on her lord. Well, these wives opposed this man, so that for more than two years he delayed taking baptism, and at times almost went back entirely. But the grace of God triumphed, and he became a Christian, but with the loss of both his wives. He supports them, but they shun him to this day.

In another instance I made the acquaintance of a high caste man named Ajeet Sing, the name meaning unconquerable lion. This man also had two wives, but they were more than a match for the lion, and turned him completely out of the way after he had come very near the kingdom. All the women of his village united in the opposition in a way that surprised me much. On one occasion when a native preacher visited the village to meet and encourage Ajeet Sing, the common women openly abused him in the street, showing a remarkable state of excitement, considering the customs of the country. The last time this man ever attempted to visit me was on the Sabbath. He had yoked his bullocks to a light two-wheeled conveyance such as are commonly used in the country, and was driving out of his village in the direction of the mission house ; the village women heard that he was going to take baptism, and turning almost *en masse*, they followed him wailing and tearing their hair, and threatening very dreadful things if he did not desist. The man turned back, and was an inquirer no longer. I saw him once or twice afterward, but he seemed to have given up all desire or hope of becoming a Christian.

At the present time, in a village near Bareilly, a very intelligent Mohammedan is under Christian instruction with a view of taking baptism ; but his wife is now the chief and indeed only difficulty in the way. They have a beautiful child, just a year old, and his wife threatens to take this child and leave him. At times she de-

clares that if he becomes a Christian, she will destroy herself. Knowing the character of Indian women, he appreciates the fearful danger of this. Fortunately this woman is accessible to the influence of a native helper's wife and also of the missionary ladies at Bareilly. More recently she seems inclined to learn, and may come with her husband. These cases show how women can oppose the gospel here, and indicate the importance, peculiarly difficult as it is, of removing this form of antagonism to the progress of Christianity in India.

NYNÉE TAL, September, 1870.

THE MORNING DAWNETH.

BY MRS. S. M. SITES.

OUR November mail reached us this morning, bringing, among other friends, the September number of the HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND, in which is found the biographical sketch of Mrs. Jane Isabel White, who made the first missionary grave in our Foochow Cemetery. I was deeply interested in this sketch, from the fact that our annual meeting now in progress, and the sentiments expressed in our native love-feast yesterday morning, showed so vividly what a great change God has wrought in this mission field since that heroic sister fell, twenty years ago. "She, being dead, yet speaketh." "Her martyr spirit shall be a perpetual source of missionary power." I am permitted to enter into her labors, and behold the day when many of those natives over whom her heart yearned even in her dying hour, — but over whose spiritual birth she was not permitted to rejoice in this world, — can appreciate her martyr spirit, and, like her, are ready to give up all for Christ.

Did not her angel spirit hover near us yesterday morning, rejoicing with us in our love-feast, as one after another of those dear native preachers testified their willingness to die for Christ ?

Bro. *Hu Yong Mi* opened the love-feast by reading first John iv. 7-12, and some other appropriate Scripture passages. In his remarks and experience he said : "Our love for Jesus should be like Peter's, even to being nailed to the cross with the head downward. The time of persecution has not yet come upon us ; still we must keep our souls in readiness to meet even such persecution as Peter endured. To feed the Saviour's sheep is not a life of ease and pleasure, but of toils and cares, ever being ready to lay down

our lives for the sheep. During the year I have received great grace. As in the lecture on astronomy last evening, we heard of the boundless heavens and worlds yet beyond, so to me has been God's abounding love and grace. And even as Peter died, so by grace, I hope to be ready."

Rev. *Sia Sek Ong* said:—

"My soul is full of peace. During the year my trials and conflicts abounded, but grace did much more abound. I had hoped we would hear from Bishop Kingsley from America at this time. The news of his death, which reached me in the fifth month, filled my heart with sorrow inexpressible, and I could not restrain the tears. But soon my heart was filled with peace, and his example urged me onward in the work, with redoubled power. I consecrate my life, my all to Christ. Like Peter, I am ready to die for my Saviour; but unlike Peter, I would never trust in self. China is now in an unsettled state. Our day of persecution may be near at hand. Lord, may Thy grace be sufficient! Bishop Kingsley is not only urging me on, but I think urging you, each one, to activity and consecration in this work."

I might add similar experiences of others, but these given are enough to lead us to feel that indeed for this people the morning dawneth. May we not hope that a score of years hence, Methodists in the Fukien Province may be numbered by scores of thousands.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

FOOCHOW, China, November 15, 1870.

ZENANA SCENES AND INTERVIEWS.

BY MRS. L. R. HOSKINS.

HAVING lately had the pleasure of spending a few weeks among our missionary friends in Bareilly, I will try to give you my impressions of zenana work in that city.

One of the first visits I made with Miss Swain was to the house of a wealthy banker of the city. We were escorted to a large upper room well furnished with heavy cotton carpets, drawing-room chairs, a small centre-table, a number of pictures, and a punkah.

Two women of the family, a sister of the banker and also the wife of his younger brother, are under Miss Swain's treatment. The elder of the

two is considered a very holy person; we found her very interesting.

After having inquired if I were married, if I had any children, where was my home, etc., she began to tell me of her life and journeyings, and went on to say, "When we journey, we go in close *palkis* or *gáris*. We never go about as you do; we are obliged to stay at home all the time; or if we do go sometimes to bathe or take the air, we are so closely shut up in our *dális* that it is quite as pleasant to stay at home."

I asked her if she was really unhappy on account of her secluded life. With a merry laugh she exclaimed quickly, "O no, we are at peace among ourselves. We go sometimes to the neighboring houses, and the women come to us, so we have many pleasant hours, and then we have our work."

After a little further chat on household affairs, she began to ask me about the Franco-Prussian war, and I was amused at her glee when I told her that Napoleon was taken prisoner by the Prussians. Claspings her hands, she exclaimed, "Ah, one king has been victorious, and the other has fallen!" Then she inquired, "Where are the armies now? are they yet fighting?" showing a real interest in the matter.

The younger sister-in-law has been for eleven years a sufferer from chronic disease; and as a male physician could by no means be admitted to the zenana, she would probably have suffered her life long (as would many others of her class) if a kind Providence had not sent a lady physician among them "to bless and cheer and heal."

Ráni has been about six months under Miss Swain's treatment, and the difficulty, which seemed very obstinate at first, seems to be slowly yielding to skill and care, and there is a fair prospect of a perfect cure. The lines of long continued suffering, so clearly defined about her mouth and on her brow, are gradually fading away; and I was glad to see, when I visited them the day before I left Bareilly, that she was really gaining a little of the vivacity of her elder sister.

Mrs. Thomas is teaching these women to embroider in wools, and she hopes soon to be able to give them some instruction in reading. As we were leaving this place one evening, we were accosted by a Chaprasi, who informed us that his master sent his *saláms* and begged that we would kindly stop at his house a few minutes to see a

person who was very ill. We, of course, assented, and were directed to the house, which was near by. Entering the guarded gateway, we passed through a beautiful garden, and were shown into a room where the lord of the mansion was seated on a low couch, a silver lamp burning beside him, and the inevitable hookah, on its gayly colored rug, close at hand.

Three chairs were ranged along the wall opposite, to which, by a slight inclination of the head, he directed our attention. When we were seated, a profound silence fell upon us. From a slight disturbance in an inner room it was evident that some preparation was going on preliminary to our visit; presently we asked if we could see the patient. "In a little time," was the answer; and just at that moment, to the evident relief of our host, a man entered, and, saluting us, seated himself on the couch. The master of the house inquired through him which was the doctor; and having satisfied himself on this point, he proceeded to explain, through his interpreter, that there was a person in his house who was very ill, and having heard of the skill and kindness of the doctor, Miss Sahiba, he had called her, hoping she might be able to cure his relative. We again asked to see the sick woman, and were taken through a long, dark passage into an adjoining room, where on a low bed lay the sufferer. A single glance sufficed to show us that already the grim messenger had issued the summons for her release from earth.

Perhaps the husband read in our faces that we had no hope of being able to benefit her, for he, in a low tone, requested that we would not give an opinion of her case before her, as she might be alarmed if she knew we thought her very ill.

Miss Swain asked if anything had been done for her during her illness, and the husband replied that a native doctor had been prescribing for her. We asked what medicine he had given, and were told that she had been taking gold and silver leaf and powdered pearls. A medicine costly enough to be efficacious enough, truly!

Miss Swain suggested some simple means of making the poor sufferer more comfortable for the few remaining hours of her life, and when we were once more seated in the outer room, told them kindly that the case was quite beyond her skill, that it was very evident that a few hours more would end her sufferings. The husband asked if we could come again, and we promised

to call early Monday morning, though we had little hope of finding the poor woman alive.

It is probable that she died before that time, for when we made our promised call, the gate-keeper said his master was in great trouble, and had given orders that no one should be admitted. Our servant insisted that he should let his master know of our arrival, but the man persistently declared that his master had ordered that no one should be admitted, and he did not dare to go near him to tell him we were waiting. As the gate-keeper knew nothing of the affairs of the house, we did not learn if the master's wife was still alive, but were obliged to go home deploring the foolish custom of the country, which allows a woman to die of simple neglect rather than have a male physician look upon her face.

LATE NOTES FROM CHINA.

THINKING that a few extracts from our last China mail may be of interest to your readers, I give them herewith. Bro. H. H. Lowry, of our Pekin Mission, writes: "I must tell you something of the punishment (?) of the perpetrators of the Tientsin massacre. The *Chihhieu* and *Foo* were banished, that is, on paper. Sixteen coolies (a cooly is of the lowest class) were beheaded, many of them believed to be innocent. The officials gave the families of each of the beheaded five hundred taels, or about six hundred and sixty-six dollars, and to each of the banished three hundred taels, or four hundred dollars. The execution was made a grand affair. All Tientsin went in procession, dressed in mourning and deeply bewailing the fate of the *martyrs*. The criminals were dressed in silk robes, and promised that they should be mandarins (officials) in the other world. After they were beheaded, their heads were *sewn on* again." This was to save them from the odium which to the Chinese mind is very great, in the separation of any part of the body.

Bro. Wheeler, also of our Pekin Mission, writes: "Bro. Lowry and I have just returned from Tientsin, where we had the happiness of meeting our new missionaries, Bros. Pilcher and Davis. On our way down we met the great *Tseng-kwo-fau* (one of the first statesmen of the Empire) and his brilliant retinue. Some of the soldiers or attendants manifested a hostile feeling, and one of them went through the motion of cutting off Mr. Lowry's

head as he rode past on his horse, but we got off all right. Our Tientsin brethren have passed through trying times, and the prospect is far from assuring now. Now and then they hear of new horrors in connection with the massacre; all will never be known. It is sad to see how apparently incapable the Chinese are of regarding the massacre in the light of a great crime."

From our Foochow Mission we have encouraging news of the state of our mission work.

The British government has sent orders to their consuls to the effect that hereafter English missionary societies must confine their operations to the treaty ports! This is indeed a step backward. The treaty expressly admits the right of missionaries to travel throughout the country and preach. Of course the missionaries cannot give up their large and interesting work in the country; but this order of the British government will take from them the protection that our treaty promises, and doubtless all missionaries will feel its pernicious results. Our missions in China especially need the prayers of the Church. I trust they will have them.

E. E. BALDWIN.

GRACE RATTEN ORR.

BY MRS. M. A. THOMAS.

MANY readers of the *HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND* have long been interested in one of our orphan girls named Grace. These will be grieved to learn that her stay on earth is ended. She died of consumption on the 17th of November.

She was among the first girls who were received into the Orphanage; and being an agreeable, lively, and intelligent girl, she became a general favorite in the school. She always stood among the first in her classes.

But that which endeared her to us most of all was the tender, motherly care she had over our little foundling, Frances Coryall, who was given to her a little babe, and of which she had the entire charge for five years. The child loved and obeyed her as a mother or an elder sister. We particularly admired this affectionate care of her in Grace, because it was so unusual a thing for a native girl or woman to voluntarily assume so responsible and often disagreeable a care.

One year ago Grace was married to a man whom we hoped was worthy of her, but being much older than herself, and holding rather strict

ideas of female seclusion for a Christian, her sphere of usefulness was, to say the least, limited.

We were greatly disappointed that after all our efforts to train her for a teacher and helper in the work of saving and elevating her countrywomen, she should be so restricted by her husband's views as to be almost entirely useless.

About the last of September we heard that she was very ill, and near the middle of October she was sent over from Budaon to Miss Swain for medical treatment. Her disease proved to be consumption, and had already progressed too far for human aid. It was a sore trial to us that we could not converse freely with her during her last days with us.

She was much of the time deranged, and her disease had so affected her as to deprive her of her hearing, so that it was very difficult and almost impossible to converse with her at all.

The account of her conversion, as written by herself some two years before leaving the Orphanage, is as follows:—

"The state of my heart is this: I was a great sinner; my heart was full of sin; but it was not God's will that I should remain thus. I cried to Him and besought Him with faith to take away the burden of sin from my heart; and soon there came into my heart this word, — 'Thy sins are forgiven.' Then the burden of sin rolled off my heart, and Jesus with His own precious blood sprinkled my heart, and God in His mercy forgave me my sins, so now my heart is comforted and at peace. I desire always hereafter to walk with Him and to refrain from sin."

MISSION HOUSE, BAREILLY, December 5th, 1870.

SCHOOL IN GURHWAL.

BY REV. P. T. WILSON.

ON Thursday, September 8th, Captain Garstin, the official in charge of Gurhwal, accompanied by Mrs. Garstin and Mr. Batten his assistant, examined the mission schools located here. They were highly pleased with the progress the scholars had made, and promised them several presents.

In this our chief school we have some one hundred boys, all studying English. They are the pick of the whole of Gurhwal. These boys are to be the future leaders of opinion in this district, hence in giving them a thorough knowledge of Chris-

tianity, we feel that we are laying a good foundation for the Church in these parts. Many of these boys board on the premises, and most of them regularly attend our Sabbath service and Sunday-school.

It is cheering to hear a heathen boy give a clear outline of the morning's sermon when asked to do so by the missionary. And there seems almost no limit to the number of verses from the New Testament they can commit to memory and recite.

The Sabbath-school is held after the morning service. Each boy takes one of our Sunday-school books home with him; in the afternoon they are all called together again, when, returning their books, they give an outline of what they have read.

We do not propose to cease preaching to the people in the bazars and wherever we can find them; but none of our hearers give more promise than these youths collected in our schools. We are expecting the Holy Ghost to come down upon us. We hope to see these boys soundly converted to God. Our hope is rational; we are using the means and trusting in God for this result. Should God be pleased to accept our feeble efforts and answer our prayers, there will be kindled such a flame amid these mountains that none can extinguish it till all this wretched superstition is consumed.

Besides this Anglo-vernacular school, located here, there are two others under mission supervision; the one at Srinugger, some seven miles distant, being nearly as large and important as the one here; in fact, except in mission schools English is not taught in Gurhwal. We have also a number of smaller schools, in which only the vernacular is taught.

We have two promising girl schools at Srinugger, and one here. Our missionary ladies do what they can to teach these girls, but family cares often prevent them from doing as much as they would. We have a small orphanage, in which are gathered eight girls and fifteen boys; total twenty-three. The Government allows something for their support, but the larger part we have to provide. We are looking to your Society for this over-expenditure; in fact, if funds are not secured from some source, the missionary in charge will probably be under the painful necessity of sending these helpless children away.

PAORI, September 15, 1870.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1871.

HOW TO PRAY FOR MISSIONARIES.

[An article on this subject had been prepared and was already in type, when the following communication was received from Miss Thoburn. What the editorial unsuccessfully attempted, is given here so directly and forcibly, from a missionary's own heart, that we gladly substitute it. — Ed.]

The FRIEND for November has a word in season on this subject, to which one who is often encouraged by the message, "We are praying for you," would like to add a few thoughts suggested by her needs.

While many give us their hearts' warmest sympathies, expressed in prayers, that stand in place of the personal service they would count it all joy to render in this department of the Master's work, very few comprehend our real wants and difficulties.

Among many the opinion prevails that missionaries are half saints, half heroes, struggling painfully on in a life of peculiar trials. They are supposed to be so isolated from the temptations common to mortals, that they molest them no more, and all they need from Heaven are health, strength, and an ever open way before them. Most prayers for missionaries are like those we might offer for the martyr at the stake, whose soul-battles are all fought, but who is called to pass through an outward fire of affliction in following his Lord. It was once my own expectation that from living among a perishing heathen people would come a constant inspiration to activity in their behalf, and yearning for their salvation would so bring me to the Source of love and power that my heart would always be glowing with holy fire. To correct this impression, one has only to learn, or to remember that in going to India or China or Africa, missionaries take their human hearts with them, and that human nature is not changed by crossing an ocean or a continent. Its developments are the same on both sides of the world. Here there are as many temptations to negligence, indolence, and selfishness as in America, where there are comparatively few calls to work for others. There are as many incentives to personal ambition and to the gratification of personal pleasures.

Let those who pray for missionaries ask that they may be sustained, not in any great sacrifice, but in the daily trials common to all, — the renunciation of whatever retards our Christian progress or the saving of souls within our influence. As said in the extract first alluded to, "Look within your own heart-life," and from what you see there form your judgment of ours, and of our wants. As you need patience and wisdom, zeal and love, in the same measure that you desire them, ask that they may be measured to us.

"But," it may be said, "there is something peculiar in every state of life, and is nothing so with the missionary?" Yes, but not the peculiar trials so often accredited. Here there is a struggle against the physical lassitude of a tropical climate; and worse than heat of sun or chill of rain is the taint in the moral atmosphere, — an influence Bishop Kingsley so well apprehended in his visit here, and expressed in one of his letters. To maintain an active Christian life in a land of few churches, of no Sabbaths, and of no Christian companionship but that created and sustained by the missionaries themselves, is the great difficulty of those engaged in this work.

Then ask for us that while living in a land of falsehood, dishonesty, and impurity, we may be preserved from the distrust and suspicion that chills all warm sympathy, and withholds the hand from all helpful service for others. Ask that where the social feeling of the low to the high is expressed in servility, and of the high to the low in oppression, we may not rate ourselves, or any fellow-being, as greater or less than we stand in the sight of the One-Father. Ask that where human life is abundant, where the helping are few and the needy many, where weakness in some form is always present, we may never fail to see the Lord in His poorest image, — that every wayside beggar may be sacred to us for the sake of Him who, in leaving the poor always with us, taught that whatever is done in stripes or healing to the least of these, is done to Him. Ask that through all and above all we may be true and loving to God and man.

LUCKNOW, December 27, 1870.

TURN DOWN THE DAMPER.

THE past year, 1870, I am proud to call my missionary year. It is the first year of my life in

which every week has had an explicit and a tangible relation to missionary work. In it I have been laying aside every week twenty-five cents, every month a dollar, for the support of *half a heathen*.

This, I say, is the first year, and I am more than a quarter of a century old.

With a generous sum apportioned me for household and personal expenses, this has not been a difficult thing to do. I am ashamed that the dollar has been so little representative of sacrifice.

But that *half a heathen* has troubled me; not that I was doubtful that the other half is provided for; a lovely lady, a neighbor of mine, assumed that, and gave the whole her name.

But *half of anything* troubles me. Half of my heart for God troubled me a long time; by His grace, I added the other half, not a great while ago.

A very generous but quizzing spirit, to be whose humbler half does *not* trouble me, came down to breakfast one of these cold mornings, found the stove red-hot and the breakfast-room uncomfortably warm, with the thermometer outside ranging 20° below zero.

Turning down the damper, he said very quietly and not at all maliciously, "There goes quarter of a heathen at least."

For weeks I had been pondering and planning how I could, during 1871, manage to save the other half of that dear little girl in India.

Was I not *economical*? Did I not stint all my luxuries and contrive to do without any very large supplies of necessities?

Yes, all this was beyond contradiction. Conscience had offered no reproof that I could hear; but here it was at last, — the damper was not turned down.

Not the damper to the dining-room stove alone, but so many dampers I could see that were letting the fires rage, and not in any sense standing guard over dear Mrs. Waugh's poor Bengalis. It was made clear now, that which had been so dim before, — a waste here, a leak there, materials with resources only half exhausted, and a watchfulness that had never been mine.

That was a quiet breakfast. John was sorry, and thought he had hurt me, for he knew how the missionary spirit had been striving with me.

I was glad; after prayers, I put my arms around his neck and said, "I see my way clear to the other half now, dear."

And so I do, and 1871 shall be a better missionary year to me by half a soul more.

I shall try to turn *all* the dampers down.

MARY B. WILLARD.

OUR ORPHANS.

THE Northwestern Branch supports thirteen girls in the Bareilly Orphanage. Some of these charities are especially interesting from their affectional and commemorative character. A local preacher in Wisconsin, who has seen many years of good church work, has pledged to give \$40, annually, to support an India girl, to be called, for his old wife, "Mary Barrett." Some friends in Bloomington, Ill., have assumed the support of another, to be named "Sallie Brown," for one of God's sweetest saints,—twenty-six years an invalid, yet her life is as radiant as a sunbeam. This means something to the child who shall be so fortunate as to get the name; for, be sure, from that room of sickness and patience, prayer will go daily to God for the India girl.

Last spring, in Rockford, consumption took hold of a bright, merry child. Her widowed mother tried her best to save her, for she was the last left in the home. Her name, "Julia Daugherty," cut upon the marble, is all that is left,—no, not all. A little of what would have been lavished upon her, is to educate one of our orphans. Her name will live in an India home.

A few Sabbaths since, a lady came to me at the close of one of our Chicago meetings. She said, "I want to support one of your orphans." Her voice trembled. I knew God's angels had been to her home, and her daughter, her only one, had gone away with them. So I spoke very softly when I asked, "What name?" "Mary Stewart."

What nobler monument to those who have entered into life than to give a trifle of what would have been theirs, to help an India child, thrice orphaned, out of the mire of paganism up into the glorious sunlight of Christ's day? J. F. W.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

CHICAGO MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

THE Northwestern Branch held a most successful meeting in Centenary Church, Chicago, Jan. 7th. Mrs. J. R. Hitt of that city, Mrs. Dr. Steele, of Appleton, Wisconsin, and Miss F. E. Willard, of Evanston, gave most beautiful addresses.

Miss S. A. Rulison, the Assistant Corresponding Secretary, was sent by the Michigan Methodist Convention to represent that State in this meeting. She spoke briefly, but in her usual earnest, incisive style, from a heart full of zeal. When all concerned in missionary work are ready to sacrifice as she does, we may look for the millennium. The meeting closed with a general report and exhortation from the Corresponding Secretary.

Notwithstanding a severe snow-storm, a large number of people were present, and attested their interest by listening attentively till a late hour. A repetition of the exercises of the evening was requested.

The next day was the Sabbath; and the morning service of Centenary Church was given to the presentation of the claims of our Society. An auxiliary was organized with 340 members. A most efficient set of officers are planning to work well this fine bit of machinery.

In the evening, addresses were made, and a Society organized in "Ada Street."

A new church, its audience room unfinished, yet they gave us over 70 members; and a lady pledged the support of an orphan.

Altogether, a high day for the W. F. M. S.

J. F. WILLING, *Cor. Sec. N. W. Br.*

ROCKFORD, ILL.

At the late State Convention of New Jersey, the Rev. Mr. Vanhorne introduced with an eloquent speech the following paper, from the pen of Mrs. Rev. Dr. Crane:—

Feeling assured that every cause which has for its object the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom and the elevation of fallen humanity finds in your hearts a ready sympathy, we present for your thoughtful consideration the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

We believe that the time has come in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church when the labor and the piety of the women may be usefully employed in various departments of Christian enterprise, and we believe that conviction is growing more and more among both ministers and laymen; and while we have no sympathy with (but rather deprecate) many of the views popularly known as "women's rights," we do believe there is a great deal of work—noble, Christian, womanly work—that we may do, and that this mission of woman to woman, if wisely developed and directed, may become one of the great agencies for the evangelization of the world.

Our Society having been organized with the concurrence and under the supervision of the general missionary board, we come to you with all the more confidence that you will grant us that coöperation and sympathy in our work without which we cannot succeed.

The communication was kindly received, and the following resolution passed:—

Resolved, That the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church has our hearty approval, and that we will coöperate with its officers and managers, as we may have opportunity, to promote the work of God under their care.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 17th, 1871.

EDITOR HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND: Madam,— Finding from different sources that a misapprehension with regard to the Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church on the Pacific Coast prevails among our friends at the East, I ask the favor of correcting this misapprehension through the columns of the HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND, of which you are editor.

In the month of August, 1870, a number of Methodist women in San Francisco met to consult as to the propriety of forming a Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society on this coast. We had several meetings and discussed the matter fully, and came to this conclusion, that while we had the HEATHEN IN OUR MIDST, we could not conscientiously ignore them, and join a Society expressly to work in foreign lands. What then could we do? The answer was this,—form a Society to work among the heathen here, and make a proviso in our Constitution that if the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society would recognize this as a part of their work, we would become a branch of that organization. This we have done, and although progressing slowly, confidently expect to see our work a prosperous one.

There are on this coast over 60,000 Chinese, about three thousand of whom are women, and over two thousand of these women are in San Francisco. We cannot go to and from the principal thoroughfares in our city without meeting some of these people, who by their appearance, language, and dress are so noticeably different from any other race among us. They have their heathen temples here, and they have their own tribunals of justice, and execute their own laws, irrespective of American laws; of course doing this secretly as far as practicable. I send with this, accounts, taken from our daily papers, showing the inhuman treatment and the enslavement of the women of this race by the men.

The presence of these people among us in such large numbers, with their heathen ideas and idolatrous practices, and especially their degradation and abuse of their women, makes us feel that it is an actual necessity for our own self-preservation, if we must go down to merely selfish motives, to do what we can, and all we can, to elevate and Christianize these heathen who are in our midst. But we do not wish to do this for selfish motives, but from pity of these poor degraded beings, from a desire to lift them from the sin and misery in which they are plunged, to the purer life of believers in Christ. And thus reaching, elevating, and Christianizing the two or three thousand women who are here, at our doors, we may hope, with God's blessing, to reach some of the hundreds of millions of their race whom they have left in China. Surely this is an opportunity for usefulness in the Master's vineyard which we may not, cannot, guiltlessly allow to pass unimproved. And in this view, and to this end, we have with faith and hope

organized our Woman's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church on the Pacific Coast. Gladly will we unite with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society if that organization will consider the work we have undertaken among the heathen here as part of its work.

Can we, while stretching out our hands filled with the Bread of Life to women in far-off India and China—can we refuse a few crumbs to these poor suffering ones who are at our very doors?

It is the intention of our Society to employ the wife of the Rev. Hu Sing Mi, who has this day, together with her husband and children, arrived from China, as a missionary among the Chinese women here. She is a Christian Canton woman, educated in one of the mission schools in China. In our Chinese mission building, recently completed in this city, provision is made for carrying out the mission purposes of our Society.

Will not, then, our sisters who are engaged in working for the salvation of heathen women in India and China, determine not to confine their labor to foreign lands, but take in our work also? Asia is pouring out its heathen on our shores; and what will be thought of our consistency if, while sending the gospel to women in far-off India and China, we allow those coming here from the same lands to remain in ignorance of its precious truths?

MARY E. MCLEAN,

Cor. Secretary of W. M. S. of M. E. C. on the Pacific Coast.

The following is one of the extracts above referred to:—

"THE CHINESE TORTURE AT SAN BERNARDINO.—In the case of Ah Cha, Lee Jung, Wang Kung, Ah Yoke, and Ah Ohn, the trial closed on Tuesday last. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, as to four of the party, of assault to do great bodily harm, and not guilty as to Ah Ohn. The most important witness examined in court was the young man, George Wiltshire, from the fact of his being the only witness to the whipping and burning of the woman. Other testimony, however, goes to corroborate the evidence of this witness. We merely give in substance his testimony in the case, to wit: Started to town between 12 and 1 o'clock, P. M.; met Chinamen just this side of Mr. Margetson's; four men and one woman. Identifies the men; one was leading her, the others holding her hair and punching her. The woman was barefooted; saw her tracks through water and swamp all the way down; got back home about 2 o'clock; heard an awful noise; heard blows of sticks, hallooing and talking; from first position saw them all whipping her; tied up to the walnut tree so she could just touch her toes to the ground; the men whipping her were the same four met with; the other he took to be Scald Neck (Ah Ohn); know the men well, and Scald Neck (Ah Ohn) as well as any; they were all engaged in whipping her; one got up in the tree and tied the rope; whipped her a quarter of an hour after he got there; while whipping her they lit a match and some paper, applied fire to the woman about her breast; after whipping and burning they took her down and untied her, and put on her dress; could hear her breathe; could tell her voice as she talked; it seemed hard for her to talk; after talking quite a while they started off like they were going to leave her; she acted like she wanted one of the men to lead her; she was crying; could hardly walk; she caught hold of one of the men (think Ah Ohn); Charley went and jerked her away from the men, back to the walnut tree; then went back for ropes, and brought them back to the tree; Charley took one hand, another man the other; they got them tied; tied her as tight as they could draw her arms behind her; she was twisting around and crying; Charley had the rope, three or four feet of it left; dragged her back to an elder; tied the rope around the elder; tied her hair around the elder limb; then gathered up some brush and started a fire; then they put on some pretty big sticks, and made quite a blaze; they had taken off her dress before they tied her; they were talking and laughing around the fire like they were having a good deal of fun; she was still crying; they then commenced sticking the blazing sticks against her, one of them in front and one behind her; the third was holding his fingers in her mouth; after they had burned her awhile they put more sticks on the fire, then returned; she kicked and twisted around, pulling on her hair; could see the limb move when she jerked; was looking at them one and a half or two hours; they un-

...tied her before he left: she was sitting down, leaning back; never tried to walk; the fire still blazed when he left, and the men were sitting around talking and laughing."

Children's Corner.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

I AM but a penny
From a baby hand;
Can I bear glad tidings
Over all the land?
Baby's love goes with me,
So her penny's blest:
God's love joined with baby's
Will do all the rest.

I'm a piece of paper,
Worth ten cents they say:
Ah! that boy worked for me,
Giving up his play;
Digging in the garden,
Though he longed to run
Where his young companions
Joined in boyish fun.

I'm a silver "quarter";
Little stitches neat,
And full many an errand
Run by childish feet,
Earned me very bravely.
Little girls can do
Noble things for missions,
When they're good and true.

I'm a bright gold dollar.
Ah! the child who died
Loved me, 'mid her treasures,
More than all beside.
One sad, mourning mother
Held me very dear,
And my bright face glistened
With her parting tear.

Surely God will bless us, —
Some a little "all,"
As into the treasury
Of the Lord we fall.
Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Offerings great and small,
Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Hear us as we fall.

The Methodist.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM AUNT BELLA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — In my last letter I wrote you something of the many beggars I see in the streets as I go and come, and now I will tell you a little more about them. Yesterday, as Jack was taking me to school, I saw a company of about three hundred people sitting under two large trees by the road-side. Many of you, even those who live in cities, never saw so many wretched people in your whole lives. They were of all ages; some so old and feeble they leaned weakly against the tree-trunks or lay on the ground; younger and stronger men and women, in tattered clothes and matted, ragged hair, who sat in groups talking with loud, harsh voices; little children, naked and half starved, but still laughing and playing like so many little princes.

I asked what had brought them all together. Were they a company of travelling beggars?

No, I was told. In a house near by, a rich man had died, and at his funeral, which was about to take place, money would be distributed among the poor. Some one had gone into the nearest streets and alleys and called the beggars to receive it. Then I remembered how I had seen such a funeral. The dead man lay without a coffin on a bier which was carried on the shoulders of four men. Before them walked a man scattering pice to the right and left in much the same way as farmers used to sow wheat; and as the rough copper coins came to the ground, the beggars scrambled for them, making loud outcries of pleasure or disappointment as they seized or lost a prize. The lame and blind and really needy fell behind as the procession moved on, while the lazy strong ones were getting their pockets filled.

This is one of the strange customs of this strange country.

You will think it would be better to give them the money as they sat under the trees, where it could be done quietly and fairly; but that would not answer the purpose at all. Rich men like to make a display, and to be thought great after they are dead; and so they arrange to have the noisy crowd follow them through the streets, where the world can see how much money they had, and how good they were to leave some of it to the poor.

You must not think that all the children in this country are wretched. Many of them are well dressed and well fed, petted and loved. Looking

out through the open door, I can see away up in the sky one, two, three, four kites, fluttering and fighting with each other for the highest place in the blue dome. Of course only happy boys fly kites. And when I have finished this letter, I will go to a school where a score of little girls will tell by their bright eyes that their hearts are light and glad.

Still, dear little friends far away, pray for them all; for the rich man's children and the orphaned beggars. All around and before them is very dark. Except some good strong hand deliver them, they will learn falsehood for truth and selfishness for love, and will go on suffering and doing evil to the end.

From your Sunday-schools and from your happy homes send them many thoughts and prayers and missionaries.

With much love,

ISABELLA THOBURN.

LUCKNOW, Oct. 25, 1870.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Buller, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2227 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco.

Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

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Mrs. N. E. Bragg, Cor. Sec.

New Haven, Ct. 86 members, 32 sub. H. W. F.

Mrs. H. B. Allen, Cor. Sec.

Westfield, Mass. 69 members, 35 sub. H. W. F.

Miss Lizzie Butler, Cor. Sec.

Stoneham, Mass. 24 members, 24 sub. H. W. F.

Mrs. R. V. Abbott, Cor. Sec.

Mrs. W. F. WARREN, Cor. Sec.

CINCINNATI BRANCH.

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Miss Mattie Beecham, Cor. Sec.

Granville, O. 31 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.

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Plymouth, O. 71 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.

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Life Members—William St., Delaware, O., Mrs. T. C. O'Kane, Mrs. N. U. Starr, Mrs. A. Lybrand, Miss Nellie Norton; 2d St., Zanesville, O., Mr. John Taylor, Jr.

Credit should be given to the ladies of the First Church Society, Cleveland, O., for aiding in the support of Miss Trask, who is studying medicine with a view to missionary work. Mrs. Moses Hill contributed \$45 in board; members of the Society \$49 in money, besides substantial gifts from many friends. As Miss Trask is not yet accepted, of course this money could not come through the Treasury, but is an extra offering.

Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Cor. Sec.

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

Ottumna, 1st charge. 65 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.

Mrs. J. B. Joslin, Cor. Sec.

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Mrs. John Mahan, Cor. Sec.

Oskaloosa, 37 members.

Mrs. E. L. Dart, Cor. Sec.

Mrs. LUCY E. PRESCOTT, Cor. Sec.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

CORRECTION.—In the January number of the FRIEND, the sum forwarded by the Treasurer of the Society in Cold Spring is wrongly credited. Twenty dollars were given by Miss Warner, the remainder (in smaller sums) by other ladies.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin,
Mrs. E. W. Parker,
Mrs. J. F. Willing,

Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents, as follows:—

New England Branch, Mrs. L. H. Daggett, 287 Bunker Hill Street, Charlestown, Mass.—New York Branch, Mrs. W. B. Skidmore, 35 Clinton Place, New York.—Chicago and St. Louis Branches, Mrs. Gen. John L. Beveridge, Evanston, Illinois.—Philadelphia Branch, Miss M. S. Emory, 3216 Sansom St., Philadelphia.—Cincinnati Branch, Mrs. J. L. Whetstone, Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

TERMS.—30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.—Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1871.

No. 10.

THE LORD HAS COME.

"M."

THE Lord has come! let earth be glad!
Sing, all ye nations, shout for joy;
Cast down your burdens, try His love,
And let no thought of sin alloy.

Ye creatures of His hand, look up!
Ye flowers, be glad, — the Lord has come!
He spreads salvation at our feet,
And calls us weary wand'ers home.

Ye faint and falt'ring sinners, turn;
The Lord has come, — rejoice and sing;
Rejoice! your hope of pardon found,
With praises let the heavens ring

And thou be joyful, O my soul,
Whose trust from hence on Him is stayed.
In perfect peace He keepeth thee,
And clean this sinful heart hath made.

The Lord has come! in every clime
Proclaim the joyful tidings free;
Rejoice, who dwell in heathen land,
Come forth, and His great goodness see.

Let heaven and earth with glory ring,
The Saviour of the world has come;
Rejoice! through Him a lost mankind
May find a blessed pathway home.

LETTER FROM MISS SPARKES.

THE news of our safe arrival at Bombay, doubtless long since reached the readers of THE FRIEND. After anchoring in the harbor, we were obliged to remain on deck from nine until five; and although very impatient to touch terra firma, we had a fine opportunity of receiving first impressions of native

life and manners, as scores of boats, filled with natives of almost every caste, were constantly on the water near us. One contained a dozen or more men, with as many different musical instruments, with which they were producing an indescribable harmony of discord, varied by occasional dancing and song, — this was evidently considered by the other natives as something very enjoyable. Another boat contained five men, who, unconsciously, permitted us to witness the preparation and enjoyment of a noonday meal. They seated themselves upon the bottom of the boat around a large wooden bowl containing rice; one of their number poured in it, from an earthen vessel, curry, or what we at home might call a gravy, the principal ingredients of which are hot spices. After thoroughly mixing with his hand the rice and curry, they began eating. Each dipped the right hand in the bowl, and with a rapid, dextrous movement of the hand, formed the food into a ball about the size of an egg; this, after *tossing* into the mouth, they swallowed while preparing a second mouthful, and so on until the dish was emptied. They then rinsed their mouth and hand in water from one vessel, drank from another, and took from a tin box a roll of betel leaf, or pawn, which they chewed for about ten minutes; after this, they again rinsed their mouth and laid down for a sunbath. This may not seem as interesting to home friends as it did to us, but I give it because it was our first initiation into native habits.

We were reminded strikingly of home on reading, in a *Bombay Gazette* brought us from the shore, this sentence: "The cold weather is now upon us;" but when we realize that the thermometer was in the region of 100°, and the sun so hot as to render it dangerous to remain on deck long, even under a heavy awning, it seemed quite ludicrous.

Almost every nationality can be seen in Bombay. The Parsees are among the higher and wealthier classes of natives. Some of their residences surpass in splendor any private residence seen in America, at least in outward appearance; but they seem to have very little idea of comfort or luxuries inside, their only idea of enjoyment of wealth being an outward display of it. These Parsees are descendants of the ancient Persian fire-worshippers, and still adhere to that form of religion.

It is almost impossible to give tangibility to the first impressions made upon one's mind by heathen surroundings and sights. We seem literally surrounded by darkness which can be felt, and nowhere is Divine strength and power realized in such grand contrast to human weakness and helplessness as here. The saddest, most loathsome, yet interesting sight we saw just a little outside of the city. On one side of us were the Malabar hills, beautiful as landscape can be, only for the thought that on one of its summits stands the silent tower or Parsee burial-place, where those who are considered as among the most intelligent of the heathen leave the uncovered bodies of their dead to bleach in the sun, or be eaten by vultures and other birds of prey. On the other side of the road was a large Hindu burning ghat, where were burning at that time more than a dozen dead bodies, each in separate fires kept burning by the nearest relative of the deceased; in many instances, these were alone by their dead, alternately feeding the fire, chanting, dancing, and lamenting. Just back of this was a Mohammedan grave-yard, the graves made in all sorts of shapes and covered with shells, bones, etc., fantastically arranged. Many Mohammedans were performing acts of heathen worship over these graves, and in some instances scattering flowers and food. We rode by just at sunset, and all along the street could be seen scores of Parsees prostrating themselves to the ground in adoration of their sun-god, while naked, wretched looking Hindus were worshipping pieces of stone, daubs of paint, etc. We thought if it were only possible for Christian hearts at home to realize what heathenism is, as they would if here for one hour only, in the place of every one missionary now sent, hundreds would be found ready to go, and those who could not go, would do all in their power toward sending others. We spent two days in Bombay, then started by rail-

way for Lucknow, stopping only at Cawnpore, where we had time only to visit the memorial well garden. The grandeur of the Ghaut Mountains scenery through which we passed rendered by contrast all that came after comparatively uninteresting. The railroad runs not only up, down, and over mountains, but literally through and under them. For about an hour's ride we emerged from one tunnel hardly long enough to get a taste of fresh air and sunlight before entering another, but most of the time, while crossing the mountains, nothing prevented our eyes from feasting on nature's weird-like loveliness.

We are now in Lucknow, awaiting conference, which sits January 12th. Here we have a fine opportunity of seeing what Christianity does for these people, there being here a chapel and quite a society of Christian natives. The difference between European or American Christians and natives, their lives, habits, etc., is so marked, one is led at first to inquire if the gulf separating them is not so wide and deep as to be utterly impassable, but the question is answered when we see the native Christians. While they consistently adhere to their native dress, simplicity of life, and habits in general, there is such an apparent divergence from heathen life, so evident a degree of happiness and superiority, as to lead one to wonder that more of the natives are not convinced and led to embrace Christianity.

In writing letters from here, I do not expect to interest the readers of *THE FRIEND* by any general information; too much of that kind of reading has already been written by master hands to make it possible for one untutored, save in simple school-girl compositions, to hope to succeed; but little, every-day occurrences, simple glimpses of mission life, work, and experiences, seen and participated in by us, we know are what our home friends wish. Shall I tell you a little of to-day's experience? I accompanied this morning, for the first time, a native Bible-reader, who speaks English, on some of her mission work. We passed through narrow, dirty alleys, closely lined on either side by little, uncomfortable looking mud-huts, until we reached one a little more secluded than the others; three or four Hindu women were seated on the ground outside, watching their children playing in the sun. Knowing a mother's weakness, we stopped to admire the babies, asked a few general domestic questions, and soon gained permission to sing and

read to them. These were among the poorer class of natives; their houses are evidently intended only for protection during the rainy season, as at other times they live mainly out of doors. Their only clothing was a dirty, ragged chuddah wrapped around them, and a large number of cheap wooden or tinselled ornaments. I counted from twenty to thirty bracelets on the arms of one woman; besides these, she wore heavy anklets, a half dozen wooden and brass necklaces, two pairs of ear-rings, one so heavy as to have drawn her ear hopelessly out of shape, a circular nose-jewel reaching below the chin, one or two small tinselled jewels which seemed to be inserted in the forehead, and numberless finger and toe rings. These ornaments contrasted strangely with her long, neglected, disheveled hair and dirty chuddah. A dozen other women soon gathered around us, and listened attentively to what was said. During the reading and explanation of a few passages on God's great love to the world, we were often interrupted by questions and comments. One woman remarked that she believed in our God, and that He loved us Christians, but she could not understand how that love could make us love them well enough to come and teach them, unless we did it for the "big pay." She had evidently seen much sorrow, and said she did think it was beautiful to have such a Friend to go to when in trouble, but it was of no use; it was our *luck* to have God love us, and theirs not to; we were *born* Christians, they were not. After several Hindustani hymns had been sung, they desired us to sing them something in English. The Bible-reader interpreted the words, and we sang "I love to tell the story," and never before had we realized as then what a blessed privilege it would be to tell in their own language, to those who have never heard,

"The message of salvation
From God's own holy word."

The Bible-reader with whom we went is an earnest Christian woman; she calls her work "preaching the gospel," and she certainly does preach earnestly and faithfully. It remains for the great future alone to reveal how effectively.

LUCKNOW, December 20th, 1870.

The first Sabbath-school for the Chinese in California was opened in San Francisco by a few ladies in July, 1866. There are now sixteen such schools in the State, numbering 200 teachers and 600 pupils.

ZENANA SCENES AND INTERVIEWS

BY MRS. L. R. HOSKINS.

ONE place where we were always sure of a pleasant visit was at the house of a Bengali Baboo. His wife is quite an intelligent woman, reads Bengali well, and is learning to read Hindu. She shows much interest in her books. One day we were talking of the books she had read, and she asked me if I knew "Phulmani" and "Karna." I said I had read it in Urdu, and with much interest she began to talk about the story and its characters. She brought another Hindu book, and asked me if I had read it, and with much amusement she began to tell me how she and her mother and sister had laughed over the inconsistencies of the Hindu religion, which were brought out in a very ludicrous light in the book she was reading. She said it was all true too, and it seemed very foolish to worship in that manner. She and her widowed sister-in-law are much interested in wool embroidery, which Mrs. Thomas has taught them, and they were anxious also to learn to crochet; so one morning we took Melissa with us when we went to visit them. When we had talked awhile, and Melissa had taught them the mysteries of crocheting, one of them asked Melissa to sing them a Hindustani hymn; and when she had finished, they begged us to sing in English. Miss Swain and I sang "There is a fountain filled with blood," and afterward sang the Urdu translation of it, that they might get the meaning of the hymn.

There was another place where we delighted to linger, it was always so neat and clean. The woman admires Miss Swain very much, not only as a physician, but as a friend. She used to amuse us exceedingly by watching carefully Miss Swain's progress in the language, and nearly every time we visited her would tell me with great delight that the Miss Doctor could say such and such a thing to-day which she did not know the last time she saw her.

One day she presented us each a little green silk bag embroidered with gold, which contained betel-nut, cardamons, and almonds; and when we had tasted them and admired our gifts, she asked if we would eat some sweetmeats which she had prepared for us. Of course we said yes, and she conducted us to another room, where we sat down on the carpet in true native style, while she set before us about a dozen different kinds of sweetmeats on brass trays.

Some of the sweets she had made herself, and they were truly delicious. We were not sorry to have her ask us if we would take some home with us.

One day Miss Swain used some remedy the effect of which she was anxious to note; and as it was not convenient for us to go to the city the second time that day, we asked her if she could not come to the bungalow in the evening. She said her husband was so anxious for her to get well that he would allow her to come if no one would see her. We assured her that no one but ourselves should see her, and accordingly about five o'clock she arrived in a doli, which was taken into Miss Swain's room, in order that no one might, by any chance, see her alight. We invited her to sit down, but she was too much interested in looking about her to heed the invitation; and when she had satisfied her curiosity regarding everything in the room, she wanted to know what was in the other rooms. We had taken the precaution to send away all the male servants, so there was no fear of intrusion; and with much pleasure we showed her the rest of the house, ourselves quite enjoying her delight and amazement over the arrangement of our dining, sleeping, and sitting rooms. We amused her with pictures and showed her our work; and when she finally took her departure, she asked if she might come again, assuring us that her husband would have no objection if we told him it was necessary. This woman's difficulty is one of many years' standing, though not very serious; and we have hope that in a few months she will be quite cured.

My letter is already unpardonably long, and I have no room to tell you of the many other cases where the advent of a lady physician has not only brought comfort to the body, but infused a new interest into the life of these secluded women.

It is enough to say that wherever we went we were gladly welcomed, and in several cases most earnestly requested to teach them to read and work, that they might have something to do which would relieve the weary monotony of their lives. We could only promise that as soon as possible some arrangement would be made for a regular visitor and teacher.

As missionary ladies we have long and earnestly desired to get access to the zenanas of the land; but now that the doors are opened to us, we feel appalled at the vastness of the work. Who

shall do it? Mrs. Thomas finds her work in the Orphanage, and indeed needs an assistant there; Mrs. Scott has her city schools besides the work among the women of the Christian village connected with the Mission Industrial School. Miss Swain has more professional work than she has time to attend to, and it is evident that more helpers are imperatively necessary.

There is more than enough work for three more lady missionaries in Bareilly alone. Where shall we look for them?

BUDAON, Oct. 26, 1870.

ORPHAN GIRLS IN INDIA, SUPPORTED BY THE NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OF THE W. F. M. S.

BY MRS. M. A. THOMAS.

[The following sketches of the orphan girls at Bareilly, will interest all. The first installment, including those of the New England Branch, came just too late for the *MARCH FRIEND*. Since that time a similar description of the New York beneficiaries has been received, the first part of which is given below, the remainder to appear in the next number.—ED.]

SUSAN HAMILTON,

who came to the Orphanage in 1860, is the daughter of a Christian widow. She is a very intelligent girl, one of the first in the school, and has received several prizes the last two years. She was converted in the revival of 1865, and since then has led a consistent Christian life. She is now a member of Miss Swain's medical class, and also teaches in the school.

HESTER A. POOLE.

This name was given to a girl who came to the school in 1860. She married, and left the school, and the name was given to another girl, who is now about nine years of age. She is a nice looking, promising girl.

FANNY ELIZABETH RAYBOLD

was admitted to the school during the famine in 1862, and was then about four years old. Her previous history is unknown. She is diligent in her studies, sews and knits nicely, and is in every way a promising girl.

REBECCA PETTIS.

The first girl who bore this name was sent to the Orphanage in 1859. She was one of the first girls, and was converted and joined the church in Lucknow, while the school was under the charge of Mrs. Pierce. She was one of the best scholars in the school, and was also a very good teacher. She was married in January, 1869, to William P.

Jones, and went at once with her husband to Nainee Tal, where they both joined Dr. Humphrey's medical class. She is a very useful woman, well fitted in every way to work among the women of this country.

The second girl to whom this name was given came to the school the latter part of 1868, and is now about seven years old.

CAROLINE WEED

is a girl about ten years of age, the daughter of Christian parents. She is an interesting child, can read the Testament in Urdu and Hindu, and has learned to sew neatly.

JANE HARDING DEAN

came to the school in 1863, and is now about eleven years of age. She is a very bright girl, and learns well, but is not very amiable. She has improved very much since she has been in the school.

MERCY VINAL

came to the school during the famine in 1862. She had suffered so much before coming here, that it was feared for a long time she would never entirely recover. She has always been a very quiet, amiable girl, was converted during the revival in 1865, and since then has been a member of the church. She is a girl of good ability, and in every respect promising.

MARY E. PITMAN

came to the school in August, 1865. Her father was a weaver. She is now about fourteen years of age, has made ordinary advancement in her studies, is industrious, can sew and knit well, and makes herself very useful.

ELIZABETH MONROE

was sent from Budaon by Bro. Hoskins in June, 1870. She is about ten years of age, nice looking and intelligent. She was rescued by the English magistrate in Budaon, from a Mohammedan who was training her for a dancing-girl, and had she remained there, she would have been doomed to a life of shame. She is learning to read, and is making good progress in various departments of industry. She is very tidy and nice in all her habits.

NELLIE RUSSELL WARREN

was sent by the magistrate in Moradabad in February, 1870, and is about nine years of age. Her parents died during the famine of 1869. She

gave a pathetic account of her sufferings before she reached the Orphanage, and seemed very thankful when she arrived here, to be assured that her wanderings were at an end. She is strikingly interesting and promises well.

HARRIET RICE BALDWIN

was a Mohammedan girl, came to the school in 1869, and is about six years old. She can read very well in the First Book, both in Urdu and Hindu. She is very quick to answer questions in the infant class of the Sunday-school.

MARY MARTHA BETHANY

came from Lucknow in 1868. She is the daughter of Christian parents, and is a bright active child about nine years old. She studies well, but is a great romp, and not very tidy, so that she requires three suits of clothes where most of the others require one. We hope that, as she grows older, she will improve in this respect.

HARRIET RICHARDSON,

who was received in 1861, was a Mohammedan girl. She was converted and joined the church in 1865. She is now about fifteen years of age, very warm-hearted and affectionate, one of the first girls in the schools, and is now in the medical class. She is an impulsive girl, and often goes astray, but is quick to perceive her faults and repent of them. She loves the class meeting, and thinks every Sunday, when she speaks in class, that she will try harder than ever before to live right. She is earnestly striving to live a Christian life.

MELISSA JACKSON

was received in 1862. Her history, as written by herself, was published in *THE FRIEND* a few months ago. She is a member of Miss Swain's medical class, and bids fair to succeed in the study of medicine, as she has in other things.

FRANCES BLAKE

was received in 1861, is about twelve years of age, reads English, Urdu, and Hindu fluently. She was converted in the revival of 1869. She is altogether one of the most promising girls in the whole school.

BELLE MORRIS

came from Philibeet in 1868. Her parents were Mohammedans. She is quite small, and probably between three and five years of age. She is a bright, active little girl, knows her letters well, and is in the infant class in Sunday-school.

SKETCHES OF THE ORPHAN GIRLS / SUP-
PORTED BY THE NEW YORK BRANCH.

NO. I.

ALMIRA BLAKE was the first girl who entered the Orphanage. She came in 1858, is only ordinarily smart, has been in the first class always, but has been left behind by others who have come in later. Our impression is that she might have done far better, only for her naturally indolent disposition. She is a member of the medical class, and is there, as in everything else, ordinary. She is good, has been well behaved always, and was one of the first to unite with the church.

NO. II.

ANNIE E. HAMILTON is a little girl about nine years old, unusually quick to learn, and is a sister of Susan Hamilton. She has been in the school about six years, is most promising as a scholar, and is a good child generally. She is very black and has very bright eyes, sings well, and answers readily in all her classes.

NO. III.

MARY JOINS. — Two girls of this name have died. The first was a very nice little child about nine or ten years old. She was not sick long, and one morning she was not able to get up, so one of her room-mates went out to bring her breakfast for her; and when she returned, about fifteen or twenty minutes after, Mary lay with her face toward the wall, and her room-mate thought she was asleep. She tried to rouse her, but found, on turning her head toward her, that she was dead.

The second Mary was a little girl about a year and a half old when she came to the Orphanage. She lived to be three and a half, was very pretty and interesting, and a great pet with all the girls. She died about six months ago. The present Mary Joins is a girl of twelve, good, interesting, and is doing well in her class. She is comparatively a new girl, but seems to promise well.

NO. IV.

SARAH ODELL was one of our oldest and best girls. She was married about three years ago, and for two years served Mrs. Scott as teacher and Bible-reader. She is intelligent and thoroughly good every way. For the last year she has been in Dr. Humphrey's medical class in

Nynce Tal. Since she left us we have named another Sarah, a very nice girl about ten or eleven years old, who promises to be a credit to her namesake and patrons.

NO. V.

FANNY GARRERTSON HYDE. — The first Fanny gave us a great deal of anxiety and trouble on account of her bad temper. She was always in trouble with her school-mates and teachers. She was a bright, smart girl and a good scholar, and very industrious. She was, we doubt not, truly converted; and after that, whenever she gave way to her temper, she had most serious times of repentance, and would most humbly confess her fault to her mates and teachers, and also in the class meeting. She was married about a year ago and removed to Moradabad, where she is now a most useful worker. She is a good teacher, and has recently been appointed Bible-reader. The missionaries there think she will make a very useful woman.

Last year Bro. Jackson sent us two blind girls. The youngest seemed a nice-tempered girl and quick to learn. She was named Fanny G. Hyde in place of the other Fanny. She is becoming a great favorite on account of her gentle disposition, and is making good progress in her Catechism, hymns, and Scripture texts.

NO. VI.

LAURA MARY WHEELER DUNN, is one of our best and most promising girls. She is one of the old famine orphans, and has been in the school nine years, and is now about sixteen. She is a member of the medical class, in which she is making good progress. She is bright, quick, and intelligent, fond of work, fond of play, and loves her books too. She was converted during the first revival, and seems a pious and consistent girl so far as we can judge.

NO. VII.

IDA SEARING is a little girl now about ten years old. She was a mere baby when she entered the Orphanage, and hence was a great pet for several years. Now, however, she is beginning to think herself a big girl, and grows more dignified accordingly. She is mischievous and fond of a joke, and often keeps the girls around her merry with her sharp sayings. She reads well, and is beginning to write some.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

BY MRS. E. E. BALDWIN.

As I have travelled very extensively over our country, I have noted with great interest, and I confess with some anxiety, the standing of our Woman's Missionary Society among the people and preachers. I have found that wherever auxiliaries have been formed, both preachers and people, in by far the majority of cases, recognize the need of such an organization, and give it their most hearty support. I can recall but two or three instances in which objections have been put forth.

The objectors have in every case been ministers among whose people no auxiliaries have been formed, and who are almost entirely ignorant of the workings of our Society. Now I do not reflect upon them for this ignorance. Their hands and hearts are full of their own work. They are conscientious men, and their objections are the honest questionings of their minds, and they should be answered candidly and plainly. I am sure not one of the ministers of our Church would put a single obstacle in the way of one of God's agencies for the evangelization of the world. I will mention the only objections I have heard, and answer them as best I am able. One brother said, "I want to know that the authorities of the Church sanction it." I might quote very many commendations of it, but that I know it would occupy too much of your valuable space. To all anxious brethren on this subject, I would offer the suggestion that they send to the President of the Branch nearest to them for a copy of our Constitution, to which is appended the endorsement and commendation of our bishops, missionary secretaries, editors, prominent ministers, missionaries' conferences, and preachers' meetings. Surely these will answer all calls for authoritative endorsement.

The second objection is that it will interfere with our *general missionary collection*. I confess I am exceedingly ashamed of this objection. Now we don't appeal to *public* audiences for money. We only gather up the pennies, and some have come to us labeled "*Self-sacrifice Money*." My heart was greatly moved by a little incident that I saw last week. Two missionary ladies had been telling a company of their sisters of the degradation of heathen women. After the meeting a woman recently converted came forward, bring-

ing a box containing a pair of ear-rings. She said, "My conscience condemned me for wearing these. I want to give something to this woman's cause, and I give these;" and certainly she could not have made a better use of them. Such are some of our offerings. One poor woman saved the pennies she could get from the buttermilk she sold. Her interest in the salvation of heathen women caused her to think of this method of raising a little money. But, says some one, these are exceptional cases. There are many who give just so much a year to the missionary cause. A man gives ten dollars a year; if his wife or daughter gives *two cents* a week to this woman's society, the man will deduct it from his ten dollars, and give only nine! Now I *can't* believe this. I don't want to think so meanly of the Christian men of our Church as to think for a moment that they would deduct these *two cents* a week from their subscription. The history of our Society practically denies and sets at rest this doubt. If the history were otherwise, it would only prove the need of a home missionary society to send lady missionaries to certain "household sinners." We don't want the ladies to go to their husbands or fathers for this money, but to give it themselves, to take it from their jewelry, ribbons, their confectionery even. Two cents a week! whom or what society can that hurt?

The last and most wonderful objection I have yet heard, to come from a Christian Methodist minister of this age, is that he thought Christ could have made no mistake when He sent out men apostles, and not women! This would perhaps have some weight, did we propose to send out apostles. What we do propose, however, is fully warranted by the language of one of those whom Christ sent, when he wrote: "Help those women which labored together with me in the Gospel."

A SOCIETY having been formed for the instruction of females in the district of Bikrumpore, a Hindu newspaper for the first fortnight of November acknowledges a donation of \$50 from the Ranee Swurnumuyee towards it. Large contributions from this lady for educational purposes are noticed in the papers every week.

"Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cast me nothing."

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1871.

"FOR THIS MATTER BELONGETH UNTO THEE."

DID you ever read the Constitution of the United States? How bare it is of all elegance of rhetoric, how studiously cleared of all unnecessary words! It is broken into articles and sections and paragraphs, which seem to have no special connection with each other, — it is a most prosy, uninviting specimen of English composition.

Yet to an American citizen it is most pleasant reading. To him each line is illuminated with its spirit, — it means freedom, protection from irksome and absolute impositions, a peaceful home, high social, educational, and religious privileges, but dearer than all, direct personal responsibility. He reads the simple prefatory statement of the object of the Constitution with a quickening pulse; and if his heart be right, he will recognize and accept anew the duties laid on him, and will go about their fulfillment, thanking God for the privilege.

The Constitution of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is a very concise and simple thing. It tells in plain words of the work to be done, — it provides briefly for its systematic accomplishment. To a casual reader it would only say that some one wanted to help the heathen, and took this way of giving the movement method. Learned gentlemen of the law might lift their eyebrows and say uncomplimentary things about the legal capacity of women.

But to us this little unpretending document means: Here is work for Christ. You can do it, yours is the responsibility, and by and by the Master will ask how you met it. Some read it with this meaning, more read without it; and so it comes that too often its demands and provisions are accepted thoughtlessly or indifferently, and then forgotten.

The obligation to do what we may for our perishing fellow-creatures in heathendom has always rested upon us. God devolved it upon us in the beginning, in the great gospel law of love. But by this Society, into which Methodist women are now invited, He has brought this work to our very door. He is laying it before each one, and testing our fidelity to a great Christian duty. In

accepting membership in the association, we personally accept the call. We intelligently and freely pledge ourselves to the work. We assume not merely the expressed obligation of membership, but all the implied as well. It is the spirit, and not the letter, that asks and receives our promise. How are we fulfilling this far-reaching pledge? If we come short, it cannot be for lack of knowledge. No duty can be clearer than one thus personally accepted. Our very membership bears witness that we both know and acknowledge our personal obligation to God in this matter. Who of us, then, can be indifferent?

But while unfaithfulness and neglect must bring such certain condemnation, how glorious is the privilege, and how high the honor of faithful service! If Christ were to visit the earth and personally solicit our coöperation in this grand enterprise, the honor could be no greater. He is soliciting us daily to be thus laborers together with him. He wants no forced, unwilling service, nothing but labors of grateful love. Let us remember that our sacrifices and toils and prayers herein will be the measure of our love to Him. The record is on high. Ere long each one of us must meet it.

BALTIMORE is entitled to the honor of having started the *first* Woman's Foreign Missionary Society on this Continent. Twenty years ago, the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal churches in Baltimore organized the "Ladies China Missionary Society;" and, during that time, have with "patient continuance in well-doing" nobly sustained the missionary work among the women of China. They deserve and will have the affectionate and honorable regards of the sisters of the Methodist Episcopal Church who shall unite in the glorious enterprise of getting the rich harvest of heathen women's souls for the King of kings.

At a large meeting of the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal churches in Baltimore, convened in Charles Street Church on Friday, November 3d, where representatives from the Philadelphia and New York Branches of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church were present, a unanimous vote was taken, "that 'the Ladies' China Missionary Society' unite with the 'Woman's Foreign Missionary Society' of the Methodist Episcopal Church;"

the ladies of Baltimore retaining the privilege of sustaining and enlarging the work in China, while all, in union, co-operate in the glorious work of winning the mothers and daughters of every heathen, Mohammedan, and Pagan land for the Kingdom of the Messiah.

At the final anniversary of the Ladies' China Missionary Society, as such, held on Monday evening, March 6th, the following addition to their Anniversary Report was read and unanimously adopted:—

"After close and earnest conference with our sisters representing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, — seeking counsel from our pastors, and sincerely and devoutly imploring guidance from the GREAT HEAD OF THE CHURCH, — we have concluded not the less tenaciously to stand by the post providentially assigned us, yet no longer to stand there alone, but in the holy and honored association of our sisters, who, through the length and breadth of the land, are laboring for the same object, namely, the elevation of the condition of women in heathen lands.

"So now, having fallen into rank with the noble army of Christian workers under a common banner bearing the inscription, 'The women of all heathen lands for Jesus,' we pray God to bless the union and prosper the work."

C. B.

HOW TO GET MONEY.

ONE of the veterans in the Lord's army sends this reminiscence:—

In my parish was a farmer of rather feeble constitution, on a hard, cold piece of land, and with quite a little flock of hungry mouths to feed. Sickness and unfavorable seasons had impoverished him. The house and farm were mortgaged, but cheerfully they toiled on. Every year, as I was about to make my annual visit, to attend the festivals of the church, the good man's wife came to my house, with money for the missionaries. As she counted the dollars and fractions, I always marveled that in their poverty she could bring so large a gift. At length she came, and with tears that she could not control said, that she "was very sorry she could not give as much as she had given heretofore." I told her that she "ought not to be troubled; the Lord looketh not on the 'dress,' but the heart of the giver."

"May I ask you where the money comes from?" said I.

After a little hesitation she freely told me. "We are poor, sir, as you know, but are glad to give, if it is but little. In the fall of the year when the sheep are driven home from the pasture, I go out

and select and mark one for the missionaries. Its wool and its lambs we sell, and send to them. That sheep has always had *two lambs*, but this year one of the lambs died." The wintering of one sheep produced between three and four dollars year by year, and if, in a similar measure, all our Christian agriculturists should contribute, the Lord's treasury would be as well supplied as was Israel's at the building of the tabernacle. — *Advance.*

At a regular meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, to wit:—

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst by death, our beloved and respected sisters, Mrs. Rev. Wm. Teal, President, and Mrs. Sarah Smith, Corresponding Secretary: therefore —

Resolved, That in the death of these worthy sisters we are deprived of two useful members, whose loss we deeply mourn.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the husbands, children, and friends of the deceased, and commend them to Him who afflicts not willingly, for consolation in their sad bereavement, trusting that their influence for right may still be felt by them in their cherished memory, though they are called to journey through life unaided by their counsel and encouragement.

Resolved, That the members of this Society wear crape for six months in memory of the deceased sisters.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the WOMAN'S FRIEND for publication, and copies to the bereaved families.

Committee. { MRS. GEORGE KNAPP,
MRS. WM. CHASE,
MRS. G. W. MINCKLER.

INDIA is a land greatly given to religion; a land where caste holds men in their several spheres as in a vice. The word has two meanings, and both are applicable, for there is no grip so strong as that of caste — none so vicious, corrupting, and destroying. It is a land of temples and mosques, of priests and pundits, Parsees and Brahmins — 140,000,000 worshippers of Hindoo deities, 15,000,000 followers of Mohammed, 160,000 Parsees, 200,000 native Christians, 150,000 Europeans, 20,000,000 Pagans of aboriginal tribes.

Children's Corner.

SOMETHING ABOUT HINDU CHILDREN.

BY MRS. J. W. CRAVEN.

WHEN I left my home in America for India, I said, "If I see anything that I think the children will like to know, I will write to them, and tell them about it." I have only been here one month, yet I have seen some things that I know would interest the boys and girls who so carefully save their pennies for the missionary boxes. Some of them work hard to give a few pennies every month to the missionary work, and they would like to know if their mites do really help these poor heathen, and if the people here are glad to hear about the Saviour of the world.

Sometimes when I walk out, I go into what is

called the native city. There are whole streets of mud-houses inhabited by the poor, and these cool days — you would not call them cool nor think it winter if you were to look around, and instead of snow and ice, you were to see the fine gardens full of roses, and other beautiful flowers, and see the orange-trees filled with the golden fruit — yet winter it is here, and cold too for these people, and you may see them shivering, so poorly are they clad. I find them sitting out in front of their houses on the sand, trying to get warm, men and women, and a great many children. Poor things, no wonder they are cold, for many of them have no clothing, not one garment. These are the little heathen children you have heard about, and I am sure if you could see them, you would be more anxious to send, not only your pennies, but your ten-cent pieces, too. It does not matter so much that they have no clothes, for in a few weeks it will be so warm they will not need them.

But it is a very sad thing that they do not know Jesus the blessed Saviour, nor can they love their Heavenly Father, for they have never heard about Him, and do not know that He made and cares for them. There are a few here that have learned what you know so well, and their little faces shine with joy when they come to the meeting and Sunday-school. I am beginning to love them very much as they come in my room to see me. They say good-morning to me by putting their right hand to their foreheads, at the same time making a low bow, and saying, "Salam." They then sit on the floor and talk to me, but I cannot tell what they are saying. I can only understand them when they smile, for that means just the same here that it does in America. I love to have them come; I feel they are my little friends when they take hold of my hands and smile, and some time I hope to tell them about you.

The boys wear long white trousers, and a calico coat that looks very much like your double gowns. The little girls wear a long dress of some bright calico, and over their heads they wear a red or white blanket with one corner thrown over the left shoulder, and I assure you they are very pretty with their dark faces and large black eyes.

I know you will say that these children are much better off than those I told you of sitting in the sand. Why? simply because somebody has given some of his or her money to send some

good missionary to tell their fathers and mothers about God and Jesus Christ, and they have listened and believed the precious story, and now no longer worship gods of wood and stone, but live Christian lives, and bring up their little ones in good homes. So the money you send may do good to the poor untaught ones who know not God.

I will tell you about a little Hindu girl I know here. When she was a wee one, her mother died, and her father, a wicked old heathen, sold her to a very bad woman, who treated her cruelly. She abused her so that she became very ill, her back grew so crooked that she could not stand up; besides, she suffered great pain. Then this woman turned her into the street to beg, sick and helpless as she was. A good woman in the city was sent around by the missionaries to read the Bible to the poor heathen women, and this little girl had seen her and heard her good words, and she thought, Now if I can find her, she will help me; so she went searching for her house. She soon found it, for all the people around knew this good woman. The little girl was right; she found a friend and home. Now this kind woman was very poor, she had but little money, but she could not turn this sick girl away, so she took her in, washed her, combed out her tangled hair, and put some clothes on her. She also nursed her carefully, so that in a few days she grew much better, the flesh came upon her bones, and she did not suffer pain. She has learned to read, sing, and pray, also to sew a little, and is very happy. She is a grateful child, and says her Saviour did all these good things for her, led her to her good home, gave her food and clothing and that she loves Him very much. She tells her Hindu friends to come to her dear Jesus. She says to them, "See what He has done for me; come, He will do good for you." She has a new name now; for when she became a Christian, she was baptized Martha. The friends she lives with love her very much, but she is not a bit pretty or nice looking. I think perhaps if she were to go into some of our Sunday-schools in America and sit down beside the prettily dressed girls found there, some of them would immediately get up and go somewhere else. But God loves her, and some day will give her the beautiful white robe worn by saints and angels, and a home in the New Jerusalem. Her crooked form, now so repulsive, will then be per-

fect. See to it, my little friends, that Martha does not have more stars in her crown than some of you who know nothing of her troubles and pain. You cannot tell the poor heathen about Christ as she does, for you do not see them; but you can pray for them, give your money to send some one here to teach them. Do not think when you put your money in the box on Sunday, that that is the last of it; it will do a great work for God. Some one will be saved by it, and you as well as Martha may have a hand in saving the world.

LUCKNOW, December 15, 1870.

Business Department.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlake, 2227 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head-quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORT OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Chelsea, Walnut St. 58 members, 60 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Annie J. Slade, Cor. Sec.
Thompsonville, Ct. 22 members.
Miss A. J. Lanphear, Cor. Sec.
Fall River. 32 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Rev. E. J. Haynes, Cor. Sec.
Eliot, Me. 10 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Lizzie A. Goodwin, Cor. Sec.
Auburndale. 16 members, 29 sub. H. W. F.
Miss C. J. Chamberlyne, Cor. Sec.
Sudbury. 15 members, 26 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. George Goodnow, Cor. Sec.
Lowell, St. Paul's. 50 members, 36 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. A. W. Weeks, Cor. Sec.
Norwalk, Ct., Second Church. 20 members, 14 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. H. N. Simmons, Cor. Sec.
Coleraine. 19 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. S. C. Roy, Cor. Sec.
Springfield, Union Church. 17 members, 16 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Jos. H. Mansfield, Cor. Sec.
Mrs. Wm. F. WARREN, Cor. Sec.

CINCINNATI REPORT.

1st Church, Cleveland, O. 89 members, 31 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Moses Hill, Cor. Sec.
Port Jefferson, O. 30 members, 23 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. L. J. Spindler, Cor. Sec.
Ashland, O. 65 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Sophia W. Sprengle, Cor. Sec.
Hamilton, O. 27 members, 27 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. James Jackson, Cor. Sec.
Dayton, O. (Grace Church). 45 members, 37 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. J. E. Gilbert, Cor. Sec.
West Toledo, O. 21 members, — sub. H. W. F.
Miss Amelia Bishop, Cor. Sec.
Painfield, O. 46 members, 37 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary E. Hays, Cor. Sec.

Bellefontaine, O. 52 members, 52 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Rev. J. Newton, Cor. Sec.
Berea, O. 100 members, 40 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Dr. Nast, Cor. Sec.
[Berea should have been reported last September, but the report was accidentally lost.]
Scoville Avenue, Cleveland, O. 105 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary A. Hubbard, Cor. Sec.
East Cleveland, O. 101 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Hurlson, Cor. Sec.
London, O. 100 members, 34 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. B. T. Custer, Cor. Sec.
Portsmouth, O. 30 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. E. Ewing, Cor. Sec.
Newburgh, O. 25 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. A. T. Slade, Cor. Sec.
Brooklyn, O. 23 sub. H. W. F. 35 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Gooding, Cor. Sec.
Centreville, O. 20 members, 26 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Nellie Voorhers, Cor. Sec.
West Toledo, O. 21 members, — sub. H. W. F.
Miss Amelia Bishop, Cor. Sec.
Honorary Patrons—Mrs. J. L. Whetstone, Mt. Auburn, Cin.
Life Members—Mrs. E. C. Hoyt, Warren, O.; Mrs. Eliza Thompson, Hillsboro'; Mrs. A. P. Cathall, York St., Cin.; Mrs. Marley, Trinity, Cin.
H. Wilkins, Esq., of Scoville Ave., Cleveland, O., undertakes the support of five orphans for one year. Wesley Chapel, Cin., one orphan for one year. Rev. J. F. Loyd of the Cin. Con. one Bible reader. Mrs. J. L. Whetstone and Mrs. B. R. Cowen, one Bible reader each. Mrs. B. R. COWEN, Cor. Sec.

RECEIPTS OF THE W. F. M. S.

FROM DECEMBER 10TH, 1870, TO MARCH 10TH, 1871.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Boston, Tremont St. Ch.	\$27.00
" Bromfield "	33.00
" Grace Ch.	34.00
" Church St. Ch.	8.00
" 1st Ch., Hanover St.	7.00
South Boston, Broadway Ch.	21.00
Boston Highlands, Winthrop St. Ch.	14.00
Charlestown, Trinity Ch.	22.50
East Boston, Meridian St. Ch.	20.00
Cambridgeport, Harvard St. Ch.	10.00
Chelsea, Walnut St. Ch.	68.00
" Mt. Bellingham Ch.	10.00
Medford	51.00
Malden	110.00
East Saugus	24.00
Lynn Auxiliary	71.00
" Boston St. Ch. Sabbath school	25.00
Swampscott	10.25
Nahant	7.50
Peabody	15.00
Lowell, St. Paul's Ch.	50.00
Lawrence, Mrs. Rosette Tarbell	1.00
" Mrs. Wheatly Smith	1.00
" Mrs. Rev. Turner Carter	1.00
" Mrs. George Wilson	1.00
" Miss Hannah Tarbell	1.00
" Garden St. Ch., Mrs. T. J. Murdock	1.00
Lincoln, Mrs. H. F. Weston	1.00
Weston, Mrs. W. C. Jones	1.00
" Mrs. Rev. W. F. Lacount	1.00
Woburn Auxiliary	11.00
Auburndale	28.00
Newton, Mrs. Charles Pierce	10.00
" Mrs. Alden Spear	20.00
Newtonville, Mrs. Rev. J. D. King	1.00
" Miss M. J. Chisholm	1.00
Stoneham Auxiliary	17.00
Fall River	44.00
Wilbraham, Wesleyan Academy	26.75
" Miss Harriet Bliss	50.00
Leominster, from our unknown friend	25.00
Ipswich	5.55
Chicopee	37.00
Chester, Mrs. Sereno Snow	1.00
Westfield Auxiliary	30.00
Portland, Maine	15.95
Kent's Hill "	2.00
Bangor, Union St. Ch.	26.00
Union	12.00
Tilton, N. H.	14.00
Concord, "	3.00
Stratford, " Rev. C. D. Stafford	1.00
New Bedford	84.50

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MAY, 1871.

NO. 11.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY MRS. ANNIE HOWE THOMSON.

SOUNDING o'er the waste of waters,
Sister, hear the pleading cry ;
'Tis the voice of India's daughters,
"Come, and help us, ere we die."
Lost in sin and degradation,
Groping blindly for the way,
Aid them to obtain salvation,
Speed, O speed, the gospel day.

By the wounds of that dear Saviour,
Dying on the shameful tree ;
By His grace, His love, His favor,
By His mercy shown to thee ;
By the hour thou wast forgiven,
And thy sins all washed away ;
By thy hope of gaining heaven, —
Speed, O speed, the gospel day.

By His tears in that lone garden,
'Neath the drooping olive's shade ;
By the promises of pardon
He to erring ones hath made —
O'er the mighty waste of waters
Send Christ's heralds on their way,
Bearing peace to India's daughters ;
Speed, O speed, the gospel day.

DELAWARE, O., February, 1871.

ANOTHER ZENANA CONVERT.

ON the 1st of December, 1870, I had the pleasure of witnessing the baptism of a high-born Bengali lady in the Mission Church of Agra. Her whole appearance and manners gave a most favorable impression, and showed her to be a lady in the true sense of the word. Her history is very encouraging to all those who labor for the benighted women of this country.

Her parents are still alive. Her father is a rich land-holder somewhere near Calcutta, who receives also a large sum of money from Government. She learned to read and write Bengali in her father's home, and when eleven years old she was married to Babu Mohin Ghou, with whom she lived very happily. He was an intelligent man, and Christianity was not unknown to him. Receiving a situation in Allahabad, he removed thither, and making the acquaintance of a missionary there, he became a seeker after truth. The missionary had high hopes for him. One day he entered an English shop to buy a Bible. Two gentlemen were present, who said, "Don't take this book to your home ; if you do, your wife will become a Christian." He remembered their words afterwards, but at that time she was entirely ignorant of Gospel truth and believed in the religion of her people. By the invitation of the Babu, their home was visited by the missionary ladies. From them she got "Line upon Line," "Peep of Day," and other books translated into Bengali. They tried to show her the difference between the Hindu and Christian religion. She did not receive the truth at once ; like others, she had prejudices and doubts to overcome. At last she asked for a Bengali Bible, which was gladly given her. About this time they removed to Agra. Her mind was still unsettled, but she began to read the Bible with great attention, and in time, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, light dawned upon her darkened mind. It became to her indeed a treasure, and she valued it as the one precious pearl ; for not by any one's teaching, but by the reading of the Word, was she brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

The missionaries in Agra took a great interest in them. I had the pleasure there of often visiting this dear lady. She had such a bright, sweet, in-

telligent face and engaging manners. She never indulged in the petty small talk so common among the best native ladies, but her chief topic was the "one thing needful." She frequently had questions to ask concerning the meaning of a word or passage she did not understand.

Her husband was ill at this time, and after his recovery he obtained a situation in Lahore, where he removed with his family. The friends with whom he associated there had a very bad influence upon him. While his wife had been growing in spiritual knowledge and grace, he had been wavering between his convictions of the truth and his fears of the world. Now when among those who sneered at Christianity, he too became its enemy. His poor wife had no Christian friends in Lahore, and she begged him to return to Agra. Her secret wish was to be baptized by the missionary in Agra, and to profess her faith openly.

After nine months' absence they returned. When the Babu came to know his wife's intention, he was very bitter against her, and tried his utmost to change her purpose and shake her faith, quoting Keshub Chunder, Bishop Colenso, Miss Carpenter, and others in his arguments; but she was firm, and refused to deny her Lord. Then he threatened her, tore her Bible and other Christian books to pieces, said he would leave her and take with him all his jewels. Again he tried kindness, and begged her not to bring such disgrace upon him, saying that she might be a Christian in heart without being baptized. She replied with the words: "Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He shall come." He refused to see the missionary, but one day he met him unexpectedly. After a serious talk he consented that his wife might be baptized; but when the day was fixed he went away, and took the eldest boy with him. This boy was thirteen years old, and from sympathizing with his father gave his mother much trouble.

It was a great source of joy to this lady to be permitted to confess Christ openly. After her baptism, as she could not safely live alone in the city, she came to the Mission House. The natives heard of the event, of course. But I am thankful to say that our mission work has not been interrupted by it. I was often asked to relate the whole story in the zenanas, as the women were very

much interested, but could not learn the exact truth.

Our new convert kept her own dress and customs while with us, but she often joined the family circle, where she won the regard of all by her modest, gentle deportment and her intelligent conversation. The language of her soul seemed to be: "None but Christ. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee."

She heard sometimes from her husband, and he desired her to join him at Lahore. She thought it her duty to go, and when some missionary friends were going to the Punjab, she went with them as far as Lahore. We have not heard from her since.

She needs our earnest prayers, for trials must await her. Her husband and his friends cannot be trusted. May she remain faithful to death, and turn the heart of her husband from darkness to light.

Let us not be weary, although we do not see the fruit of our labors. Others will see. The harvest time will come in the Lord's own good season.

LOUISE ELLWANGER.

Miss Ellwanger gave me the above interesting account when on a recent visit to Lucknow, and at my request she wrote it out for the FRIEND. She is a German lady, and is connected with the Church of England mission in Agra.

The event is of recent date, and has only received a slight notice in the press, but it will be remarkable if no further excitement is created. Yesterday I told the story to Joya Dassy, the Christian Bengali teacher in Lucknow. She listened with tearful interest, but at the close shook her head and said, "You will never hear of her again. She may continue firm, but although her husband may intend no harshness, his friends will compel him to it. I do not know what they will do, but they will hide her and misrepresent her as they did with Gonesh in Calcutta."

We may indeed never hear of her again, but we believe she is in "the secret place of the Most High;" and while we trust her to Him, we will work and pray more earnestly for the coming of that day when her conversion will be no rare, strange story, but one among many thousands.

ISABELLA THOBURN.

LUCKNOW, January 30, 1871.

SKETCHES OF THE ORPHAN GIRLS SUPPORTED BY THE NEW YORK BRANCH.

BY MRS. M. A. THOMAS.

NO. VIII.

EMILY F. THORNE is one of our smart little girls. She is small, but we think she must be about ten years old and perhaps more. She is in the third class, and is so clever in her Urdu and Hindee reading and grammar that she is now ready to begin English. She is good-tempered and well-behaved. Like many of the orphan girls, she was too young when she came to us to remember anything of her life before she came to the Orphanage.

NO. IX.

MARY WALSH WHEELOCK entered the school in 1865, and is about fourteen years old. She was one of four girls who were rescued from an old woman who had trained them for dancing girls, and intended to make her fortune out of them. But it was ascertained by the Police Inspector of Philibeet that they were either bought or stolen, and they were taken from her and sent to the Orphanage. Mary was the youngest of the four. She reads Urdu and Hindee well, and is learning arithmetic and geography; does very well in all her classes, and is, we think, a good girl generally. She was admitted to the church on probation recently.

NO. X.

FRANCES CORYALL is now six years old. A most interesting and intelligent child every way. She is evidently the child of some unfortunate woman, cast out through fear of disgrace or poverty. She was found by the Police Inspector, near an old tank in Philibeet, and when sent to us was said to be about fifteen days old. She was very weak, and seemed like a little new born-baby. *Her nurse was a goat.*

She is not a healthy child, however, and we believe the hardships of her infancy have much to do with her delicate constitution. She has a wonderful memory, and repeats hymns beautifully, and sings nicely.

She seems peculiarly near to us on account of the care and anxiety we had in raising her.

NO. XI.

JULIA BUTLER was sent to the Orphanage when she was ten years old. Her history was

one of hardship and disgrace before she came to us. She seems happy now, and we hope she will make a good and useful woman. She has been here about four years, and is in many respects much improved.

NO. XII.

GRACE OSBORNE is a very little girl, was sent to us last year from Bijnour, by Bro. Hoskins. She is now a dear little pet and plaything with all the girls. Sarah Mead has charge of her. When she first came, she was sick and dirty, and none of the girls wanted her; but now she is so much improved, and is so much petted, that she is in danger of being spoiled. She is about three years old.

NO. XIII.

MARY GARRETSON is a little girl who came last year. She is about six years old, has learned all her letters and two or three hymns, and can count up to fifty, which is doing very well for a little girl and a great deal better than most Hindustani girls do in one year. We think she will make a good scholar.

NO. XIV.

MARY ALICE SMITH is another *queer little girl*. She has a fashion of combing her hair right straight over her eyes. No matter how nicely her buwa parts it and combs it for her, she always thinks she must have the comb and finish it herself, which she does as we have described. She is a bright, affectionate little child, is about five or six years old, and has learned the Hindee alphabet, but has some queer ways that make the girls laugh at her. They call her "Naraini," the monkey. It would make any one laugh to see her sitting in the sun every morning after her toilette, with her bright black eyes peering so elfishly through the locks she dresses so fancifully.

NO. XV.

KATE VAN ANKEN is about seven years old, has been in the Orphanage a little more than a year, is pretty and very intelligent. She has not only learned her letters, but is beginning to read easy words, both in Urdu and Hindee. She can repeat several hymns, and remembers the Infant Class lessons better than many of the older girls. She is very neat and particular about her dress, and often scolds her little mates for soiling their

clothes, and is altogether quite womanly for a child of her age.

NO. XVI.

MAY DRAKE is about six years old, the companion and playfellow of Kate. They are both in the same room, and in Hadassah's charge. She is not as quick to learn as Kate, but is doing very nicely indeed, and seems a promising child. She came about a year ago, but has been sick a great deal during the year.

NO. XVII.

KATE BOND came at the same time with May. They were both sent by Bro. Jackson, from Budaon. She too has been ill most of the time since she came. It is often the case that children sent us during a famine, are so diseased, that it takes a long time to recover from the effects of bad food and starvation. She is about eight years old, and will, we hope, do well as soon as she fully recovers. As it is, she has learned a part of the alphabet.

NO. XVIII.

CARRIE D. ROBERTS is a very talkative child, about ten years old, was sent from Budaon to us about a year ago. She is not pretty, but very active, a great worker, and always busy. She is doing well in her class, and we believe will improve rapidly, because she gives her whole attention to whatever she does. She has not yet learned to be tidy in her dress.

NO. XIX.

MINNIE CORNELL has only been with us about four or five months, and we can scarcely tell yet what she will amount to. She seems bright, and as yet develops no very bad qualities. She is about eleven years old.

NO. XX.

GRACE PECK is another new girl, who has scarcely had time to establish a reputation, as she came to us late in August last. She seems promising, and is about nine years old.

NO. XXI.

HARRIET SKIDMORE came to us in July, is nine years old, a quiet, well-behaved child, not pretty, but bright and active, and we hope will improve as she has opportunity.

NO. XXII.

HARRIET WRIGHT is also a new girl, having been in the school only a few months. Thus far

she has done well, is bright and active, and about ten years old. We shall know her better after a little longer acquaintance.

NO. XXIII.

CARRIE TRUSLOW is one of the famine girls sent us last year. We are sorry that we have to say that she is just now in disgrace for falsehood and theft. She has probably been here long enough to know that it is a sin to lie and steal. But there is great allowance to be made for the influences surrounding these girls all their lives, and for the force of habit. She doubtless got her living in some dishonest way before she came to the Mission, and we must keep in mind that it takes a long time to educate a heathen conscience up to the Christian standard. She is about twelve years old, and needs careful and prayerful training. We believe something can be made of her, for we have had worse cases than this who have been converted and turned out well.

NO. XXIV.

EMMELINE HOWE, one of the old famine girls, is now about seventeen, and a girl of unusual energy and ability. She formerly gave us great anxiety and trouble with her fiery temper, but for the last two or three years she has greatly improved, though occasionally her tongue and temper get the better of her even now. We think she sincerely tries, and generally succeeds in overcoming her temper now. In all other respects she is a most promising girl. She belongs to Miss Swain's Medical Class, and is doing well there, is intelligent, and has made good progress always in her classes. She was converted during the first revival, and with the exception we have mentioned, is generally consistent.

NO. XXV.

GEORGIE SUTTON is a member of the Medical Class. A good, quiet girl, always patiently attending to her daily round of duties; making no great stir, but a girl to be trusted and loved. She is very plain-looking, but is a devout Christian, and always reliable.

NO. XXVI.

SARAH J. MEAD came to the Orphanage in 1861. She was formerly trained for a dancing girl, and gave us a great deal of trouble before she was converted. Ever since the revival, she has

seemed like another girl. She is studying medicine in Miss Swain's class, and is doing well. She has a good mind, and is about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

NO. XXVII.

NELLIE BAIN, a gentle, quiet-looking girl, rather delicate, carries an air of sadness, though her laugh is as merry as any when you hear it, which is not often. She is doing pretty well in the Medical Class, and is better in caring for the sick than some of the more promising students, because she is more patient, careful, and attentive to orders. Nellie is a member of the church, and no one doubts her piety.

NO. XXVIII.

DORA FANNY HAMILTON came to the Orphanage quite young, is now about twelve years old, rather good looking, of fair ability, reads Hindee and Urdu fluently, knows something of the geography and history of India, can do sums in the four simple rules of arithmetic, sews neatly, cooks pretty well, and is generally a good girl.

NO. XXIX.

ANNIE F. RANDALL is a new girl. She has been in the school only two or three months. As she is so recent an accession, there is not much to be said of her, only that she seems as bright as girls in general.

NO. XXX.

EMMA BAKER is a thoughtful, good, reliable girl in every respect; as a Christian, consistent, as a student, excellent. Her room and those of the girls in her charge are the best ordered in the school. She is neat in her dress and in everything she does. She excels in all kinds of needle-work, and is justly entitled to praise in all respects. Withal she is so modest in her manner that any one who knows her must admire her in spite of her plain face.

NO. XXXI.

ALMIDA COLGATE, another of the medical students, is a good, reliable Christian girl, not altogether faultless, but good, gentle, and trustworthy. We judge she is about fifteen years old. She is a member of the church, and generally consistent.

NO. XXXII.

LIBBIE HUSK is a warm-hearted, impulsive girl. When she is good, she is very good indeed, and a most earnest, zealous Christian; and when she is

naughty, she is very naughty, and tries us sorely. She is intelligent, has a wonderful memory, is quick to learn, and very active and earnest in whatever she undertakes, while her interest lasts. She is just one of those girls who, when the realities of life have sobered her, will make a most earnest and useful worker. She likes the study of medicine, and is doing well in the class, but thought she knew enough to begin doctoring when she had learned all the bones in the body, and accordingly was greatly astonished to learn that she had only made a beginning. She says now there is so much to learn that she will be an old woman before she begins to practice medicine. It was she who exclaimed when she first saw Miss Swain's skeleton, "Poor thing, where will she rise in the day of resurrection, with her bones here in India, and her flesh nobody knows where?"

GARLE' ORPHANAGE, Jan. 12th, 1871.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA.

BY REV. E. W. PARKER.

THE work of a missionary in India is not confined to the pastoral charges of a church or community, but he goes as an evangelist among probably six hundred thousand people, to establish churches and Christianize the people by any and every means in his power. Hence his work presents a great variety. He holds service for the little Christian community in the chapel, daily in the cool of the morning he teaches or superintends the Mission school, impressing the good tidings upon the minds of the boys in the Bible lesson, and at evening preaches in the market, in the open air, to hundreds of heathen listeners. Beside this daily routine the missionary, with his family, takes his tent and attends the religious fairs of the Hindus, preaching Jesus to thousands there, who, having come together for religious purposes, readily listen, or he goes from town to town, living in his tent, remaining a few days or weeks at each place, instructing, and endeavoring by every means to interest the people in the new religion. He always takes books and tracts with him, which he sells for a trifle to interested persons, and thus leaves the truth in the household as he passes on.

Perhaps some notes of these itinerating trips may interest the readers of the FRIEND.

One evening we stopped in a little grove near

a village where a few native Christian families reside. After pitching our tent, we visited the homes of our Christian people, and as they came together after their day's work was done, seating themselves in the little mud chapel on the mats according to their custom, we read a passage of Scripture, talked with them of its meaning, and prayed with them. Then in familiar conversation we listened to their experiences, their trials and troubles with the persecuting heathen around, and tried to lead them to trust Jesus for all things.

During the stay at such villages, while the missionary improves every opportunity to teach the men, his wife, in connection with one or two native Christian women, visits the heathen women at their homes, or gets them to come together in some quiet, secluded place, and teaches them of a Saviour who is anxious to save even poor ignorant women like them. At times large companies of village women will come together in this way to hear one of their own sex talk of religion, and they usually listen with fixed attention when once they begin to realize the subject. These village women are not kept in seclusion as strictly as they are in cities, yet they will not mingle with men to hear preaching, nor will they listen to a man, unless they do so from behind a screen without their presence being known; but they will gladly listen to a woman, if not prevented by the men of their households.

It was near this village that a very old man who had heard much of Christianity, and had often expressed his faith in Jesus, sent for the missionary, from his dying bed, saying he could not die without first becoming identified with God's people, and publicly professing his faith, and giving all to Christ in baptism. Bishop Thomson afterwards baptized the wife of the old man, along with twenty-six others. She had long desired baptism, but had been kept back by friends, and now joy seemed to fill her heart that she could thus be united to God's church. When the missionary asked her the usual question, "Do you desire to be baptized in this faith?" she did not wait to be prompted, nor did she read an answer, but from the depths of her heart cried out so loud that her voice rang through the house, "It is just what I have been wishing and longing for these many days." She brought along with her at the same time two of her little grandchildren, giving them to Jesus in baptism, determined,

as far as she knew the way, to train them herself as Christians.

Our native Christians in this vicinity have been much persecuted and severely tried. The first man who publicly professed Christ was afterwards so beaten on account of his religion that he soon died from his wounds, but he did not deny Christ. Another man who professed to become a Christian did not so well stand the test. He was taken sick, and at once his old friends gathered about him, telling him that his sickness was caused by the anger of the gods, on account of his having left the religion of his fathers, and that his only hope of recovery was in offering some kind of sacrifice to appease the anger of the offended deity. The poor man was confused, and hardly knew what to do, and is it strange that he was so? He knew but little of the Christian's peace, comfort, and hope, as we know it who can read and compare and *know* for ourselves. He had *heard* and *believed*, and found some comfort; yet he was advanced in life, could not read for himself, and could not remember well what was told him. Is it strange, then, that when his day of trial came he listened to the pleadings of his sons and his neighbors, and half believing them to be right, consented to have a pig sacrificed to satisfy the demand of the offended deity? As soon, however, as he could think clearly for himself again, he begged our prayers in his behalf, was ashamed of his folly, and remained a professed Christian. This fear, lest their difficulties are caused by the anger of their old gods, is a source of severe trial often to inexperienced converts, especially as there is never any lack of "miserable comforters" to place their supposed sin in its worst light. Still most stand firm, and these little villages where our little churches gather, our chapels are built, and our schools for Bible instruction are established, and the gospel is regularly preached, are bright little lights shining in the darkness around. Christian lives and happy deaths are living epistles in any community.

GOD GIVETH INCREASE.

BY MRS. E. E. BALDWIN.

I HAVE been watching, with much interest, the workings of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It has certainly had a wonderful birth and growth. Within two years it has spread as a network over the greater portion of our church

domain. Auxiliary societies have been formed in the North, West, and East, and now a beginning has been made in the South. I have just returned from Baltimore, where a number of auxiliaries are formed. This Southern Branch promises well. I was delighted with the earnestness and zeal of our Baltimore sisters. They mean *work*, and I warn older branches that they will have to be very vigorous to produce *such* fruit as will certainly come from the South. I think it can be truly said that no benevolent society of our Church has had greater success, in the same time, than this Woman's Society. Surely God hath blessed it. We cannot doubt His sanction to it; and with *His* approval we need not fear to go ahead. Wherever our Society goes, it increases the interest not only of the women in missionary work, but in almost every case that of the men too, and consequently I expect the parent Society to be greatly blessed in ours. And this work is not going to interfere with any home work. She that can love those afar off and whom she hath not seen, will care for those near at home and whom she hath seen. The Mite and Dorcas and Pastor's Aid societies will all flourish, with this new one. They are each and all agencies, — the *minor* perhaps, — yet none the less ordained of God for the bringing in of that glorious time for which we pray, — the second coming of Christ. May we all have a share in the hastening of that day!

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, MAY, 1871.

THE annual meeting of the General Executive Committee, will take place May 16th in Chicago. The business of the Committee is to receive reports of the past year's labors, to consider and act upon estimates and applications from the Foreign Missions, and to arrange the work of the several branches for the coming year. An annual report of the Society will also be provided for.

It will be an important meeting, and we trust it will be prayerfully remembered by all.

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the circulation of the FRIEND has more than quadrupled during the year. We are now printing an edition of eighteen thousand. May it be re-quadrupled the year to come!

MAY THOUGHTS.

BRIGHT May again. How fresh and new the world each time she comes! How quick the cold, dead, cheerless world of winter is supplanted by her new creation! Blessed type of that May morn of prophecy when Christ shall usher in the new heavens and the new earth promised.

But beyond this natural symbolism May has special meaning for all Christian women. It is the month religiously observed throughout the Roman Catholic world in honor of the highly favored among women, that sweet, pure virgin soul, who mothered the world's Redeemer. Well may it remind us of woman's part in the world's salvation, well may it preach to us of duty and privilege.

In the old Catholic countries of Europe what scenes will affront the patient Saviour! Before high altars, in grand cathedrals, the apotheosized representative of woman will stand, not as the lowly and submissive handmaid of the Lord, but as an object of avowed worship, the "Queen of Heaven," "the Refuge of Sinners." Bowered in verdant decorations more prodigal than those of Christmas, she will receive the whole month through the prayers and incense and offerings of the multitudes. Philip and James, and all the elder feast-days of God's true saints, will be forgotten for the sake of honoring her whom Rome has set above her Divine Son, and to whom, since 1815, the month of flowers has been kept sacred. While this new form of worship is making such progress under the patronage of the apostate Church, shall not true Christian women attempt some counteraction?

During this month the whole infernal enginery of Rome's indulgence system will be in operation upon millions of tender womanly hearts and consciences. Whoever observes these "May devotions," either at home or in public, acquires not only three hundred days' indulgence per diem, but also, on condition of due confession and partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on any day of the month, a plenary indulgence.

Who that believes she may any day drop into the flames of purgatory, can omit a service which secures deliverance from all sin's stains up to the present moment? Who that has a departed friend writhing in those hellish fires, can refuse to offer these prayers to Mary, each one of which, if applied to such friend, will cut short his agonies

by three hundred days? Such are the motives by appeal to which this new heathenism is maintained and disseminated. Can we find others, equally strong to appeal to, when we call on Christian women to dedicate the month to Christ and to His service? Yes. Love is stronger than fear. Love is man's highest strength and inspiration, much more woman's. Love we have, and to it we appeal. We love Him because He first loved us. Not from fear then, but from love, the love you bear the blessed Saviour, do as much this month to honor Him as Rome's devotees may do in giving His glory to another.

During this month the women of Italy and France and Spain will spend thousands of dollars in votive offerings, in the decoration of churches and illumination of altars. Shall we, with all our wealth, sacrifice less for Christ than these poor creatures, in their poverty, for the honor of a deified woman? Why should we not lay this month upon the altar a special May offering to Christ, a thank-offering for our better light, a contribution to the world's illumination.

We have our Blessed Virgin, not the goddess of modern Rome, but the elect maid of Gospel History. We think of her, not as in Murillo's famed *Conception*, exalted to the skies, the crescent moon beneath her feet; still less as in Giotto's *L'Incoronata*, sharing the throne of heaven with Christ, and jointly with Him receiving the adoration of the universe; no, we think of her rather as she appears in Rubens's *Anbetung der Weisen*, as the Virgin Mother, standing upon the ground, and holding up the infant Christ for the Wise Men of the East to worship. If ever our Society requires a seal, here is the fitting device made ready to our hand. Be this our work, with Blessed Mary to hold up the Incarnate Son for the worship of gathering Gentiles.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN INDIA.

DURING the session of the India Conference recently held in Lucknow, the ladies of the mission who were present organized a Woman's Missionary Society, to be associated with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

The object of the Society is to aid the ladies in the United States in carrying out their plans,

and also to collect funds in this country to help forward the work for saving heathen women. Provisions are made for organizing auxiliaries in all our mission stations, and it is hoped that all the native Christian women in the mission will be benefited by these organizations, and led to more systematic efforts for their heathen sisters. As most of our native Christians are very poor, it was thought best in the commencement that the payment of twenty-five cents annually should constitute membership. This may seem a small sum to our American sisters, but to most of these women it is as much in proportion to their means as one dollar to ladies at home.

The affairs of the Society are to be administered by an Executive Committee, composed of all the ladies in the mission. An annual meeting is to be held each year during the session of the Conference, at which time reports will be made and officers for the ensuing year elected. Meetings of the Executive Committee will also be held at this time, for the purpose of arranging estimates to be sent to the General Executive Committee at home, and to take counsel with reference to the work among the women and girls within the bounds of the India Conference.

Mrs. E. J. Humphrey was elected President, and Mrs. L. S. Parker Secretary, for the coming year. Meetings were held daily during the session of the Conference, reports of the work in the different stations were read, and the demands of the work for the coming year were taken into consideration. Estimates were prepared to be sent to the General Executive Committee, and submitted to the Conference for approval, to the amount of \$17,761.

Two medical ladies were asked for this year, — one for Paori, and one for Lucknow. An estimate of \$5,000 for a Home in Lucknow for lady-missionaries was asked in view of the importance of the work in that large city, the prospect being that several ladies will eventually be required there, and also with a view of furnishing a suitable place for the Girls' Boarding School which has already been commenced by Miss Thoburn with encouraging prospects.

Enlarged estimates for the work in the several stations were necessary to meet the increasing demands of the work. This work is important in its relations to all the interests of our mission, and we feel the importance of prosecuting it vigorously,

hoping that with the blessing of God, we may see glorious results in the salvation of many souls.

We felt that we were asking largely, particularly when we remembered that other work in other mission fields as important as our own would claim the attention and aid of the ladies of our Church. It seemed best, however, to state what we felt was really necessary to carry on our work, and leave it with the ladies at home to decide how much they can do to aid us. The work was never more encouraging than now; many have been led to Christ during the year, and from among these we hope to find many valuable assistants. We do not purpose asking for a *large* number of ladies to be sent out from home, but desire in time to have enough to place two in each of the large stations; then we desire to have the means necessary to enable us to employ all the agents which God may raise up for our assistance here. We have a valuable addition to our numbers in the three ladies who were sent out last year. Miss Sparkes has been appointed to assist in the work of the Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly, Mrs. Craven is in Lucknow, and Mrs. McMahon in Roy Bareilly, at each of which places we have interesting and important work. We hope that the two medical ladies asked for may be found, and sent forward to join us at the commencement of the next cold season.

L. S. PARKER.

MORADABAD, March 31st, 1871.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

I THINK that the month of March, 1871, may be termed, without exaggeration, an era in the missionary cause in its relations to woman, and in woman's relation to it, in Baltimore.

At least there has been a wonderful revival of interest on this subject, not resulting in the inauguration of a new work, but in the re-baptism, re-vivification, and reconstruction of a work that we have been engaged in for nearly a quarter of a century.

So far as we know, we were first in this field; woman working specifically for woman in heathen lands. Contemporaneously with the planting of the missionary standard by our Church in China, was the formation of the Ladies' China Missionary Society of Baltimore. About twelve years ago it took under its fostering care the Baltimore Female Academy in Foo Chow, under the charge of devoted women, — the Misses Wool-

ston. That arrangement continues, and a constant correspondence with the school has been kept up, and considerable interest in it is felt in our churches and Sunday-schools. We know that much good has been accomplished through this instrumentality.

Still our work was local and limited, both in that those interested were confined to our own city, and the work itself to the walls of our school in Foo Chow.

When the representatives of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society came to us with their larger range of vision, their grander stretch of faith, their spirit of greater aggressiveness, and their more extensive and varied appliances for labor, and affectionately entreated us to unite in fellowship of love and labor, — as we were one in fact, to become one in form, — as we had one spirit, to be one organization, — we were drawn to them by the magnetism of strong personal and Christian attachment, and we said, "We cannot yield the ground we have so long held, and that we think providentially assigned us, but gladly in Christ's name will we join hands and work together in His vineyard."

Rev. S. L. Baldwin and wife were here to represent China; Dr. Butler and wife to represent India; all to participate in the bonds that wedded the Ladies' China Missionary Society of Baltimore to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, — a consummation devoutly to be wished for, certainly effected through the labors of these honored worthies, conjoined with the influence, always so powerful here, of Mrs. Keen of Philadelphia.

At once Mrs. Dr. Butler commenced a campaign of indefatigable and most successful labors in establishing auxiliary societies in our various churches. It is but simple justice to say that the wide-spread, deep enthusiasm, resulting in the formation of so many societies, is chiefly owing to her labors.

We now give a list of the societies formed up to this date. There is much ground still left for us to occupy in our city, — our Conference bounds, and towards the South, — and we desire to grasp and possess it. We understand connection with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to mean vigorous working, and already we are spreading our nets and casting our lines, and seeking to draw many in.

The whole work in this section is under the

charge of the former officers of the Ladies' China Missionary Society.

MRS. FRANCIS A. CROOK, *President.*

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MRS. THOS. SEWALL, " "

MRS. M. G. HAMILTON, *Recording Secretary.*

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" M. SMITH, *Treasurer.*

The auxiliaries were formed as follows : —

Eutaw St., organized March 4. 84 members.

Miss Annie Gant, Cor. Sec.

Monument St., organized March 5. 105 members.

Miss Emily Seidenstricker, Cor. Sec.

Wesley Chapel, organized March 6. 50 members.

Miss Annie Jones, Cor. Sec.

Charles St., organized March 7. — members.

Mrs. Lytle, Cor. Sec.

Union Square, organized March 7. 70 members.

Mrs. R. Black, Cor. Sec.

Grace Chapel, organized March 7. 45 members.

Miss Justina Jones, Cor. Sec.

Exeter St., organized March 8. — members.

Mrs. W. F. Speake, Cor. Sec.

Harford Avenue, organized March 8. — members.

Mrs. B. F. Perry, Cor. Sec.

Caroline St., organized March 9. 30 members.

Mrs. C. Gordon, Cor. Sec.

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Mrs. J. L. Perrigo, Cor. Sec.

Highland Chapel, Baltimore Co., organized March 9.

25 members.

Miss Mattie Talbot, Cor. Sec.

Broadway, organized March 10. 29 members.

Mrs. W. S. Edwards, Cor. Sec.

Columbia St., organized March 10. 150 members.

Mrs. G. W. Cooper, Cor. Sec.

Franklin St., organized March 12. 90 members.

Mrs. J. W. Hedges, Cor. Sec.

Madison Avenue, organized March 13. 38 members.

Mrs. R. Battee, Cor. Sec.

Baltimore City Station, organized March 13. 27

members.

Miss Belle Cook, Cor. Sec.

Union Square, organized March —. 105 members.

Mrs. R. V. Black, Cor. Sec.

Emory,
High St.

In all these churches subscribers have been obtained for the **HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND**. Indeed, the work seems fairly inaugurated, and we trust will be vigorously prosecuted. I. H.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY MRS. M. C. HICKMAN.

OUR Church is now lamenting the fact that for the first time in its history men cannot be found in sufficient numbers to meet the demands of missionary labor. But while this is true, the voice of educated, cultivated women is heard all over the land, saying, "Here am I, send me." I take this

state of things to be a providential indication that women are needed in our mission fields; and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is, I think, providentially raised up to send them there.

One object in forming a separate female organization is to develop the missionary spirit of the ladies of our own land. To some this may seem a small matter. Women are not, as a rule, the money makers. All they give must come from the husband's income. But woman regulates the family expenses, and it is for her to say whether the entire income shall be expended in luxury and needless self-indulgence, or whether there shall be sufficient left for benevolent purposes.

I believe in systematic benevolence, — in setting apart a certain proportion of the income, say the one tenth, for religious purposes, and of doing it of the first fruits. For if the family expenses are to be taken out first, there will usually be nothing left for charity. The expansive power of household expenses nowadays is something wonderful, and unless carefully guarded, they will burst beyond the limits of any ordinary income. On this account woman must have her heart enlisted in Christian work.

It is almost impossible for a man to reserve the Lord's portion while his wife is continually making pressing and exhausting demands upon his purse. No man knows what is really necessary for the comfort of his family. He must depend upon his wife's judgment in this respect, and she can very easily regulate her expenditures so that there will be nothing left for religion; or she can do it so that they may all enjoy the luxury of giving. I believe this organization will not only bless the heathen women, but it will prove a blessing to the ladies engaged in it. The promise shall be fulfilled to them, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Their minds will be expanded as they study the state of the world with reference to missionary labor. Their thoughts will be enlarged, and carried beyond their own persons, their own parlors and kitchens.

There are multitudes of Christian ladies all over the land, who need such an organization as this for their own spiritual discipline. They have means, and leisure and active minds which must be usefully employed, for it is still true "that Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do." And unfortunately his Satanic Majesty has no prejudice against female operatives, but employs them very

readily when not otherwise engaged, and they often prove his most successful agents.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is not a rival of the Parent Society. On the contrary, its collections are increased wherever the ladies' organizations are formed. And this is what we might expect. Women have much to do with the forming of public opinion. If they can be inspired with missionary zeal, community will soon feel the influence, and it will be manifested in increased contributions.

Missionary effort is no longer an experiment, but like the leaven hid in the meal. Gospel truths, though hid in an overwhelming mass of ignorance, corruption, and superstition, will yet leaven the whole mass.

It may be woman's privilege to prepare heathenism and idolatry for burial, and to welcome again the risen and victorious Christ as King of nations. — *Pittsburg Advocate.*

Children's Corner.

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

THESE are the holidays, my little friends, and you are all out of school and happy with your Christmas presents and amusements. To-night, while I am writing to you, I wonder if you are out skating in the crisp, frosty air of morning, your mittens on, and your scarfs and comforters wrapped up to your ears to keep out the delightful-cold. Here where the sun is always warm, the trees green, and the gardens bright with flowers, we have a little fire made each evening, but many houses have no fire-places in them at all. Only think of spending Christmas in a country where there are no chimneys! And if Santa Claus should come in some other way, he would find no stockings hanging with their mouths gaping for the contents of his bag, for the little boys and girls don't wear any. But it does not matter, for the good old man never comes this way. Christmas is only a happy day to Christians. Still the natives all know what it is to us. They call it the *great day*, and they send us many kind messages, with presents of fruits and flowers.

Although they have no Christmas, they have many feast-days and holidays in honor of their gods. They observe these sometimes by going to fairs, sometimes by bathing in the Ganges, and others by gay processions and exhibitions. But

all they do at these times is either very wicked or very foolish; and while you would be interested with the strange sights, you would not exchange Christmas for the best of these heathen holidays. None of them are so good as this birthday of Jesus, especially to children, for only His followers love little children as He loved them, and only they prepare any special blessings for them. The people here never spend time or money to make children happy or good. There are no Sunday-schools or Sunday-school celebrations, no birthday parties or Christmas trees. They are happy without these things, because they don't know how nice it would be to have them, — happy as kittens are, but not as boys and girls should be who have minds to improve, hearts to love, and souls to save.

My dear children, I am thinking more about you these days than of the little people around me. I am thinking of three boys whose stockings I hung up two years ago, and wondering what Santa Claus brought them yesterday. I am thinking of two little girls whose bright eyes opened on Christmas morning a year ago, but now are gone to live where all the days are full of joy. Nora and Alice will never read my letters, but will not you who do, try to go where they are? Although I cannot be with you to-day, I can see you all again up there.

Lovingly yours,

I. THOBURN.

LUCKNOW, December 26.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows: — I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass. — II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J. — III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2227 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. — IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio. — V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill. — VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo. — The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and head-quarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans. — VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston. — IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORTS OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

CINCINNATI BRANCH.

New Albany, O. 42 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.

Mrs. I. H. Whitehead, Cor. Sec.

Enreka, O. 15 members, 3 sub. H. W. F.

Miss Laura Riggs, Cor. Sec.

Mt. Gilead, O. 28 members.

Mrs. Emma D. Meeker, Cor. Sec.

La Grange St., Toledo, O.	10 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
	Miss Emma A. Powell, Cor. Sec.
Athens, O.	26 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
	Miss Jennie Tucker, Cor. Sec.
Mt. Pleasant, O.	21 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
	Miss A. Johnson, Cor. Sec.
McArthur, O.	49 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
	Mrs. S. M. D. Fry, Cor. Sec.
	Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Cor. Sec.

ST. LOUIS BRANCH.

Washington, Iowa.	19 members, 9 sub. H. W. F.
	Miss Mattie Jackson, Cor. Sec.
	Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, Cor. Sec.

[The following Treasurers' reports came too late for the April paper.]

RECEIPTS OF THE CINCINNATI BRANCH,

FOR THE QUARTER ENDING MARCH 17, 1871.

Louisville, Ky.	\$104.30
Catlettsburg, Ky.	18.45
Scoville Ave. Ch., Cleveland, O.	124.00
First " " "	52.00
Franklin St. " " "	16.37
Taylor " " "	18.00
Erie " " "	14.00
Clark Mission " " "	29.00
St. Clairsville, " " "	10.00
Second Ch., Urbana, " " "	30.00
William St., Delaware, " " "	150.00
St. Paul, " " "	45.00
Elyria, " " "	9.45
Lancaster, " " "	13.50
Zoar, " " "	6.00
Wesleyan Fem. Coll., Cincinnati, O.	48.00
Christie, " " "	29.50
Asbury, " " "	18.00
St. Paul, " " "	169.84
Trinity, " " "	22.75
York St., " " "	35.45
Germania Soc. " " "	28.52
Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, O., (\$40 to educate a female orphan)	54.00
Mrs. Gen. Cowen and Mrs. J. L. Whetstone, of Mt. Auburn, for the support of two Bible-readers, (Mrs. Cowen, 60.00; Mrs. Whetstone, 60.00)	120.00
Fremont, O.	5.50
Cuyahoga Falls, O.	10.80
Norwalk, " "	33.35
Painesville, " "	3.00
Warren, " "	24.00
Sandusky, " "	8.50
Maumee City, " "	10.00
Wesley Chapel, Columbus, O.	12.65
Tiffin, " "	6.00
Ravenna, " "	20.65
Sidney, " "	20.00
Grace Ch., Dayton, " "	29.35
Hillsboro', " "	25.00
St. Paul's Ch., Toledo, " "	16.35
Grace Ch., Piqua, " "	14.23
Donation by Miss Rachel Lincoln, Red Lion, O.	2.80
Wheeling, Va.	125.00
Special donation to Miss Thoburn, from W. Farmington, O.	6.50
Mrs. Sarah Bowers, Mt. Vernon, O.	1.00
Miss Louisa Bowers, " "	1.00
Greensburg, " "	5.25
Total	\$1,567.11

Miss H. A. Smith, Treas.

RECEIPTS OF THE CENTRAL BRANCH OF THE W. F. M. S.,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 22, 1871.

Arch St. Auxiliary	\$69.00
St. George's "	16.00
Summerfield "	13.00
Germantown churches	56.50
Fifth St.	3.00
Union Auxiliary	51.00
Green St. "	16.00

Trinity Auxiliary	\$25.00
Ebenezer "	5.00
Kensington "	6.00
Nazareth "	2.00
Eleventh St. Auxiliary	1.00
Mariner's Bethel	45.00
Cohocksink Auxiliary	5.00
Mrs. Jane Henry, Salem	2.00
One-dollar subscriptions from Philadelphia churches	85.00
Mrs. Mary Boswell	50.00
Collections	77.51
Entertainment	92.00
Coll. per Mrs. A. H. De Haven	110.00
Wilmington, Del.	28.75
Windham Centre, Pa.	9.00
Smyrna, Del.	16.00
Carlisle, Pa.	28.85
Mansfield, Pa.	6.50
Lancaster, "	10.00
Scranton, "	9.75
Providence, "	12.00
Harrisburg, "	41.50
Altoona, "	31.15
Alleghany, "	35.00
Pikesville, Md.	8.75
Williamsport, Pa.	17.00

LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. J. T. Gracey (Germantown)	20.00
" T. W. Price (Spring Garden)	20.00
" Swinney	20.00
Miss E. M. Hayward (Union)	20.00
Mrs. S. Mullin (St. Georges)	20.00
" J. B. McCreary (Arch St.)	20.00
" T. A. Morgan, Pikesville	20.00
" R. M. Lipcomb	20.00
" J. L. Turner	20.00

HONORARY MANAGERS.

M. C. Fisher, Pikesville	100.00
Belle Fisher	100.00
Wilmington, Del., additional	157.50

Total \$1,521.76

Mrs. A. W. Rand, Treas.

THE HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

EDITOR, Mrs. Wm. F. Warren.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Dr. Olin,	Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke,
Mrs. E. W. Parker,	Miss Belle Leonard,
Mrs. J. F. Willing,	Mrs. Gen. Cowen.

This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Names of subscribers and all communications concerning the business of the paper, should be addressed to the Branch Agents as follows:—

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TERMS.—30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.—Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance at the post-office of the subscriber.

Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any persons desiring to secure subscribers, on application to either of the above Branch Agents.

Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the Daughter of Zion, Behold thy Salvation cometh." — *Isaiah* lxii. 11.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1871.

No. 12.

DENY THYSELF.

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself."

If thou wouldst my disciple be,
Wouldst take my hand and walk with me,
Wouldst by and by my glory see,
Deny thyself.

A world in sin around thee lies ;
Above thee gleams a glorious prize ;
And whoso "winneth souls is wise."
Deny thyself.

In pagan lands across the tide
Are "little ones" for whom I died ;
Wouldst lead them to my bleeding side ?
Deny thyself.

Of gold and pearls and rich array,
Of home indulgence and display,
Of idleness and ease, each day
Deny thyself.

I left my Father's side to bow
My head upon the cross, and now
For my sake canst not — wilt not thou
Deny thyself? H.

SANFORD, ME., April 18, 1871.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOES.

BY MRS. J. T. GRACEY.

TEXTS. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." — *Ex. iii. 5*; also *Josh. v. 15*.
"Be shod with sandals." — *Mark vi. 9*. "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear." — *Matt. iii. 11*.

SHOES, in the East, are considered unclean. No native of India goes into his own or the house of others, with his shoes on, but leaves them always at the door; while it would be an almost unpardonable offense for a person to enter a temple, or appear in the presence of the gods,

without putting off his shoes. It is often a matter of great annoyance to the native priests that Europeans pay such disrespect to their temples as to enter them with their shoes on. I was, however, never prohibited entering a temple on this account but once, when I could have done violence to the prejudice, but under the circumstances preferred to yield to it. My curiosity was unusually excited, as I wanted to see the god eating his dinner, and I went in my stockings. I may explain to the children here that the said god was sitting in a chair, with a pan of raw rice and some other grain in front of him, and a man sat near, beating a drum for his entertainment. I left before the meal was finished. I recall too that when visiting the great Mohammedan mosque in Delhi, that the person in charge allowed us to enter the mosque wearing our shoes, but was very careful that we should not step on the places consecrated for prayer. The servant, however, who accompanied us, was not allowed to enter until he had removed his shoes.

It is a singular spectacle on Sabbath morning to find the whole verandah about the doors of the native Christian church covered with shoes. I have frequently had to have great piles of them removed before I could enter.

The dress of the natives is so entirely different from ours, that the absence of shoes does not much attract one's attention. It is not uncommon to see a person of wealth riding on horseback, while a servant follows carrying the shoes, as he only wears them while walking. There can be no greater insult offered to a native than to touch or strike him with a shoe. None but the very lowest castes have anything to do with leather, and these are too unclean to be allowed to touch persons of other castes. The missionaries, when they make books for circulation among the na-

tives, avoid binding them in leather, but make paper backs to the books, as otherwise the higher caste natives would not touch nor read them. The caste who work in leather are called *Choomars*, and live in a portion of the town or village by themselves. A great many of these have become Christians, and our native women, who are Bible-readers, can go amongst them freely, to read to them.

The shoes in ordinary use resemble our slippers, and are generally highly ornamented, and wrought with silk, or silver and gold thread. They are made large, so that they can be easily dropped off on entering the house or the presence of a superior. As the women often wear bells on their toes, it is then a great inconvenience to them to wear shoes.

Sandals are much worn. They consist of a mere sole of wood mounted on two blocks, lifting them about an inch from the ground. Sometimes they are fastened to the foot by a strap, but more generally are held by a mere peg of wood caught between two of the toes. They are much worn during the rainy season, when the native leather, which is poorly tanned, is of little use or comfort. These sandals cost about fifteen cents, and are often made of the fragrant sandal wood. Fastening or loosening the shoes is the business of the very lowest caste, and is a very humiliating employment.

NATIVE CHRISTIAN WOMEN AND THE GOSPEL IN INDIA.

BY REV. T. J. SCOTT.

It would be ill-directed missionary effort that overlooked in any way the importance, in an evangelistic point of view, of securing the conversion of women, and of realizing their influence for the spread of the gospel. Woman's love and peculiar devotion and susceptibility to divine grace are associated with our Saviour's history on earth. Let it not be thought mere sentimental twaddle when a simple fact in the history and nature of humanity is stated. Women were early found in striking works of charity in the infant Church, and did much to recommend the faith to the hearts and consciences of those who were now watching the growth of this new cause. Lydia of Thyatira is the first recorded fruit of the gospel in Europe, and she became a helper in the Lord. But the great missionary mentions Priscilla as a "helper in

Christ." We get a glimpse of the aid she rendered where she is mentioned with her husband as expounding the gospel more fully to one who afterwards became a mighty preacher of the word.

Only in more recent years has the problem of reaching the women of India met with anything like a satisfactory solution. Everywhere the men could be reached, but the harem system, with its inviolable seclusion, shut out from the reach of the gospel nearly one half of the women, while social custom debarred the other half from being present in assemblies where the word of life is preached. More recently zenana [harem] education, and the appointment of Bible-readers for women, have inaugurated a new and powerful impulse in the evangelization of India.

I propose in this letter to give a few instances of what the gospel can do for women, and of what women can do for the gospel's progress. They are not sensational examples, culled for the occasion, but such as may be met now in almost every mission station. In 1863, when appointed to Budaon District, I was joined by a native helper known by the rather pretentious name of Joseph Angelo. He had formerly been a Roman Catholic, but had found his way among Protestant missionaries. The man proved only a moderate sort of helper, but his wife, during eight years now, has been a faithful "helper in Christ." She is a short corpulent woman, with a round, cheery face, and gives good evidence of having been soundly changed in heart. Often have I seen tears coursing down her cheeks under some comforting application of God's word. Her care in bringing up a numerous family has been most praiseworthy. At Budaon she always had a little group of women and children under instruction. Her influence over them was always good, and she was really a more effective evangelist than her husband, over whom at times, I found, she had to exercise a restraining influence.

A school having been opened at a village thirty miles from any mission station, it was found difficult to get any one to manage it well. Joseph Angelo was sent there particularly, that his wife might take charge of a girl's school and general work among the women. Here she has been for nearly four years doing an important work. Although her husband has passed away from earth, she still keeps it up. The girls in her school trust and obey her like a mother. She visits the

women of the village, and reads and explains the Sacred Scriptures. A marked impression for good has been produced in favorably inclining these women toward Christianity. Even the men of the village have felt her influence. The native brethren have told me, that nothing but her purity and the force of her Christian character would keep her from gross insult in this place. Mary Angelo is one of our best helpers in the gospel.

There was formerly connected with the Girl's Orphanage in Bareilly, as matron, a rather elderly native Christian woman, familiarly known as Peggy. Peggy is a thin, decisive little body, who proved of great use in connection with the girls. She removed with her son-in-law from Bareilly, and her like has not been found for that place since. One could not help admiring the prompt and unbounded influence she seemed to have over the girls. Her example was very beneficial on all the other Christian women. In prayer, her voice was clear and earnest and hope-inspiring. She is a woman capable of helping in the gospel, and she does it wherever she is.

Several years ago, in Budaon station, one of our native Christian teachers persisted in marrying a girl to whom he had been affianced as a little body, when a heathen. We disapproved of the marriage because we thought it would entangle the man in idolatry; but as he claimed that the contract was binding, and affirmed that the girl would take baptism, we allowed him to arrange for his marriage when the girl was baptized. After instruction she was baptized, and they were married. This girl, at first shy, awkward and apparently stupid, and most unpromising, has become one of our most useful native female helpers. The gospel seemed to change her whole being. She learned rapidly, and when her husband was made an exhorter she was not behind him in any good work. Brother Haskins, now in charge of Budaon station, remarked to me recently of her, that "she is a very valuable woman, kind, and not only willing to work but anxious to work." Her husband stops sometimes in one village and then in another. She is always up with him, teaching the women and children. The work in this District is characterized by the number of entire families that are baptized. These illustrations, which might be multiplied, show clearly how important it is in mission work to reach the women, and turn their influence to "the furtherance of the gospel."

THE GREAT MOTIVE.

BY MRS. E. E. BALDWIN.

IN my two previous papers I considered the objections to and the success of our Society. In this I would speak of its permanency as an organization. Missionary ladies who had lived among heathen women, returning to the United States, felt constrained (by whom if not by God?) to tell of what they had seen of the degradation and wants of heathen women, to the Christian women of our land. Every Christian that hears of suffering and degradation feels a desire to give relief, and so our Christian women unitedly said, We will do what we can for our unfortunate sisters.

Sympathy prompted this help, and this was all right. But after all, the great and permanent basis of our Society is not merely sympathy for woman in her physical suffering, or social and mental degradation; for the large majority of heathen women, never having known anything better in these respects, do not feel their want. Physical suffering of course they would avoid, but social and mental elevation they know nothing about. The foundation principle of our Society is the command to give the gospel to every creature. Heathen women are without Christ. This includes everything else; social, mental, and physical degradation. Women without Christ! What is it? We can never take in all that it means of suffering, of sorrow, of social degradation, of mental darkness, and worse than all these, of soul pollution. Woman without Christ! because there *are* such, our Society is in existence and will continue to be, just as long as we remember this. We send her help, not because she is a servant to her husband, and suffers untold cruelties from him, not because she is poor, and wretched and miserable, even when she don't know it, but because she is without Christ. Without Him she has nothing; with Him she has all things. I firmly believe, and have had the witness of my personal observation, that Christianity does change the whole being. I have rejoiced at the cleaning up outside as well as inside. I have delighted in seeing one layer of dirt after another taken off, and, finally, the man clean and clothed and in his right mind, with a face so bright and intelligent that it was hardly possible to recognize in him the stupid, dirty man our eyes first looked upon. Yes, Christianity does refine, cleanse, and elevate every one that comes under its influence.

It makes gentlemen and ladies of them. I believe that the mothers of Israel in India will some day cease to make the toilets of their little boys by "oiling them all over and turning them out in the sun to dry," as will the fathers of China cease to turn themselves out in a state almost as nude, and minus the oil. It may not be our duty to urge poor people who haven't clothes to wear to put on clothes, but Christianity will elevate and enrich the nation, and clothe and educate the people. The Sandwich Islands are a grand example of the kind. God's love to us in Christ meets us in every interest of our life, and therefore do we want to give poor heathen women a knowledge of this love.

FEMALE SCHOOL IN FOO CHOW.

Extracts from a letter from Mrs. Sites, dated Foo Chow, February 1st, 1871.

Chung Kwang (Rachel Macauley) finished her term of years in the school, and returned to her home last week. She is to be married tomorrow. She was betrothed when an infant, and her mother-in-law took her home and nursed her, and brought her up, as we would expect her to care for a daughter. This is a very common way of doing among the poorer people. First, and principally because it is the cheapest way to secure wives for the sons in the family; and secondly, the girl grows up to love, or at least to have some affection for those who have been to her as parents, and to whom she must, while they live, render perfect obedience, and complete submission.

Chung Kwang's husband is a Christian, the son of a farmer, moderately intelligent, having spent some time in our Mission Boys' School, and his parents are also Christians, which makes her position a very happy one. She said to me before going away, "Pray for me; I want to be a Christian always, and never leave the Saviour, and I want to do good to others; be sure and pray for me." She sings well and is fluent in prayer. We told her we thought there was a work for her to enter upon at once, in beginning a little Sunday-school and prayer-meeting with the Christian women in her village, where on Sunday morning they always have public service, and in the P. M. the men meet for reading the Scriptures, while the women are neglected.

Mary Marlatt Irving, who finished in 1868, is

living in the same village, is married, and has a little boy more than a year old. I sent word to her to unite with Chung Kwang in an effort to instruct and help on their Christian sisters and mothers at once. Pray that the Holy Ghost may fill their hearts, urging them to persevere and overcome all obstacles in the way of their working for Jesus.

But now, I must present to you a sad picture which will try your faith, as it does ours. You ask about the Christian *lives*, and Christian *work* of those who have gone out from the school. Alas, most of them returned to heathen homes, and have not been permitted to attend a Sabbath service since. Methodism requires her members to observe the Sabbath, and to attend the means of grace. These requirements it is very difficult to fulfill here, especially by the younger women, even when they have Christian relatives to assist them. What then must be the opportunities of our school-girls returned to heathen homes? Hence, failing to secure their attendance at church, the names of seven of our girls were dropped from the class records of Tieng Angtong, at the close of the last Conference year. And as you ask particularly about Kieng Kwong, I must tell you that she was one of the above seven. You will ask if we visited them, or tried in any special way to secure their attendance at Sabbath service? Those who resided within a reasonable distance, the native preacher or the officary tried to visit, specially inviting them to attend, at least on Quarterly meeting occasions. At such a visit they would sometimes be addressed in a loud tone by an old mother-in-law, or uncle, in this way: "Go to church for what? If you have money or rice to give her, she might go. But to go and worship, there is nothing gained." But let us hope that the good seed sown in these youthful minds and susceptible hearts may remain, to bring forth fruit in after days.

I know a Roman Catholic woman, intelligent, able to read and write in Chinese character, whose experience may encourage us.

When a young girl at her father's house, a devoted old Catholic lady instructed her, and led her to become a Roman Catholic also, her parents not objecting. But before her marriage, the parents refused their daughter the use of Catholic books, and when married, urged her husband to destroy any Christian books ever found in her possession.

She thus lived ten years without seeing Christian books or Christian teachers; when her husband's uncle was converted and joined our Church. Through this uncle she heard of Jesus, — again reviving her interest in religious things. Our preacher, stationed at the City Church at that time, was introduced to her, and under his instruction she became much interested in the Bible — which she could read fluently — and our Methodist hymns. She attended our meetings, and after some months united with our Church, and seemed so happy to meet with Christian people, although she was severely persecuted by her old father-in-law, who threatened to cut off her feet, to prevent her going to church or to see Christian people. A few months ago she moved to her own mother's house, near her old Catholic friend, who has induced her to return again to the Catholic Church; thus illustrating the tenacity with which early impressions may cling to the minds even of Chinese girls, and leading us to hope that the many chapters of Scripture committed to memory, the beautiful hymns learned, and the habit of praying to "Our Father in heaven," will not all be lost, but hereafter bear fruit unto eternal life. For this let us hope and pray. "Your earnest desire that the school should be made to show 'permanent' and 'reproductive' good, will, I trust, always be our aim and desire. And we join our prayer with yours that the school may become a 'power' in China, and that soon there may go forth from it intelligent Christian girls, to do aggressive missionary work, laboring in the homes of the women of China."

HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1871.

OUR WORK MUST BE PERMANENT.

AN Oriental prince, in the midst of a gorgeous pageant, was asked by a courtier, "What is wanting here?" "Permanence," was the sad answer.

It must never be truthfully said of our Societies, "They lack permanence." We must make our work broad and strong. We must plan for the years. Satan's strongholds are not to be overthrown by a gust of fine talking, or a shower of pointed paragraphs. Heathen women cannot be rescued from their foundering old prison-ship by a

buzz of earnestness, a flutter of sentiment, or a spasm of effort. Only "the long pull, the strong pull, the pull altogether," takes the freighted life-boat through the breakers.

We are now fairly under way. We have the Bareilly Orphanage, several schools in China and India, and three missionaries, upon our hands. We must keep our credit good. We must redeem our pledges. We — not the few Branch officers, but the twenty or thirty thousand women who have taken this upon themselves.

To make our work permanent, *every member of every auxiliary must do her part.*

The rank and file do the weight of the fighting. If one deserts, he weakens the force just so much. If one company runs from the field, it demoralizes the army, and helps the enemy. Each of us has promised a dollar a year to this work. We took this pledge, not to get rid of a solicitor — to please a friend — because the rest did — or because somebody told a pitiful story about heathen women, and we felt, for the hour, as if we ought to help them just this little, but as soon as the world caught our eye again, we concluded to spend the dollar upon our dear selves, and let them go. No, no. If we are worth anything in Christ's work, we made this promise because it was right, and we meant to keep it. It went upon God's book, and we must meet it, year by year. No matter if others become insensible to this obligation, it will still be upon us.

We must work systematically. Those who cannot well pay the dollar in advance, may better pay each month, or, at farthest, twenty-five cents each quarter. They will feel it less. It will be less apt to interfere with other benevolences. It will keep them reminded of their duty to pray for the success of this cause.

We must organize. It is better for ten women to give a dollar apiece, than for one to give ten. We need money; but we need, in the homes, thinking, and talking, and prayer, far more. Not freshets, but living streams. In any church, if ten can be found to take our "two cents a week" pledge, let them organize a regular Auxiliary. Two people, taking hold of hands, can get over a difficult way, or stand against a storm, far better than either can, going alone. You have promised the Saviour to bear your part in this — his work. A thousand things will crowd upon you. Satan will do his best to lull you into carelessness. With

Society obligations upon you, you will not be half as apt to fail. Your effort to get others to join you will increase your own interest. A letter came to me the other day from a little society, organized one stormy winter evening, in a little Western town, in a little struggling church, that worshipped in a little old-fashioned house. There were at first only fifteen members. The Corresponding Secretary reports sixty-eight! When Christian women come to understand their part in the world's evangelization, this zeal and sacrifice will be less rare.

Organize at once. Don't wait for some one to come and help you. As we have no salaried agents, it may be a long time before we can send any one to you. Societies wrought up by home effort are the best; just as revivals that grow out of home zeal are the most permanent. We have no fears for them. We can make pledges upon their members with perfect safety — one dollar for each member. If you care to help us, send for a specimen number of the FRIEND, and get a list of subscribers. If you are a good, average Christian worker, you can work up a Society. Your Branch Corresponding Secretary will gladly furnish you "directions."

Organize exactly by the published Constitution and By-laws. If you have only ten members, fill each office, and divide the work as directed. You know churches that start out with the intention of being full grown churches, taking all the Conference collections, and responding to every call, be it ever so feebly, are surer to succeed than those that set out with the whimper, "We're weak and poor. We can't do this, and we can't do that." As the little fellow said of himself, they have "got the grit," and they are sure to win. A resolute "I can," is half the battle.

Keep up your monthly meetings. What if the attendance is small. Put thought and heart into the affair, and make it so pleasant and profitable, the rest will like to come. Suppose a class leader should say, "Not half my members attend class. There is so much indifference, I believe I'll give it up." Suppose, of a rainy Sunday, a pastor should say, "The people might have come to church. They'll be at their business to-morrow, if it storms twice as hard. There's no use. I'll not try to keep up service." Don't you see the result? If another is freezing, I must bestir myself to arouse him, or I will freeze too, before I know it. There is no use blinking the fact. There

is not a tithe of the missionary zeal there ought to be. That is the very reason why we must hold these monthly meetings. If you or I understand the case a trifle better than others do, we owe it to them to do all we can, patiently, skillfully, prayerfully, to arouse them to this duty, before the account is closed, and the reckoning day upon them. Be sure and make this a *Missionary* meeting. Elect a good literary Committee, who shall be responsible for bringing facts, figures, statements, original and selected matter, before each meeting. And at your public quarterly meetings, be sure and have something to stir the people to missionary zeal.

Plan carefully for the circulation and distribution of the FRIEND. If one cannot, or does not attend to it, let others be appointed. A permanent interest cannot be held, except our paper is read.

Report regularly. Let the Corresponding Secretary write, each quarter, to the lady appointed to receive reports of Auxiliaries, giving the number of members, number of subscribers, character of monthly meetings, amount of money paid, and any items of general interest. Suppose you have been remiss, and have a poor report to make. It will do you good to have to face the facts, and put them on paper. It will relieve the anxiety of the Board officers about your Society.

The Treasurer ought to collect a quarter of the dues, once in three months, and send them to her Branch Treasurer. No matter how small the remittance, let it be sent. Our bills come due quarterly; and we have to depend upon our Auxiliaries to meet them. If the Treasurer is not able to do all this work, let her have assistants appointed.

Our work has prospered greatly; and yet it is only begun. We have hardly bound the first sheaf. The great ripened fields lie before us. "The Master hath need of the reapers."

It is very kind of Him to lay this work upon us. We will be better and nobler in heart and life for doing it, more fully fitted for our blessed home duties. How good of Him to let us put our timid trembling hands on the mightiest leverage for the upheaval of old systems of wrong. We ought to thank Him, upon our knees, for this. Our hearts ought to leap to this work, in the fullness of their joy!

Glorious news comes to us from India — scores

turning to God! Note this. Of late, American women, have prayed for the world's conversion, especially for India, as they never prayed before. The preacher of the Brahma Somaj of Lucknow converted to Christ! and through the word of a woman! Surely the day of redemption is at hand! Dares any Christian woman fail of her part in the Lord's work in this hour of events? J. F. W.

THE following extracts are taken from an Address in behalf of the W. F. M. S. by Mrs. Pres. Donelson, of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, Ohio.

Its plain and earnest words cannot be read without bringing the truth home.

THE DEMAND.

In India there are 193,340,000 inhabitants; in the Chinese Empire, 477,500,000, to say nothing of the multitudes of Turkey, Arabia, and Central Asia. The most of these know nothing of the truths of government, of literature, of medicine, or of religion; and sadder than the fact of their present wickedness and ignorance is the truth that, according to present appearances, these seething masses are to go on from generation to generation, constantly repeating and deepening their degradation. It is estimated that there are 300,000,000 of women still in heathen darkness. It is difficult to comprehend so large a number; but let one of these young ladies stand at the door of this church and count this vast multitude as they pass by her at the rate of one every second, sixty every minute, 3,600 every hour, and her hair would be gray, and the light of youth gone from her eye, before the last of these benighted, sin-stricken sisters of ours would have filed past. Twenty thousand women, capable of purity, and love, and education, and lofty thought, and all of the Christian experience that brings us in such tender relation to Christ, and enable us to call a holy God, Father — twenty thousand of these women every day are dropping into a grave only a little darker than the life they leave. In life they are shut out from all that makes life desirable to you, — mother, and wife, and daughter. This is what creates a demand, — a demand for educated, devoted, zealous women.

WORK OF THE SOCIETY.

Whether our Society succeeds or not depends upon the Church at large, and those outside of the Church. In the first place, this Woman's Society wishes to scatter information upon this subject, or as it were upon the wind, that it may be carried into every Christian home, thus creating a sentiment, and getting a hold upon the sympathies, prayers, and faith of the Church. Then it hopes to appeal to cheerful givers, and gather from all interested, money enough to send any number of women that may volunteer for the service. Bishop Thomson once said: "Satan needed not to trouble himself about Adam after he had captured Eve;" and the Church need not trouble herself about the conversion of the heathen men if she can accomplish the conversion of the heathen women. The influence of a Christian mother over her sons and daughters, through the first years of their life, before the sons are

taken from her, would be decisive. No heathen father in after years could find unoccupied soil in which to plant idolatrous seed. The Roman Catholic Church understands this principle, and is swiftly acting on it. They have now five hundred women, ardent, zealous laborers in foreign countries.

SELFISHNESS THE GREAT OBSTACLE.

Is not the greatest difficulty in the heart of selfish womanhood? Thousands of women needed, — where are they to be found? It is to be hoped that the paper published by this Society, with its exhaustive information and earnest appeals, will multiply the numbers who are willing to leave their native land, and live and die with those who are dependent upon us for a knowledge of spiritual truth. It has truly been said that America is the Eden for women; and how easy it is to confer with flesh and blood, depending upon others for political liberty and Church privileges, drift with the mass of respectable Christians into religious conventionalities, and flatter ourselves that we are following Christ! The routine of ordinary life is so pleasant, and the prejudices of society so strong, that love of the one and fear of the other wrap us about with bands that will prove to be our winding-sheet, unless we arouse ourselves from the stupor by unselfish prayer.

We all as women need to build an altar in our hearts, and burn an idol thereon, and that idol should be *self*. The plea of my comfort, my ease, my social position, my health, has dwarfed many a soul, if it has not debarred it from the heavenly kingdom, and has withheld that help from others that would have saved them from death. When a soldier starts for the battle-field, he has to overcome his instinctive love for life, and all of the beautiful, instinctive domestic affections. So with woman, in this moral strife. Her instincts are stronger than life, but a full baptism of the Holy Spirit will develop a love in her heart stronger than the love of a wife, or that of a mother, — a love of soul for soul; which is an eternal element laying hold of an eternal element. She who goes to India or China, and fastens her heart upon souls, may become the spiritual mother of many whom her love and prayer have brought into the spiritual world through Christ. And her heart may be kept as warm, and her daily life made as full thereby of love and motherly care, as though she led by the hand children of her own flesh, whom she had nursed on her own bosom. The selfish, indolent nature defeats itself. Many a woman in this country whose life is narrow, and shriveled, and cold, in a foreign field would find her heart overflowing with that fullness of joy that comes of unselfish efforts for others' welfare, and the boundary of her narrow life would expand until it reached from the lowest of earth's children to the Throne of God. Is the path of duty so intricate? Is this question so involved, or is it plain as Christ's command to go into all the world?

HOW ALL MAY HELP.

If we cannot go ourselves — and let each one settle this first question for herself, with an honest conscience, offering only such excuses as she would be willing to repeat at Christ's bar of judgment — we can at least help the women of this Society to send others, — first, by giving our money, and then by our prayers. Think of it for one moment: if all the Methodists in Delaware would give two cents a week to this Society, — and the smallest child in our Sabbath-schools could give that amount, — we could

more than support a missionary in India. And what untold good would thus be accomplished could not be calculated until the books were opened above. And for all this ye would receive a hundred-fold; for good done unto others always comes home in spiritual blessing. How the fashions of this world pass away, prejudices vanish, passions cool, and ambitions die out before the approaching chill of death! As we look back to our childhood, few and quickly fled the years seem to us, but the time that is left is far shorter, and hurrying with seeming greater rapidity. The end will come quickly, and how quietly our pale feet will lie when crossed in rest, if they now walk in God's ways! And if these hands have been full of sweet charities, and busy with our Lord's work, they will lightly press the breast whereon our friends will place them. The coin-weights will close eyes whose last look was upon Christ, if now we turn them full of pity upon those who never heard of Christ. And if our lips are unceasing in prayers and pleadings, for those too ignorant and sin-stricken to plead for themselves, they will speak eloquently after we can no longer close them in speech. And what an abundant entrance will be administered unto us if we go up to the gates of heaven encircled by the souls of heathen women to whom we had sent the knowledge of a crucified Saviour!

Mrs. Parker writes under date of March 7th.

We are having great encouragement in our work in these days. You may remember a speech made by the Brahmo preacher in Lucknow, to show the importance of having Christian teaching excluded from families. This man has been powerfully converted, and has sent word to Keshub Chunder that he has found a living Christ.

The teacher among the Bengali women who was shut out of their homes for a time, then allowed to come without the Bible, was herself converted, not long since. She had been for years a Christian in name, but not in heart. Through her efforts this Brahmo preacher was led to seek salvation. It was a great triumph, one that caused us all to rejoice.

Mr. Taylor is working with us now. We have conversions daily, and our meetings are in the primitive Methodist style. These conversions are mostly among nominal Christians. They call it receiving the Holy Ghost.

Children's Corner.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THE HEATHEN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I should like to know whether any of you have said just one little prayer for the poor heathen girls and boys since you read my last letter. I hope you have; but if some of you have forgotten, will you not, hereafter, say every day, "Dear Father in heaven, bless the heathen children, and help me to do them some good"?

God sees way into your very hearts, so you must be very sincere when you pray, and mean just what you say. Prayer acts like magic on the life. By accident, I once found out that a very

good lady had actually been praying for me *every day for years*, and yet I scarcely knew that lady, and had not seen her since childhood. Years of travel, and shipwreck, and danger, had all been made up of *days*, and each of those days, the dear God-Father had listened to an earnest prayer for my safety and salvation! No wonder the wanderer came safely back! And I am thinking when you meet some little dark-eyed youth or maiden in the home-land of heaven who has arrived safely from China, or India, or Africa, what a joyful surprise it will be when you say, "I asked God to bless you every day for years!"

There is a mountainous island in the China Sea, about five miles from the main land of China, or Kowloon, called Hong Kong; and also sometimes, in honor of England's Queen, it is called Victoria, because it belongs to the English. It is very warm in Hong Kong, it never snows there, and in midsummer the weather is so fearfully oppressive, that it is almost dangerous to go out on the streets until the twilight hour draws near, and the sun sinks way down, out of sight, behind the barren hills of Kowloon. Then, the Chinese amahs or nurses carry the pale English babies out into the air, and the coolies carry the sedan chairs on their shoulders, with ladies and gentlemen inside, jogging along to the parade ground. This parade ground is an open lawn where the band from the English regiment comes, to play beautiful music, and national airs; whilst the ladies and gentlemen and the little folks promenade, and the poor coolies rest their tired shoulders, after placing the sedans in a circle round the grassy lawn. Every one looks glad to be out of doors. Sometimes the governor of the island, with a party of pretty, blue-eyed girls, comes dashing past on horseback; and the red coats of the soldiers, the green grass, and the blue sky, all look so delightful.

It happened one summer evening that we lingered to watch the full moon rise, after most of the people had left, and the musicians had gone to their barracks. Presently a group of men passed in front of us. They had dark, heavy beards, black eyes, and intelligent countenances; they were dressed in long, white robes, and wore white turbans; in their hands were rich Persian mats, which they placed on the ground before them, just where the moon threw its soft, mystic light over their heads. How deeply we were

impressed, as that group knelt to worship on the open lawn! So we stood still, and watched, whilst they bowed themselves until their faces touched the earth; then, repeating long prayers, they all rose at once, stood erect a few moments, clasped their hands above their heads, knelt on their mats, and again bowed to the ground in abject homage. Over and over again they muttered their "vain repetitions," because, dear children, they were Parsees, or *Fire-worshippers*. They do not believe in our Saviour, but believe there is a *God*, and worship the *moon*, and stars, and fire, because these are emblems of his power; at least that was the reason given by a very intelligent Parsee, when "the Doctor" questioned him. Always before they worship these emblems, they thoroughly wash their bodies, and put on clean white robes. I want to ask you a question just here: Would any of you be willing to enter one of the public gardens of your city, or village, and kneel down under the bright moonlight, and pray aloud to the great God-Father? I think there is scarcely any little boy or girl in America who would have the moral courage to do this.

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom our hopes of heaven depend!"

Well, my dears, there is no necessity for your doing this, and yet there are times and places when you ought to pray, and, I am afraid, you do not, because you are ashamed. *Think* about this, will you? and hereafter let everybody know that you love God, and that you believe in the dear Saviour. It will save you a world of sorrow and trouble, to be willing always to acknowledge your allegiance to the King of kings!

Now, these Parsees have a great many singular customs. I have seen some of them early in the morning journeying way up the mountain side, with a little shining copper vessel in their hands; and when they found a small stream of pure water coming out of the rock, they would fill the vessel, and then place their hands carefully over the top so that no one could see into it. They climbed the mountain side to get water that the "shadow of man had never crossed;" because they believe a woman's shadow pollutes it. Oh! if we were only as careful to turn away from everything naughty and sinful. It does seem that these Fire-worshippers try harder to be good than we do, only they don't try the right way; there is only

one straight, narrow path to heaven, and that is in the footsteps of Jesus. These poor men do not follow our Saviour; so, after all they are wrong. Jesus said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Do you know, children, I never heard any heathen speak about the *love* of God, but they always seem to be in *fear*. Every evening the little Chinese boys light small sticks of bamboo, and put them around the outside of their houses, or between the stones in the garden, "to keep the devil away," and in the morning they buy gay colored paper, called "joss-paper," and burn it before the door; or throw it lighted on the water in front of their boats, to keep off the wicked spirits, and then beat the gongs, to call the attention of their gods. Now we know there are evil spirits in this world, and even your dear little hearts are often full of naughty, cross, disobedient thoughts; but if you ask God to take these all away and help you to overcome them, He will help and bless you!

Shall I tell you something more? You little folks like stories, but not the morals. Please love me, even when I scold you a little, or question you closely, because I want to please you, but more than that I want to help you to be good. Once, we stopped at Hioga, a Japanese port recently opened to foreigners. We wandered through the muddy, unpaved streets until we reached a nice looking temple; there was a shed just outside, with a long rope hanging from the top, and a singular wooden box underneath. A young Japanese woman came up as we stood there, and threw a piece of money into the box. Away it rattled, down between the wooden slabs; then she pulled the rope, and a loud bell inside the temple went ding! dong! and then this little lady said her prayer in Japanese, looking very earnestly at the temple door; for the great, ugly idol was inside, and she thought he would hear her; but we know no answer could ever come from that old copper image, shut up in that dingy cobwebbed place. But whenever you put a penny quietly into the "missionary box," although you do not say one word about it, our Heavenly Father sees; and for the good we do, even in secret, "God will reward us openly." "Lay up treasure in heaven" as fast as you can.

Yours, lovingly,

A. V. R. E.

Business Department.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society includes six associated Branches. Their territorial limits and respective Corresponding Secretaries are as follows:—I. New England States, Mrs. Dr. Wm. F. Warren, Cambridgeport, Mass.—II. New York and New Jersey, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Passaic Ave., Passaic, N. J.—III. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia, Mrs. Dr. Eastlacke, 2221 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.—IV. Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, Mrs. B. R. Cowen, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.—V. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, Rockford, Ill.—VI. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Minnesota, Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, 2534 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—The Constitution of the Society provides for the eventual organization of three more Branches with the following boundaries and headquarters: VII. Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, at New Orleans.—VIII. Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, at Charleston.—IX. Pacific Coast, at San Francisco. Every local Society must be auxiliary to the Branch in whose territory it may be situated, according to the above distribution of the States. Information respecting the formation of auxiliaries may be obtained on application to any of the Corresponding Secretaries. Letters of inquiry from interested friends are solicited.

REPORTS OF NEW AUXILIARIES.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH.

Springfield, Mass., Florence St. 25 members, 38 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary R. Searle, Cor. Sec.
North Danville, Vt. 18 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary E. Ward, Cor. Sec.
East Weymouth, Mass. 32 members, 36 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Nancie A. Tirrell, Cor. Sec.
Boston, Mass., Highland Church. 17 members.
Miss F. L. Bredeen, Cor. Sec.

NEW YORK BRANCH.

Newburgh, N. Y. 1 life member, 100 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Weed, Cor. Sec.
Trenton, N. J. 1 life member, 72 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. James, Cor. Sec.
Cold Springs, N. Y. 2 life members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Nelson, Cor. Sec.
New Brunswick, N. J. 60 members, 34 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Stout, Cor. Sec.
Newton, N. J. 22 members.
Miss Hamilton, Cor. Sec.
Andover, N. J. 20 members.
Miss Davidson, Cor. Sec.
Boonton, N. J. 43 members.
Miss Jacques, Cor. Sec.
Verona, N. J. 23 members.
Miss Perrouett, Cor. Sec.
Tarrytown, N. Y. 36 members.
Miss Martindale, Cor. Sec.
Trinity Church, N. Y. 2 life members, 24 members.
Miss Lane, Cor. Sec.
Drew Ladies' Seminary, N. Y.
Miss Leathbung, Cor. Sec.
Conquest, N. Y. 14 members.
Miss Wood, Cor. Sec.
Montezuma, N. Y. 15 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Gilmore, Cor. Sec.
Jersey City, N. J. 29 members.
Mrs. Riley, Cor. Sec.
Pine Brook, N. J. 17 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Vandyne, Cor. Sec.
Bloomfield, N. J. 23 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
Hacktacktown, N. J. 60 members, 53 sub. H. W. F.
Rahway, N. J.
Mrs. Reinholt, Cor. Sec.
Jersey City Heights, N. J. 26 members.
Mrs. Lockwood, Cor. Sec.
Hope Heights, 43 members.
Miss Kishpaugh, Cor. Sec.
Vienna Heights. 13 members.
Mrs. Bertram, Cor. Sec.
Belvidere Heights. 22 members.
Mrs. Blythe, Cor. Sec.
Green's Chapel, N. J. 31 members.
Miss Friesman, Cor. Sec.
Schenectady, N. Y. 30 members.
Mrs. Eaton, Cor. Sec.

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Lions Green,.....Miss Green, M. D., Castile.

Margaret Barnes,.....Sing Sing Auxiliary.
Naomi De Newark,.....Newark, New York Aux.
Susan A. Soule,.....Miss Soule, New York.
Fannie Miner,.....Mrs. C. Miner, Lima, N. Y.
Ann J. Rochester,.....Rochester, N. Y. Aux.
Annie Randall,.....New York.
Helen Peck Crane,.....Newark, N. J. Aux.
Cornelia Burling,.....Miss E. Burling, New York.
Susie F. Yates,.....Young Ladies of Trenton, N. J.
Cazenovia York,.....Cazenovia, N. Y. Aux.
Theodore Augustus Lovejoy,.....Mrs. Lovejoy, New York.
Joseph Hillman,.....Mrs. Hillman, Troy, N. Y.
George William Ham,.....Mrs. Brownell's S. S. Class,
in Schenectady, N. Y.
Maria Atwell,.....S. School, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Mrs. J. A. Wright, Treas.,.....452 Lexington Ave., N. Y.
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Mrs. Dr. Butler, Cor. Sec.,.....Passaic, N. J.
Mrs. Rev. G. L. Taylor, Ass. Cor. Sec.,.....Hempstead, L. I.
Mrs. C. BUTLER, Cor. Sec.
PASSAIC, N. J., May 2, 1871.

NORTHWESTERN BRANCH.

South Rockford, Ill. 35 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. S. J. Millard, Cor. Sec.
Court St., Young Ladies, Rockford, Ill. 33 members.
Mrs. Mary Grey, Cor. Sec.
Jeffersonville, Ind. 28 members, 24 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Nellie Seymour, Cor. Sec.
Sheffield, Ill. 30 members.
Alton, Ill. 21 members, 24 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. Sidway, Cor. Sec.
Centenary, Chicago, Ill. 340 members.
Mrs. Simeon Farwell, Cor. Sec.
Ada St., Chicago, Ill. 72 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Jas. K. Brewster, Cor. Sec.
Elgin Young Ladies, Elgin, Ill. 64 members.
Miss L. Nicholson, Cor. Sec.
Eflingham, Ill. 12 members, 14 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. L. B. Wood, Cor. Sec.
Milton, Wis. 15 members, 7 sub. H. W. F.
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Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. 71 members, 20 sub. H. W. F.
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Miss Annie Granger, Cor. Sec.
Centenary, New Albany, Ind. 33 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Mary M. Hight, Cor. Sec.
Oshtemo, Mich. 21 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. J. M. Kellogg, Cor. Sec.
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Waupun, Wis. 70 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Nancy Hudson, Cor. Sec.
Tonica, Ill. 29 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mattie J. Slocum, Cor. Sec.
Carthage, Ill. 22 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman, Cor. Sec.
Eureka, Ill. 17 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Rev. W. E. Williamson, Cor. Sec.
First Charge, Greensburg, Ind. 40 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Lizzie Meal, Cor. Sec.
Centenary, Greensburg, Ind. 75 members, 35 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Ella Long, Cor. Sec.
Stoughton, Wis. 30 members, 4 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. E. Daws, Cor. Sec.
W. Mendon, Mich. 14 members, 5 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. Mattie L. Huff, Cor. Sec.
Plymouth, Wis. 25 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Emily Sargent, Cor. Sec.
Griggsville, Ill. 48 members, 31 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. C. M. Cleveland, Cor. Sec.

Roseville, Ill. 18 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
 St. Paul, Ind. 13 members, 7 sub. H. W. F.
 Edwardsville, Ill. 20 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
 Plainfield, Ill. 18 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
 Thorntown, Ind. 30 members.
 Ovid, Mich. 70 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
 Beaver Dam, Wis. 30 members, 14 sub. H. W. F.
 Marseilles, Ill. 16 members.
 Ellison, Ill. 14 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
 Wesley, New Albany, Ind. 31 members.
 Litchfield, Ill. 47 members.
 Westville, Ind. 46 members, 6 sub. H. W. F.
 Michigantown, Ind. 20 members.
 Goodland, Ind. 16 members.
 Berry St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 63 members, 37 sub. H. W. F.
 Wayne St., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 42 members, 33 sub. H. W. F.

ORGANIZED BY MISS S. A. RULISON, IN MICHIGAN.

Utica. 53 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
 Mendon. 26 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
 Galesburg. 53 members, 34 sub. H. W. F.
 Climax. 25 members.

ORGANIZED BY MRS. G. S. BARNES.

Niles. 60 members.

SOCIETIES IN MICHIGAN.

Flushing. 41 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
 Dowagiac. 26 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
 Paw Paw. 37 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
 Decatur. 47 members, 5 sub. H. W. F.
 St. Joseph. 52 members.
 Leroy. 28 members.
 Grand Blanc. 17 members, 14 sub. H. W. F.
 Burton. 24 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
 Romeo. 75 members, 63 sub. H. W. F.
 Armada. 24 members, 7 sub. H. W. F.
 Oxford. 16 members, 4 sub. H. W. F.
 Hadley. 60 members, 37 sub. H. W. F.
 Lapeer. 80 members, 35 sub. H. W. F.
 Rochester. 25 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
 Farmington. 45 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
 Chelsea. 44 members, 24 sub. H. W. F.
 Pinckney. 27 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
 Trenton. 43 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
 Petersburg. 33 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
 Hudson. 85 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
 Ransom. 12 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.

Ionis. 28 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.

ORGANIZED BY MRS. H. D. JORDAN.

Hanover. 20 members, 5 sub. H. W. F.
 Danville. 28 members.
 Waterloo, Wis. 12 members, 4 sub. H. W. F.
 West Portland, Wis. 12 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
 Rising Sun, Ind. 33 members, 17 sub. H. W. F.
 Sun Prairie, Wis. 34 members, 19 sub. H. W. F.
 Life Members. — Mrs. Rev. H. S. White, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Mrs. Dunton, Elgin, Ill.; Elgin Young Ladies, Miss. Soc., Elgin, Ill.; Abingdon, W. M. S., Abingdon, Ill.; each has named and pledged to support an India orphan; Mrs. J. C. Aspinwall, Broadhead, Wis., has made herself a Life Member.

CINCINNATI BRANCH.

Chillicothe, O. (Walnut St. C.) 24 members, 33 sub. H. W. F.
 Bridgeport, O. 12 members, 8 sub. H. W. F.
 Walnut Hills, Cin., O. 30 members, 15 sub. H. W. F.
 Niles, O. 30 members, sub. H. W. F.
 Marion, O. 51 members, 34 sub. H. W. F.
 Amesville, O. 26 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
 Glady, O. 13 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
 Springfield, O. (High St.) 70 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
 German M. E. C., Newport, Ky. 35 members.
 White Chapel (Licking Co.) 21 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
 Portsmouth, O. 40 members, 11 sub. H. W. F.
 Bainbridge, O. 37 members, 9 sub. H. W. F.
 West Bedford, O. 36 members, 16 sub. H. W. F.
 Mt. Pleasant Chapel, O. 11 members, 18 sub. H. W. F.
 Youngstown, O. 171 members, — sub. H. W. F.
 Frankfort, O. (Chillicothe Dis.) 30 members, — sub. H. W. F.
 Estel Chapel, O. 10 members, — sub. H. W. F.
 Chillicothe, O. (Main St.) 10 members, — sub. H. W. F.

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Wilmington, Del. 158 members, 130 sub. H. W. F.
 Harrisburg, Pa. 63 members, 25 sub. H. W. F.
 Providence, Pa. 22 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
 Lancaster, Pa. 33 members, 35 sub. H. W. F.
 Pikesville, Md. 25 members, 16 sub. H. W. F.
 Carlisle, Pa. 43 members, 30 sub. H. W. F.
 Williamsport, Pa. 25 members, 16 sub. H. W. F.
 Germantown, Pa. 65 members, 41 sub. H. W. F.
 Altoona, Pa. 25 members, 21 sub. H. W. F.
 Smyrna, Del. 23 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
 Sheakleyville, Pa. 20 members, 13 sub. H. W. F.
 Scranton, Pa. 27 members, 16 sub. H. W. F.
 Wellsboro, Pa. 18 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.

Mansfield, Pa. 15 members, 9 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Lydia Baker, Cor. Sec.
Windham, Pa. 18 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. A. Brigham, Cor. Sec.
North Avenue Church, Alleghany City. 44 members, 50 sub.
H. W. F.
Mrs. M. K. Walker, Cor. Sec.
Christ Church, Pittsburg. 80 members, 61 sub. H. W. F.
Life Members — Rev. J. A. Gray, Mrs. J. A. Gray, Mrs. J. F. Willing.

Mrs. FELICIA ROSS JOHNSON, Cor. Sec.
Miss MARY EBBERT, Ass't Cor. Sec.

Butler St. Church, Pittsburg, Pa. 98 members, 22 sub. H. W. F.
Mrs. M. C. Hickman, Cor. Sec.
Liberty St. Church, Pittsburg. 118 members.
Smithfield Church, Pittsburg. 40 members.
St. George's Church, Phila. 37 members.
Union Church, Phila. 52 members, 12 sub. H. W. F.

Miss S. Ingraham, Cor. Sec.

Mariner's Bethel, Phila. 50 members.
Summerfield Church, Phila. 113 members, 10 sub. H. W. F.
Miss Mary Sowden, Cor. Sec.

Arch St. Church, Phila., not reported.
Baltimore, Md. 17 aux. 1,000 members, not reported.
Mrs. Dr. Wm. C. EASTLACK, Branch Cor. Sec.
Miss ELLA SIMPSON, Ass't Cor. Sec.

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FROM DEC. 13TH, 1870, TO APRIL 8TH, 1871.

Hackettstown, N. J., Mrs. Cox, Tr.	\$21.00
Melbrook, N. J., Mrs. F. E. Hawkins, Tr.	1.00
Rochester Society, Mrs. H. Ray, Tr.	12.35
Bay Shore, L. I., Mrs. S. Whitman.	1.00
Conquest, Society.	7.00
Williamsburg Auxiliary Society, Mrs. Sahane, Tr.	52.00
Allen St., Mrs. McAlister.	2.00
Frank McAlister, Missionary Box.	93
Mite Box, H. F. S.	1.40
Washington Square, Mrs. Myers.	8.00
37th Street, Mrs. Hamilton.	6.00
Central Church, proceeds Lectures, by Mrs. Dr. Jones, per Mrs. Skidmore.	60.69
Central Church, Mrs. Kennedy.	8.62
18th St. Mite Box, Mrs. Atwood.	2.00
18th " " Mrs. Renhardt.	4.28
34th St. Church, Mrs. Roy.	3.00
St. Paul's, Mrs. Lane.	96.25
30th Street, Mrs. Phayne.	16.25
"Sincere friend," by Dr. Lore.	1.00
Albany Society, Mrs. E. H. Waters.	200.00
Mrs. Purdy, for sale tickets, Dr. Butler's Lecture, 191.00	
Less Expenses.	89.70
Troy Society, Mrs. Hillman.	41.35
Binghamton Fair, Mrs. Childs, Tr.	150.00
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18th Street " Mrs. Newton.	1.00
41st " " Mrs. A. Mead.	5.00
By Mrs. Butler, per Miss Tarbroeck.	5.00
" " Miss Jennie Colby.	5.00
" " Miss Nettleton.	5.00
" " Jessie Chapell.	5.00
" " Miss Cora Taylor.	5.00
" " Miss Jennie Nichols.	5.00
Phelps Auxiliary Society.	1.90
Duane Street Mite Box, Mrs. B. F. Clark.	8.43
Donations.	6.00
Miss H. F. Smith, per Mrs. Ferguson.	10.00
Mrs. McAlister, per Miss E. Goodrich.	1.00
Mrs. Rudy, Lecture Tickets.	5.00
Mrs. Kimball, 37th St., per Bible Reader.	5.00
Mrs. Digg's, 41st Street.	5.00
Camden, N. Jersey, Society, Miss Bush, Tr.	14.30
Mrs. Jaffray, for 2d installment for Bible Reader in her name Rec'd by Dr. Harris overh. Rem't't'ce to India.	60.00
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Troy Society, Mrs. Hillman.	20.82
By Mrs. Lane, per Mrs. William Tweed.	51.05
" " Monthly Subscriptions.	100.00
" " Miss Tukely.	52.50
" " Miss Clifford.	1.00
" " Elizabeth A. Hyde.	.50
" " Mrs. Dr. Holdich.	1.00
" " Mrs. Keeping.	2.00
Mrs. E. Hyde, to support child in name "Sarah Mead".	40.00
Brooklyn Society, Mrs. Sabaw, Tr.	121.00
18th Street, Mrs. D. G. Williams.	1.00
Mrs. Henry Ostrander.	1.00
Miss Josephine Ostrander.	1.00
Miss Sarah Ostrander.	1.00

Rahway Auxiliary, Mrs. Westlake.	\$12.00
Newark Auxiliary, (to constitute Miss Sparks, L. M.).	20.00
Same, to support orphan in name "Helen Peck Crane".	40.00
Bedford Street, Mrs. Lovejoy.	3.85
34th Street, Mrs. E. G. Roy.	5.00
Montezuma Auxiliary, Mrs. Butler.	2.00
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" " Mrs. E. C. Denio.	6.00
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Ithaca Society, Mrs. E. C. De Forest.	25.00
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Rochester Society, Mrs. Henry Wray.	15.35
Canandaigua Society, Miss A. J. Couch.	8.40
Pen Yan Society, Mrs. Latimer.	22.00
Passaic Society, Mrs. E. B. Doolittle.	8.00
Rahway Society, Mrs. M. H. Kitchell.	10.00
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Bloomfield Society, Mrs. H. G. Freeman, Tr.	29.71
Rev. D. Terry, Mite Box.	1.20
Newark Society, Mrs. W. G. Lord.	20.00
Mrs. Holdich, Harry's Mite Box.	2.50
Central Church, Mrs. Lazear.	10.52
30th Street, Mrs. Phayne.	25.00
Central Church, Mrs. Kennedy.	4.00
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Mrs. Eddy, St. Paul.	3.00
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Mrs. Remhart " "	4.50
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Passaic, Mrs. Doolittle, to name child Emeline Howe.	40.00
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Miss M. Jones, Rochester, to constitute Mrs. Dr. Hibbard, L.M.	20.00
Albany Society, Mrs. E. H. Waters, Tr.	353.00
Mrs. Lane Treas., proceeds concert from ladies of St. Paul's and St. Luke's Churches.	900.00
Miss Susan A. Soule, L. M., Miss Nellie M. Soule.	40.00
Mrs. Mary D. James, Trenton.	52.85
Mrs. Stoutenburg, Newbury.	50.00
Miss Clara Andrews, Syracuse.	41.00
Interest on Bank Deposits.	41.25

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This paper is published monthly by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All communications designed for publication in the FRIEND should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. F. Warren, 90 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

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TERMS.—30 cents per annum.

POSTAGE.—Three cents a quarter for single copies, and no more for four copies sent to one address, to be paid quarterly in advance at the post-office of the subscriber.

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Riverside Press: Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.